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THE CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1860.

ART. I.—*Chronicon Monasterii de Abingdon.* Edited by the Rev. J. STEVENSON, M.A. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, 1858-9.

'THE monks of old' have been always more or less a misunderstood, and still more a misrepresented, fraternity. The modern popular idea of them is a compound of many delusions; or rather a chameleon-like phantom, which takes its colour from something else. We are apt to adopt our notions of the 'religious' of the middle ages from our national ballads and our popular novels. The same 'friar of orders gray,' according to the fancy or the prejudices of his reproducer, 'goes forth to tell his beads,' calm and pensive, and wrapt in religious gloom; or, 'down the valley takes his way,' with 'merry chaunt' and 'a chirping cup' for his 'matin song.' If we try to call to life again, in our own imagination, the long-departed tenant of the cloister, the vision which rises at our bidding is either the pale Father Eustace of 'The Monastery,' stern and uncompromising, zealous in all good conscience for Holy Church, or the rosy face and laughing eye of Abbot Boniface over his Bourdeaux and roast capon. We long, according to our humour, either to have spent a vigil in some dimly-lighted choir with the holy ascetic,—

'Wan and worn with midnight prayer,'

or to have had the opening of one of those last flasks of Bacharach out of 'Abbot Ingelram's corner.'

But, however truly such portraits might have stood for individual monks—as they would *mutatis mutandis* for churchmen in all ages—they can represent individuals only, and generally, like photographs, bring out the features stronger than the life. The mass of those who wore the cowl were neither stern enthusiasts, nor gloomy recluses, nor jovial *bon-vivans*. It is only of later years, long since the date of our most popular

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poets and writers of fiction, that we have been slowly learning to form a fairer and more practical estimate of what they really were. When the public feeling had once broken through the superstitious reverence which long protected the monastic orders throughout Christendom, it was a very natural sequence that it should rush into the opposite extreme of dislike, contempt, and vituperation. Having discovered that they were liable to all the common imperfections of humanity, and no longer admitting their claims to immaculate virtue, the secular world soon adopted the belief that they were monsters of vice. The dethroned idol became an abomination. No doubt the actual abuses and corruptions of the monastic system were gross enough; the pictures left us by Chaucer and other cotemporaries, however highly coloured, must have had living originals, we might be sure, even if there were not abundance of direct historical evidence to certify to the resemblance. But as it is manifestly unfair to condemn any system, or any body of men, by adducing instances of corrupt individuals in the body—even though they be frequent instances, as in a numerous body they probably will be—or by pointing to the most flagrant and notorious violations of the professed principles of the system; so it is more than unfair to condemn either system or individual entirely on the testimony of enemies. Yet, in the case of the monastic orders, this has been done for many generations. They were put out of court at the Reformation, and posterity has been passing judgment by default upon them ever since. It is one of those cases in which injustice becomes almost a necessity. Wherever vital questions of religion and morals are concerned, we consider it almost a merit to hear only one side. We hold it dangerous to admit the *advocatus diaboli* into the court of conscience. We do not question the sincerity of an ordinary Christian, because he so far departs from the strict rule of impartial justice as to decline to hear Hume and Tom Paine in answer to the Bible; nor must we expect the zealous English Protestant, however ardent his love for fair-play in the abstract, to read what the monkish chronicler has put on record in his own defence—especially when written in monkish Latin. If he professes to have studied the subject with more than ordinary care, he will probably have read 'Mr. Fosbrooke's learned work on British Monachism,' as Sir Walter Scott calls it, and will think its authority perhaps only the more indisputable, because the dedication informs him that it was written for his 'instruction and amusement by showing the errors of ancient times;' and the learned compiler, in his preface, thinks himself 'certainly entitled to credit, inasmuch as he may have contributed somewhat to check that spirit of Monachism and Popery which has lately

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'been revived.' Our Protestant friend can hardly be expected to unsettle his mind by looking into Mr. Kenelm Digby's *Mores Catholici* (for which, too, he must go to a Romanist bookseller) merely for the idle curiosity of seeing what can be said on the other side. So acute, indeed, in some minds was the sense of the injustice done to the monastic system by the popular prejudice, which remembered all their evil and forgot their good, that it is not long since (in spite of Mr. Fosbrooke's conscientious efforts), by a second temporary reaction, a strong feeling existed amongst a few in favour of reviving it in the English Reformed Church under certain limits and modifications. The idea of a monasticism which could adapt itself to the habits and requirements of English life in the nineteenth century was not likely to commend itself much to practical minds; but the whole subject has acquired a fresh interest, and seems at last to have a fair chance of being dispassionately examined, and therefore better understood. To Dr. Maitland, in his admirable *Essays on the Dark Ages*, an unlearned public are indebted for one of the earliest and most popular attempts to replace the whole question on its fair historical footing. But since then very important witnesses have been called into open court, whose testimony had hitherto been a sealed book to all but the professed antiquarian. The chronicle kept by a monk of the convent of S. Edmondsbury, in the reign of Henry II., was published by the Camden Society in 1840. It might probably have remained undistinguished amongst the other antiquarian rarities so meritoriously reproduced by that learned body, very unattractive both outside and inside to the general reader, had not Mr. Thomas Carlyle, in happy hour, fixed his affections upon it, and made it the text-book of one of his most graphic and interesting pictures of the *Past and Present*. We may fancy how Mr. Carlyle must have startled some of his disciples—and how he must have smiled to think of their bewilderment—when he chose to find in the monk of the twelfth century a hero. However, the justice which he thus rendered to Abbot Sampson, and the hearty faith which he himself, an honest writer and a keen judge, puts in the unpretending narrative of poor brother Jocelyn, have been of immense service in the cause of historical truth. No one in his senses will accuse Mr. Carlyle, of all men, of a superstitious reverence for worn-out formulas, or of any æsthetic tenderness to mediævalism. These monks, then, were not always liars or hypocrites—were even amongst the 'veracities' of their time: nay, are even to be listened to now, like other men, when they give evidence of such things as came within their knowledge. In truth, they were neither so bad nor so good as our old-fashioned prejudices, or our new-fashioned predilections

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would represent them. There beat the ordinary human heart beneath the rochet and scapulary, white or black, just as in our own days under the high-churchman's cassock-vest and M. B. coat, or the low-churchman's ill-made waistcoat and limp and dingy necktie. Wonderful, how in the lapse of centuries everything seems to have changed except human nature! how the old Adam still crops out under whatever disguises we put upon him! The day that made him monk, still left him man; with passions not eradicated, with desires and faculties by no means dead to the world, whatever he might outwardly profess, or inwardly persuade himself; but often only sharpened and intensified by being narrowed in their object, and circumscribed by his peculiar position. The monastery was a little world; very narrow in its notions, no doubt, in some respects; yet often containing within it men of larger and more liberal views than either the friends or the enemies of the system have in modern times been inclined to give it credit for. Often, the superstition and the ignorance were without its walls rather than within; often, too, the 'recluse' was more a man of the world, both in its best and worst sense, than the layman who sneered at his clerkly learning. The same mistake was made then, as is so often made now, of supposing that the cultivation of the intellectual necessarily left the mind unfitted for the practical in life. To say that the monastic orders were ignorant and superstitious, is only to say that they lived in earlier times than ours, and were not men of this nineteenth century. The same might be said with equal truth, in its degree, of the Jewish Church under an earlier dispensation. And the answer must be the same; if theirs was an imperfect code of religion and morals, at least it was a higher one than that of the rude world without. But to measure the monastic system by a spiritual rule exclusively, or to look upon its members merely in their religious character, would be the mark of as narrow a mind as ever was formed within the cloister. Their religious phenomena are highly interesting, no doubt; but in the historian's point of view, their vast influence upon the civil and social relations of mankind is even more important. The monastic houses were not only the Missionary Societies, the Bible Societies, and the National Societies of their day,—they were also the Hospitals, the Poor-law-Unions, the Royal Hotels, the Refuges for the Destitute, and in a great degree the Royal Societies and Art-Studios also. *Laborare est orare*, was a principle not only professed but acted upon; so far is the common reproach of 'lazy monk' from being a deserved one, that there were no greater promoters of agriculture than the monks of the rule of S. Benedict. The granges of their monasteries were the model farms, as their schools were the

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normal and industrial schools of the Middle Ages. If kings came with their charters of privileges, and nobles with their gifts of lands and tithes, and laid them on the high altar, they gave not only to a church, but to a charity; and what they offered to the glory of God—'*in honorem Dei*'—so far from being wasted, in the most utilitarian point of view, was generally well invested for the common earthly interests of man.

Some very valuable contributions to the contemporary evidence on this subject have been made among the recent publications issued under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. We have a *History of the Monastery of S. Augustine at Canterbury*, written about A. D. 1414, by one Thomas of Eltham, 'formerly monk and treasurer of that foundation;' and a *Chronicle of the Monastery of Abingdon*, written, or rather compiled, by one or more of its brethren, but whose names have not been preserved in the manuscript. Of this latter—which is by far the most interesting of the two, for the first is a mere compilation—we propose now to give some account; which we fancy may not be unacceptable to the majority of our readers, since few besides professed antiquarians will have the courage to read through for themselves two octavo volumes consisting mainly of charters and such documents, all in very indifferent mediæval Latin.

This chronicle, though never before printed at large, has been extensively used by antiquarian writers. It formed the basis of Dugdale's account of the earlier history of the Abbey, is largely quoted by Fosbrooke, and referred to by Ussher, Wood, Camden, and others. The original has probably been lost. Two copies of it only are known to exist, both amongst Sir R. Cotton's MSS., and known as Claudius B. VI. and Claudius C. IX. Both were used by Dugdale. The first is the later and apparently revised copy, and from this the present text has been printed—the various readings in C. IX. being given in the footnotes. We have also here printed as appendices, 1. The short chronicle, *De Abbatibus Abbendoniæ*, MS. Cott. Vitellianus A. XIII., a few of the earlier chapters of which were printed by Dugdale, and which, though mutilated and imperfect (having suffered in the fire of 1731), throws much light upon the larger chronicle; 2. Ælfric's Life of S. Ethelwold, the second founder of the Abbey, from the unique MS. in the imperial library at Paris; 3. A record *De Consuetudinibus Abbendoniæ*—a terrier of customary payments and rents appropriated to certain offices; and, 4. another *De Obedientiariis*, &c., being an account of the officers of the Abbey, their duties and privileges, of which Mr. Fosbrooke had already made considerable use.[1] The three first

[1] These two are extracted from Claud. C. IX. and B. VI. respectively.

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chapters and part of the fourth of the larger chronicle are wanting, the MS. having unfortunately been mutilated; nor are these supplied from the earlier text, which appears not to be nearly so copious at the beginning. This, however, is of the less importance, since what has been lost belongs to that mythical period of British history in which Christianity is said to have been introduced into the island by Faganus and Duvianus, who baptized King Lucius and all his people. The legendary history of Abingdon begins, according to this copy of the chronicle, 'in the time of the Emperor Diocletian' (*circa* A. D. 300), when a certain Irish monk, named Abennus, came to preach in Britain. The British prince received the stranger at his court, and treated him with special favour—'rejoicing,' says the chronicle, 'that he had found a second Joseph.' Joseph begged hard for a land of Goshen, and received a grant of a great part of the county of Berks, in which he founded a monastery, and gave it the name of Abben-don: which signifies, we are told, *Hibernicè*—'the dwelling of Aben, or Abennus;' as Abben-dun in the vernacular Saxon would be equivalent to 'Aben's Mount.' This story, however, is an addition of the later copyist, from whatever source he obtained it; and the credibility due to such traditions may be pretty well estimated, when we find that in the shorter chronicle, *De Abbatibus*, this Aben or Abennus appears in quite a different character. He is there said to have been the son of a British chief, and to have escaped from the treacherous massacre of his countrymen by Hengist, at Stanhengist or Stonehenge, to a wood in Oxfordshire. In danger of perishing from thirst, he prays for water, and a fountain springs up. This miracle attests his sanctity so strongly to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, that they flock to him for instruction, and determine to build there a dwelling for their teacher and a chapel in honour of the Virgin. But Aben's modesty is overwhelmed by this publicity; and in search of a more secluded resting-place he retires to Ireland, and there 'makes a good end.'

Passing then from these traditional uncertainties, we seem to get our first glimpse of reliable history from the shorter chronicle, *De Abbatibus*, in the appendix; for in the MS. of the larger chronicle there occurs at this point, as the editor informs us, an unfortunate hiatus of two leaves, which the earlier copy (Claud. C. IX.) supplies only in very meagre outline. In or about A. D. 675, the first steps towards the foundation of the Monastery of Abingdon seem to have been taken by Cissa, one of the *reguli* or petty princes who exercised an authority more or less independent under Kinwin or Centwin, King of the West Saxons. Cissa's dominions extended over Berkshire and Wiltshire; he held his court at Bedwin, in the latter county, where the ruins

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of the castle which he built are still to be seen. Cissa had a nephew named Hean, 'very rich, and powerful, and religious;' who had been so impressed with some preaching which he had listened to (probably by S. Wilfrid or some of his missionaries) upon the well-known text of the camel and the needle's eye, that he resolved at once to devote to the monastic life himself and all that he had. He obtained from his uncle, Cissa, the promise of a site for a religious house; and he chose—the chronicler says on account of the abundance of wood—the place already known as Aben's Mount. It is probable that he was also influenced in his choice by the traditionary sanctity of the spot, and by the fact that his own patrimony seems to have lain in the neighbourhood. He received from his uncle a large grant of land—one hundred and seventy-three cassates[1]—on the banks of the Thames, in order to carry out his purpose. His sister Cilla also embraced a religious life, and obtained, either at the same time from Cissa, or from his successor Ceadwalla (for here the two accounts disagree[2]), permission to found a nunnery in the same neighbourhood, in a spot called *Helenstow*, from a chapel said to have been founded there by the Empress Helena, and whose name is still preserved in S. Helen's Church in Abingdon. Hean, however, through some vacillation of purpose, the reason of which does not appear in these records, and which it would be idle now to discuss, was very slow in carrying his good intentions into execution. Cissa was succeeded by Ceadwalla, who confirmed his predecessor's grant with considerable additions, and Ceadwalla again by Ini, and still Hean had not fulfilled the conditions of the original grant. King Ini accordingly revoked it: a proceeding which both the monastic chroniclers set down as profane and sacrilegious. It seems by no means improbable, however, that this decided course on the king's part, fully justified as it was by Hean's dilatory and suspicious conduct, had really the effect of setting him in earnest about an undertaking which would otherwise never have been accomplished. It is certain at all events, that we have three subsequent charters of Ini given in the chronicle, by which he not only confirms the grants of Cissa and Ceadwalla, but adds other lands of his own gift. All three charters, it is true, are condemned by Mr. Kemble, in his *Codex Diplomaticus*, as spurious; and though Mr. Stevenson shows plausible grounds for admitting two out of the three as genuine, there are reasons to be drawn from the chronicle itself (as we shall have occasion to show hereafter) for

[1] The term *cassata* appears to be used by the writers of these chronicles (as by Henry of Huntingdon) as equivalent to *hida;* if we take the hide = 100 acres, we have the large total of 17,300 acres. But these old measures are notoriously vague.

[2] See vol. i. p. 8; vol. ii. App. p. 269.

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looking at all these earlier documents with very great suspicion. Whether, however, the charters handed down by the chronicler be genuine or not, there is no reason to doubt that it was in the reign of Ini, about A.D. 699, that Hean, under Ini's sanction, actually commenced his building. There appears to have been some hesitation about the site. In two of these professed charters of Ini, the wording would rather seem to imply that either Bradanfeld (Bradfield, near Reading), or Streatley, was the locality of the new foundation;[1] and the chronicle *De Abbatibus*[2] tells us that, five years before, Hean had actually begun to build on 'Aben's Mount' (in the hamlet of Bagworth, in the parish of Sunningwell), but was obliged to desist by a miracle not uncommonly reported on such occasions—'whatever the masons set up one day, fell down the next.' At last a hermit of great sanctity, who lived in the neighbouring wood of Cumnor, was privileged to behold the elfish hands which every night pulled down the stones and timbers and carried them away—'in four-horse waggons' (*quadrigis*). They explained to him that it was the will of heaven that Hean should build his new monastery not there, but a few miles off at Seukesham, or Seovescham, on the Thames, which had formed part of the additional grant of Ceadwalla. Here then, twenty-two years after the original grant from Cissa, the walls of the monastery rose at last, and by Ceadwalla's desire the name was changed to Abbendun. It is highly probable that in these apparent difficulties and changes of intention as to the site, might be found, could we trace it, some explanation of Hean's long delay.

This town or 'vill' of Seukesham, Seovescham, or Sheovesham, was already, the chronicler tells us, 'a famous city, pleasant to the sight, full of riches,' surrounded by rich pastures full of flocks and herds. It was an old seat of religion in the pagan days of Britain, and not less sacred since the introduction of Christianity. Traces of its ancient Christian occupation were found when the new foundations were dug; amongst other precious relics, a celebrated black cross of iron, said to have been made from the sacred nails, and brought there in the days of Constantine. It was also the king's occasional residence; and meetings were held there 'to transact the principal affairs of the kingdom.' It appears highly probable that this was the Cloveshoo (*Calevanorum arx*) where the great synod of 747 was held; and to this opinion Camden, Bishop Gibson, Ashmole, and other authorities incline. Cliffe-at-hoo, near Rochester, which is commonly supposed to have been the place, seems from its locality to have been but ill-adapted for the scene of a great

[1] Vol. i. pp. 12, 13. [2] Vol. ii. App. p. 270.

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national gathering; while Sheovescham, lying central to the two kingdoms of Mercia and Wessex, would have been generally accessible; and its religious celebrity (if we may trust these chronicles) might have suggested another reason for its selection. The derivation of its new name, Abbendun, is uncertain; Leland would make it 'Abbot's town;' but Mr. Stevenson is probably right when he traces in the local names *Abban-crundle* (Abba's meadow), *Abban-byorh* (Abba's rest or 'bury'), *Abban-wyl* (Abba's well), occurring among the old Saxon boundaries appended to the ancient charters of lands in the neighbourhood, a common etymology from the name of one of the early settlers in Berkshire.

The earliest grants made to the new brotherhood of S. Mary at Abbendun, consisted of lands at Bradfield, Streatley, Bestleford (Bessel's Leigh?), Escesdune (Ashdown?) and Earmundslea, a portion of the present parish of Appleton. Ini, King of Wessex, added the 'vill' of Sutton (Courtney); but this was exchanged some few years afterwards with Kenulph, King of Mercia, for the large tract of meadow-land, called Andresey, or S. Andrew's Island, formed by a diverging branch of the Thames, and lying to the west of the monastery. This isle of Andresey was a favourite residence with the English kings, both before and after the Conquest. It seems to have formed part of the original grant to Hean, but to have been exchanged with Offa, King of Mercia and Wessex, for the manor of Goosey. Offa, his son Egbert, Kenulph, Athelstan, William the Conqueror, and Rufus, are all mentioned in the chronicle as having taken up their quarters there occasionally. They seem to have considered that it commanded a remarkably fine view,[1] and the Conqueror used 'to recreate himself there with letting of blood and taking of antidotes.' So tastes differ. Kenulph, however, at the date we are now speaking of, made it a kind of sporting quarters, and kept his hounds and his falcons there, to the considerable annoyance of the good monks of S. Mary. The *morale* of a great sporting establishment, even in those early times, was of much the same character as it too often is now. The earliest recorded troubles of the new foundation arose from this quarter. The royal huntsmen and falconers, 'as is the custom of their fraternity,' says our chronicler, quoting Juvenal (he was evidently more of a scholar[2] than a sportsman), '*alienâ vivere quadrâ*'—to live as much as possible at free quarters among their neighbours—were not only exorbitant in their exactions for the king's use, but even proceeded to 'contumely and insult,'

[1] 'Rex—non parvo oblectamento ibi frueretur, hinc aqua circumfluente perspicua, illinc pratorum viridantium demulcente illecebra.' Vol. ii. p. 49.

[2] We find him elsewhere quoting Ovid, Virgil, and Seneca.

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and could in no way be brought to desist from their 'detestable' practice '*aut prece vel pretio*'—by bribe or entreaty. The abbot at this time was Rethun, who had been a Mercian bishop, but on account of some troubles in his diocese had resigned his see and taken monastic vows at Abingdon. After vain appeals to the king against his troublesome retainers, Abbot Rethun took the decided step of going in person to Rome, where he made out his case so successfully, that he obtained from Pope Leo III. an apostolical mandate in his favour, by which all the rights of the abbey were confirmed; and the king was warned, as he valued his salvation, to see justice done to the monks of Abbendon. Kenulph, however, put them off from day to day with empty promises and excuses; the Pope meanwhile died, and the Abbot, who was a man of some worldly wisdom as well as energy, took another course. He went straight to the king, and backed the Pope's authority with the offer of a hundred and twenty pounds in hard money, and a hundred farms at Sutton, which, we are not much surprised to learn, he found an undeniable argument—*potissimum remedium;* and he thereby secured for his fraternity a charter of privileges which was evidently of the highest importance, since we find it referred to in the first charter of restitution granted by Ethelred II. (A.D. 993), as the great bulwark of the liberties of Abbendon. It contained the provisos that their lands should be free from all claims of service, except aid in repairing the royal bridges and castles, and sending a certain number of armed vassals to join the king's army when summoned. In this charter of Kenulph's are included additional grants of lands at Culham, Sandford, Sunningwell, Denchworth, which are called 'donations,' but for which Abbot Rethun may fairly be supposed to have given ample consideration. Other benefactors succeeded; and though the record of the fortunes of the house in these earlier times is but scanty, it seems clear that they were in possession of a great portion of the cultivated lands from Wallingford in one direction, to Shrivenham in the other, before the kingdoms of the heptarchy were united under Egbert; and when Ethelwulf, in 855, made his grant of tithes throughout the kingdom to the church, the house of Abbendon was one of the first and chief recipients.

But darker days were coming. From 857 to 860 the Danes were ravaging England. The chronicler becomes almost poetical as he dwells on the horrors of those three years. Pillaged cities, burnt villages, ruined monasteries, were the marks by which their course might be traced. 'The enemy,' says he, 'overthrew the house of Gideon; the accursed race scourged the horn of David.' These ruthless invaders pillaged the monastery, and left nothing but the walls standing. The sacred

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relics, however, and the charters and deeds of gift were, by special Providence, as the writer considers, preserved from the spoilers' hands to aid in the restoration of their rights hereafter. It was not, indeed, without some opposition from the guardian powers of the house that the enemy effected their purpose. A sacred crucifix which stood in the refectory—the image on which is also reported at another time to have spoken—is recorded to have hurled stones out of the wall upon the heads of the Pagans as they were solacing their 'accursed appetites' with the monks' good cheer, insomuch that these 'satellites of Satan' were fain to evacuate the place at once, 'by no means after the manner of tortoises,' as the chronicler narrates with evident glee, in a style unusually facetious. But if such were their sufferings at the hands of their enemies, even a harder fate awaited them at the hands of their friends. The writer has a strange tale to tell us about King Alfred, not quite in accordance with the popular notion of Milton's 'Mirror of Princes;' that 'complete model of a perfect character,' as Hume styles him—so perfect, indeed, that the learned historian feels called upon to observe, that 'we wish to see him delineated in more 'lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may 'at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from 'which, as a man, it is impossible he could have been entirely 'exempted.'[1] If Mr. Hume had been fortunate enough to meet with our chronicle, he would have found a few very 'particular strokes' laid on with hearty good will, and would, no doubt, have been delighted to have had here pointed out to him one of these 'specks and blemishes,' quite enough to satisfy him that the great king was human. It might have startled him, however, as it probably will some of our readers, to hear his 'complete model' designated—let us hope rhetorically—as 'a Judas among the apostles.' But this great promoter of learning did, it is to be feared—for we have our chronicler's word corroborated to a certain extent by independent authority[2]—take from these unfortunate monks of Abingdon very nearly all which the Danes had left them, their town, or '*vill*,' of Abbendon, with all its belongings, by force (*violenter*); of which fact we have further evidence in a subsequent charter of his own grandson, King Edred, who has to undo this deed of violence, and to expiate his learned ancestor's sins, as well as he might, by late and vicarious restitution of the said property, '*pro expiatione scelerum meorum prædecessorum*,' as his charter has it. Nay,

[1] History of England, I. 63, orig. edit.

[2] See William of Malmesbury, de Gest. Pontif. Angl. Lib. II. Script. post Bedam, p. 252. 52. 'Tum Rex, malorum præventus consiliis, terras quæcunque appendices erant, in suos suorumque usus redegit.'

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another of Alfred's relatives and successors, Edwy, in his *privilegium* subsequently granted to the abbey, gives him another 'particular stroke,' as Mr. Hume would call it, and accuses him in plain words of 'diabolical avarice,' in that he had built for himself in that sacred locality an *ædificium*—hunting-box, or other equally profane edifice—contrary to all right and justice. It is really alarming to think what damaging effect these new exhumations by the Master of Rolls may have upon old established reputations.[1]

Between the pagan Danes and the most Christian king, the good fathers of Abbendon had nothing remaining to them of all their possessions but Culham, Wicham (or Wiham),[2] and Cumnor. The first restorer of their ruined fortunes was Athelstan, who is called in the chronicle 'the first monarch of all England,' and whose piety and munificence are extolled in highly figurative language. He gave or restored to them lands in Dumbleton, Fleforth, Shillingford, and Sandford, besides consenting to the alienation of various fiefs by his nobles in favour of the monastery. He kept the feast of Easter, 939, at Abbendon, in great state, with his whole court; and while there, messengers arrived from Hugh Capet, King of France, with valuable presents of gold and jewels, to ask from the English monarch his sister's hand in marriage. They also brought with them, as still more valuable offerings, divers holy relics—a nail from the cross, part of a thorn of the sacred crown, the spear of Charlemagne which pierced the sacred side, the sword of the Emperor Constantine, and a 'precious finger' of S. Denys—all which the king munificently made over to his hosts of Abbendon, in whose possession they afterwards worked the most surprising cures. The gold and the jewels he kept, as far as appears, for himself.

In the reign of his successor, Edmund, began the first of the numerous disputes between the monks and their neighbours, the townsmen of Oxford. It was a disputed right of possession to a meadow,[3] called Beri, by the river-side, near Iffley, or Giftley, as it is here called. The question was settled by a singular process. The monks preferred to confide their cause to the judgment of heaven, says their chronicler, rather than to

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[1] Dugdale (Monast. vol. i. 505) says that Alfred 'took away from them the town of Abingdon and the whole of their estates, because they had not made a sufficient requital to him for vanquishing their enemies.' This is an evident mis-reading of a passage which occurs twice in the larger chronicle, vol. i. p. 50, 125. 'Victori Domino pro victoria qua fructus est de Danis super Essedune victis imparem reddens talionem.' In this mistake, Lysons (Magn. Britt. I. p. 217) and other writers have followed him.

[2] Probably one of the Wittenhams.

[3] Still known as Berry Meadow, on the river-side, between Iffley and Oxford; now belonging to the Trustees of Mayott's Charity, at Abingdon.

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the 'dilatory exceptions, cavils, and subterfuges' of the law. So, after three days' fast, they placed a sheaf of corn with a lighted torch in it on a round shield, and set it afloat on the river; it touched in its passage with wonderful precision at all the lands belonging to the monastery, and at last finished by making the complete circuit of the meadow in dispute, which, at some seasons, by the overflowing of the river, became an island; thus giving its verdict in the monks' favour, to their intense joy, and the astonishment of the Berkshire and Oxfordshire rustics, who had crowded both banks to see the trial, and who confirmed the decision with unanimous shouts of '*Jus Abbendoniæ, jus Abbendoniæ!*' Not the least remarkable part of the miracle being the fact, which the honest chronicler passes over as comparatively unimportant, that the shield and sheaf performed their voyage all the way against what all Oxford boating-men know to be a pretty strong stream.[1]

The writer proceeds to lament a state of things which occurred after King Edmund's death, when all the possessions of the monastery, he says, became royal property, and there was not a single religious remaining. Of the causes of this state of desolation he confesses himself wholly ignorant, and therefore, with a forbearance for which we should have been thankful to some chroniclers of later date, declines to volunteer any explanation. Still, in this second day of ruin as in the first, the deeds and charters of the house were miraculously preserved, to be forthcoming opportunely in better times, for the support of the claims of the faithful, and the guidance of such new benefactors as were disposed to make restitution. Is it a very uncharitable scepticism which suggests the possibility that, in an order which possessed almost a monopoly of the arts of writing and illumination, such documents were easily supplied, when wanting? Such pious industry would be deemed scarcely a fraud, if it went no farther than to establish a claim to enjoy their own again.

In the reign of Edred there arose more than a second founder for Abbendon, in the person of Ethelwold, or Athelwold, of whom, as has been said, besides the account given in the chronicle, we have a separate Life in the appendix. Born at Winchester, of gentle blood, of high abilities, handsome presence, and agreeable manners, he had been attached when young to the court of King Athelstan, where he had early opportunities of learning that practical worldly wisdom which was, no doubt, one secret of his success. By the king's desire he took orders, and was ordained on the same day with the great

[1] It has also escaped the observation of the editor, who speaks of the shield 'drifting away with the stream.' (Vol. ii. Pref. xl.)

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Dunstan, under whom, at Glastonbury, he subsequently put on the monastic habit, and devoted himself to severer studies. He was all, says the chronicle, that a man could be. '*In terrâ positus vitam actitare videretur angelicam.*' He had intended to complete his studies abroad, but Edgitha, mother of the young King Edred, persuaded her son by no means to allow such a man to leave his kingdom. The king gave him the waste places of Abbendon; and followed by Osgar and certain other monks from Glastonbury, he was formally installed as abbot, collected a brotherhood, and obtained from the king a re-endowment of a hundred cassates of land, apparently the bounds of Ceadwalla's old grant, but which had now, through the unexplained causes before alluded to, become part of the royal domain. He soon succeeded, by one means or another—'*partim ratione, partim pretio*'—in regaining for his restored monastery most of its ancient possessions. Edred himself laid the first stone of the new buildings, and took great interest in the work, as did the queen-mother also. Nor was there wanting a miracle to inaugurate the new foundation, though the lesson which it seems to inculcate is really of such very questionable morality that it reads more like one of the extracts which Mr. Fosbrooke has 'conscientiously' printed from some satirist of monastic life, than the honest record of our simple chronicler. The young king, on one of his visits to inspect the progress of the new buildings, was invited, with a large party of the nobles of Northumberland who had accompanied him, to partake of Abbot Ethelwold's hospitality. The mead flowed in abundance, and King Edred, being in a jovial mood, ordered the doors to be shut, in order that no man should escape his fair share of the drinking. '*Quid multa?*' Why make a long story? says the chronicler. Why, indeed? we fear it was a very old story, even at that date, in the 'north countrie.' But the novel and miraculous incident was this: the servants were busy drawing liquor for the guests all day, but the vessel, whatever it was, was scarcely drained a palm's depth, though the north-country gentlemen sat late, and went home 'as drunk as hogs'[1] in the evening.

Such an inauguration of the restored monastery was not a very favourable omen for its future discipline; but the abbot no sooner saw his new fraternity, who had been attracted from all parts of England by his reputation for learning and sanctity, safely housed, than he despatched his friend Osgar to Fleury to bring back the pure and strict rule of S. Benedict; and because he found that his new monks had brought with them

[1] '*Inebriatis suatim.*' Vol. ii. p. 258.

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from their several houses various 'uses' in reading and chanting, he sent to Corby, in the diocese of Amiens, a house whose discipline was in the highest repute, for instructors, by whose aid the services of the choir were established upon an uniform system. The next succeeding monarchs, Edwy and Edgar, showed great favour to Ethelwold, issued large writs of privilege in favour of the monastery, (including the important right to free election of an abbot from their own body,) and increased its possessions by various royal grants and permissions of alienation. Edgar especially appears to have been a most liberal benefactor, and the chronicler is almost at a loss for language in which to sound his praises befittingly. He compares him to David, to Romulus, to Alexander the Great, to Cyrus the Persian, to Artaxerxes, and to Charlemagne; but laments at the same time that 'the malice of the old enemy and the cupidity of man' have not suffered the good king's benefactions to remain in possession of their house. It was not until the reign of Edgar that Ethelwold completed[1] his new buildings; and owing to this delay, Edgar has not only obtained the credit due to his own liberality, but most historians have represented him as the restorer of Abbendon,[2] to the prejudice of his predecessor, Edred. The conventual church now erected, consisted, we are told, of a tower, nave, and chancel, all circular: the nave twice the size of the chancel. After ruling his house well and wisely for ten years, Ethelwold was advanced by the king to the see of Winchester, and finding the monastery there occupied by certain secular clerks, of very evil lives and lax discipline, he summarily ejected them, and filled their places with some of his trusty brethren from Abingdon. His reforms, however, were near costing him his life; he narrowly escaped poison at the hands of one of the discontented clerics. He recovered, however, and lived to found, in course of time, the Benedictine Abbeys of Ely, Thorney, Hyde, and Medehamstede, or Burh (Peterborough); all of which took their rule from Abingdon—'offshoots,' says the writer, 'from that fruitful vine.' He held his see two-and-twenty years, and after his death was canonized as the great Saxon saint of England. He was succeeded at Abingdon by his faithful Osgar.

King Edward the Martyr was a protector and a benefactor so long as his short reign lasted, and gave them certain lands at Kingston Lisle; but his brother Ethelred proved an enemy, recalled all his father Edgar's benefactions, and sold the abbacy, now vacant by Osgar's death, to his major-domo, Edric, for his

[1] The author of the 'Life' says, they were not *commenced* until then, but this is hardly reconcilable with the general history.

[2] See Chron. Johann. Brompton, Ethelred Abbot of Rivaulx, Camden, &c.

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brother Edwin. Bishop Ethelwold was also dead by this time, and the abbey had now no powerful friend. Edric soon fell into disgrace with the king, and being banished from the kingdom, returned with a force of marauding Danes, who long laid waste the country; which the writer considers a palpable judgment of Heaven upon the simony of which the king had been guilty. And somewhat in this light the king himself appears to have considered it; for, in a *privilegium* granted some few years after (A.D. 993) to Abbot Wulfgar, we find him restoring the price for which he had granted the abbacy to Edwin, as an accursed thing, '*anathematizando*'—reinstating the brotherhood in all their ancient rights and privileges, and only asking in return the favour of a few masses and psalms—say fifteen hundred masses, and twelve hundred psalms—which the worthy brethren of Abbendon sang, we may be sure, with good heart and voice; and were not particular, we will hope, to an unit in the reckoning. This charter is couched in rather better Latin, and in a less affected style than the royal documents of earlier date; here, too, for the first time, all the bishops and abbots, who are witnesses, append the names of their respective sees and houses—a custom which in all the previous charters is confined to the Archbishops of Canterbury (who always sign as *Dorobernensis*) and of York, and the Bishops of London and Winchester. It will amuse the reader who is curious in such matters, and give him, perhaps, a more favourable view of the resources of ecclesiastical Latin in the tenth century, to observe the ingenious variety in the formula of attestation; no less than twenty-two different Latin verbs are called into requisition by their lordships to express their assent to the charter, until the Abbot of Glastonbury, who comes twenty-third on the roll, finding his vocabulary exhausted, contents himself by merely subscribing his name, an example which the rest must have been glad to follow.[1]

Whether the ravages of the Danish invaders who followed Sweyn into England to avenge the massacre of S. Brice's Eve, and by whose cruelties other religious houses suffered so lamentably, affected Abingdon to any serious extent, is one of the few questions on which the two chronicles are apparently at variance. The shorter MS., *De Abbatibus*, says briefly, but emphatically, that they 'utterly destroyed it.'[2] But of this destruction we find no hint in the larger chronicle; and in a passage a little further on, in speaking of the death of Edmund Ironside,[3] the writer records it as a subject for especial thankfulness, that, in all these intestine troubles in England, though the enemy laid

[1] Vol. i. p. 364.

[2] Vol. ii. p. 280. 'Abbendoniam omnino deleverunt.'

[3] Vol. i. p. 432.

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waste all around them on the right hand and on the left, or levied heavy ransoms as the price of forbearance, still their house of Abbendon, protected by the mercy of heaven and the vigilance of Abbot Wulfgar, remained throughout untouched by Danish spoliation; language which is hardly to be reconciled with its utter destruction by them a few years before.

King Canute, at all events, followed in the good path of his Saxon predecessors, and was a considerable benefactor to the monastery. He gave them the church of S. Martin, at Oxford, and grants of land in other places. As a joint gift also from himself and his queen 'with a double name,' Ælgiva Imma, (a piece of unnecessary luxury at which the good monk seems scandalized,) he presented to the church a chest richly inlaid with gold and silver, to contain the reliques of S. Vincent of Spain. How these had come into the possession of their house, is a point upon which the writer of the chronicle is prudently silent; but we are afraid there is no doubt about it, for in the sketch *De Abbatibus* we have the story of their acquisition told in very brief and matter-of-fact language, without any idea of its implying discredit to the brotherhood—rather, perhaps, as an instance of their zeal and ingenuity; 'the monks of Abbendon *stole* them' (*furati sunt*), says the writer, with many other similar articles, from their brethren of Glastonbury. It was in the days of good Abbot Osgar, who, it may be remembered, had been brought up at Glastonbury, and probably knew where they were kept. The bones of S. Edward, king and martyr, were also brought, about this time, as a pious offering to Abbendon; but it would seem as if there were some flaw in their rightful claim to these as well as the others, for the translator, whoever he was, wished to have taken them back again to the place whence they came, but found himself miraculously rooted to the ground, and unable to proceed further in his pilgrimage of restitution, before he had got far from the church door.

Edward the Confessor bestowed on them several grants of land, and issued writs addressed to all his bishops and barons within whose jurisdiction lay any of the lands of Abbendon, to permit the abbot and the convent to enjoy unquestioned all their rights in the hundred of Hornimere, or Hormer, with right of 'sake 'and soke, toll and theam, infang-theof, hamsoken, grith-bryce, 'and foresteal,' within their own proper manors. He and his queen Ediva were on one occasion hospitably entertained at the monastery by Abbot Siward; when the queen, observing that the boy-monks, at the early luncheon allowed them before refection-time, had nothing set before them but bread, appealed to her lord for some grant in land or money to mend their fare, 'as a remembrance,' she was graciously pleased to say, 'of the

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'queen having once lunched with them.' The king professed to have nothing which he could very conveniently dispose of just at that time; upon which she made over to them the manor of Lewknor, near Tetsworth (an ancient possession which the monks had lost, and which she happened to have recently inherited under the will of a kinswoman), to supply the boys' table with a *matutinellum* for ever. In this reign permission was given to the citizens of London and Oxford, for the accommodation of the trading-boats which were constantly passing, to divert the course of the Thames, which made a wide *détour* near the town, by cutting a new and more direct channel through the abbey lands; in acknowledgment of which each boat was to pay to the cellarer a yearly toll of a hundred salt fish, at some time between the Feast of the Purification (Feb. 2) and Easter, a custom which the boatmen continually tried to evade; and the monks had to enforce it by royal writ under Henry I. Their abbot, Siward, about this time was anxious to have figured as a Church restorer, and like many modern enthusiasts in the same line, determined to begin by a thorough demolition of the works of his predecessors. He obtained the king's sanction to pull down Ethelwold's building, and to erect something larger and finer in its stead. But the canonized bishop possessed an advantage which it is much to be wished other religious architects of old days could have put in force against over-active churchwardens and *dilettanti* rectors. He appeared to Siward in his own proper person (in a dream), and begged him to let the old walls alone. He coupled this warning, indeed, with a prophecy, that an abbot should arise in the latter days (in whose taste, it must be presumed, he had more confidence), who should rebuild, enlarge, and beautify the house of S. Mary, and prove in every respect a worthy father and shepherd. Siward had the good sense to take his advice, and to give to the poor the money which had been laid aside for the restoration. He was soon after made Bishop of Rochester, but returned to Abingdon to die.

Of the abbots next in succession before the Conquest, little of importance is recorded; of one of them, probably, the less that was said the better. In or about A.D. 1050—for as to the exact date the authorities seem hopelessly at variance—one Speravoc, or Spearhavoc, was appointed by King Edward to the abbey. His chief recommendation seems to have been his excellence as a goldsmith. Not that such an art in those days was in any way derogatory even to a lord abbot, for S. Eloy, we know, owed his elevation to the bishopric of Noyon to his renown for such handicraft, and filled his new monastery with promising young artists; and his foreman, S. Theau the Saxon, was not

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the less a saint because he was an excellent working jeweller. Abbot Spearhavoc, however, had very little of the saint and a good deal of the Jew about him. Promoted by the king to the see of London, he had entrusted to him a quantity of gold and precious gems to make an imperial crown for his royal patron. Now, even the ordinary perquisites on such occasions, under plea of waste, tare, and tret, must have been pretty considerable; for S. Eloy aforesaid produced *two* state chairs out of the materials entrusted to him for *one*, to King Dagobert's joy and surprise; but the Bishop of London, unlike his brother goldsmith, walked off with the whole plunder, and all he could get together of the episcopal revenues besides, and was never seen in England again. Plainly there was something suspicious about him altogether; for, according to the Saxon Chronicle,[1] Rotbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, refused him consecration; and, although he held the bishopric 'during the summer and autumn,' he appears never to have been consecrated at all.

Up to the date of the Conquest, then, we find the Saxon kings and nobles lavish in their munificence to the house of S. Mary at Abbendon. Of the extent of its possessions we have already seen ample proofs. 'All the lands from Ensham to 'Dorchester belonged to it,' says Leland; and 'it was the 'mother church of many of the villages round about, which had 'but chapels of ease.' Besides this, it possessed lands at Stratton in Bedfordshire, Bedwin in Wiltshire, Dumbleton and Calmsden in Gloucestershire, Kensington in Middlesex, and in the counties of Surrey, Sussex, Suffolk, Hants, Hertford, Dorset, Warwick, Worcester, Northampton, and Nottingham. The motives for these various benefactions are usually set forth in the beginning of the charters, and arise almost entirely out of the doctrine of penance. Monarchs give, like Ini, 'for the remission of my sins'—*ob indulgentiam criminum;* or they seek to extend the benefit to their subjects, like Kenulph—*non solum pro anima mea, sed pro totius gentis Merciorum salute* (I. 24); or to their predecessors and successors in the kingdom, like Edward the Elder (I. 56); sometimes, as in the case of Edred, the sins of their ancestors alarm them even more than their own—*pro expiatione scelerum meorum predecessorum* (I. 125). Ethelred is moved 'to avert the judgment of God upon his

[1] Chron. Saxon. edit. Gibson, p. 161, A.D. 1048. Wood, in an unpublished MS. (55), in the Ashmolean Museum, says that Spearhafoc was made bishop of London by William I., quoting 'Reg. vel Lib. Monast. de Abbendon,' fol. 112; one instance out of many of the careless manner in which these chronicles have been mis-read; for both agree in placing him under the Confessor. See App. de Abbat. vol. ii. p. 281. And Florence of Worcester's account corroborates them: 'Lundoniæ præsulatum suscipit, sed antequam consecratus esset, a rege Edwardo est ejectus.'

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country, incurred by his own ignorance and evil advisers' (I. 360), and again, 'to escape the curse of his father' Edgar, whose grants he had re-appropriated (I. 367). King Canute gives in a right royal spirit, agreeing with all that we know of his character—'because the kings of earth brought presents to Him that was born King of the Heavens' (I. 439); Hardicanute with more calculating views—*ob remunerationem cœlestis præmii*—'for the recompense of a heavenly reward' (I. 446). Nobles gave their lands, as Sir Alberic de Vere did Kensington, for the soul of a beloved son—*pro animâ Goisfredi filii sui defuncti* (II. 56). Miles Crispin of Wallingford bestowed a manor at Colnbrook in Bucks 'for the service which the Abbot Faritius by his skill had rendered him in his sickness' (II. 97); and Robert Fitz-Aymon, for the same reason, gives lands between Hampstead and Marlow. Mr. Stevenson, in his very interesting preface to the second volume,[1] is rather severe upon what he calls a 'system of compensation' with Heaven for the crimes of the rich and powerful. There can be no doubt that the principle was carried into abuse, and that it often involved a corrupt doctrine of the nature of repentance; but we must confess that we are more inclined to believe charitably that the repentance which so readily entertained the idea of restitution might often be not less real than that which confines itself to a spiritual process however sincere. The alienation of a rich manor to the use of the Church and the poor in the lifetime of the owner, 'for the remission of his sins,' was surely a proof at least that there was an actual sense of sin to be remitted, and an honest step at least in the way of amendment. It is not the fashionable form of repentance, certainly, among the princes and nobles of this nineteenth century; let us be content to hope that in days when it was both recognised and enjoined by the only religious authorities to which all men appealed, it was often accepted, however imperfect in itself, 'according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.'

From the time of the Conquest, although the stream of royal and noble liberality still continued to flow at intervals, the monks of Abbendon had enough to do, in most reigns, to hold their own against the Crown and their neighbour barons. They did so, on the whole, with success. If their wealth tempted the cupidity of a conqueror like the first William, or a needy half-acknowledged king like Stephen, and presented continually too irresistible a bait to the unscrupulous Norman barons, it also supplied them with what seems to have been the surest means of obtaining justice in those days—money to purchase it.

[1] See Vol. ii. Pref. lxii.

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There were excellent lawyers, too, amongst those who wore the cowl; and they fought their battles (as we shall see hereafter in the long suit about their market) with as much skill as pertinacity.

The Norman Invasion, says the chronicle, did not come without its warning. The great comet which appeared at Easter, 1066, and was visible for seven months, was considered —like its fellow of 1858—the herald of war. Of the Conquest itself the writer says but little; probably the cotemporary records from which his brief narrative was compiled, maintained a prudent reserve on the subject. If an opinion either way could be gathered from the few lines in which he notices the event, it would seem that he considered the Norman's claim to the crown as least as good as his rival's; for he speaks of Harold's gallant defence at Hastings as 'fool-hardy boldness'—*insulsus ausus*[1]; and though he laments the disturbed state of England for some time afterwards, he seems by his language to attribute it quite as much to the 'king's enemies' who maintained themselves in the woods and marshes, 'living like pirates, by plunder, and murdering all who fell in their way,'[2] and even calling in the Danes, to make matters worse. The explanation of this bias on the part of the chroniclers of Abbendon may perhaps be found in the fact that their own house had little reason to complain of the Conqueror. Their abbot, Ealdred, made his submission, and was in tolerable favour with the new monarch; for we find William restoring some manors which had been held of the abbey by one Blackman, and had been justly forfeited by his flight from England with the mother of Harold. There appeared good hope also of Abbot Ealdred recovering for his house, by the king's grace, certain other lands held under lease, and forfeited in a similar manner; when unfortunately, some retainers of the abbey were discovered to have joined in one of the many conspiracies of the day, and the abbot having thus incurred the royal displeasure, was seized and dispossessed, and ended his days in a sort of honourable captivity in the custody of Walkelin, Bishop of Winchester. Other troubles fell thick upon the house at the same time. Abbendon, like many other religious houses, had been made a place of deposit for their valuables by many of the richer Saxons, who feared the violence of the conquerors. Frogerus or Roger, Vice-comes of Berkshire, and other royal officials, unfortunately got scent of the prey, and lost no time in ferreting it out; and it may be

[1] I. 483.

[2] '*Piratorum more raptim vivere, quosque obvios obtruncare.*' 485. See also II. p. 3. l. 3.

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readily imagined that they were not very particular in discriminating between the veritable property of the brotherhood and the lawful spoils of the disaffected. The plunder inside and outside the walls, the writer says, was terrible; not only beyond compute, but past even guessing. Roger, however, he rejoices to tell us, was speedily to reap the deserved reward of his iniquity; the king soon afterwards took his much-abused power away from him, and he ended his days in obscurity and disgrace. Queen Matilda, too—whom most readers of history picture in their imaginations as a pattern of domestic virtue, sitting at home working diligently at her tapestry while her royal husband was conquering and plundering abroad—had unluckily heard of the precious things belonging to the church of S. Mary, and sent to demand a share of them for herself. The abbot and his brethren thought to pacify her by a selection of such as they could most conveniently spare; but her majesty was not to be put off with anything short of the best; she 'utterly spurned' what was exhibited to her as the abbot's offering, and they had to give her some of their choicest vestments, a chasuble and cope wrought with cloth of gold in a wonderful fashion, and other ecclesiastical vanities, which, it must be supposed, excellent needlewoman that she was, she easily converted to feminine use. Amongst her plunder was a text of the Gospels; but it had the additional recommendation of being covered with gold and gems. Lastly, their own sacrist, a monk from Jumieges in Normandy, followed the example of his marauding countrymen, and went off home with the fragments of a golden corona worth forty pounds, and many other valuables.

To fill the place of the deposed abbot, William brought over from Jumieges a monk named Adelhelm, a Norman of his own type, strong-willed and warlike, who knew how to hold his own against all comers. He followed the good Norman fashion of sending home for his friends and relations, to enjoy some of the good things which were to be had in Saxon England, and leased away to them several of the richest manors belonging to the Church, which were never recovered. In the unsettled state of the realm, the abbot held it unsafe to walk abroad without a due number of armed retainers; and we have the first intimation of feudal service being required of the abbey in the order for its military tenants to keep watch and ward in the king's castle of Windsor. Some idea of the importance of the house and the extent of its possessions may be formed from the fact that it could muster at this time from its several military tenants thirty-one men at arms (and a fraction over). They appear to have served the king in Normandy, Scotland, and

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Wales. The abbot himself was, probably, at least as good a soldier as a churchman. He accompanied King William's son, Robert, on an expedition against Malcolm, King of Scotland, with instructions to give him his choice of war or peace. Malcolm wisely chose peace: and if the stout abbot could wield the sword to as good purpose as his '*baculus*,' he would have proved a formidable opponent. He found the king's steward (*præpositus*) of the neighbouring manor of Sutton impressing the abbey oxen to carry some of the king's lead. King's lead or king's *præpositus*, it was all the same to the fiery abbot—what business had they with the church cattle? He laid his pastoral staff of correction—the aforesaid *baculus*, 'which he happened by chance to have in his hand' (it was well for the officer that it was nothing worse)—about the back of the offender, 'tumbled out the lead,' and took the oxen home again. He caught this same *præpositus* on a subsequent occasion cutting wood in his forest of Bagley, and loading his waggons therewith; who was fain to escape this time by swimming his horse through the mill-stream at the risk of drowning—'wet up to his neck'—rather than encounter a second time the strong arm of the Church. It is true that for this summary vindication of his rights he had to pay some trifle of smart-money on complaint being made to Queen Matilda, then regent, who did not approve of such sharp dealings with her servants; but, as the chronicler tells us, and we may readily believe, the abbot was never troubled with trespassers again. Consistently with his character, he had a true Norman contempt for everything Saxon; even speaking in disrespectful language of S. Ethelwold and S. Edward, the great benefactors of his house, calling them English boors—'*Anglos rusticos*'—and forbidding all commemoration of them, to the horror of our historian *De Abbatibus;* nay, he carried this impiety so far, that one day at dinner in the midst of his foreign friends and relations, he vowed he would pull down Ethelwold's work, as unworthy to stand; and died suddenly a few minutes after he had risen from table.

William Rufus renewed the charter of the abbey, presented to it the church of Sutton-Courtney, and for some time was a warm patron of the new abbot, Rainald or Reginald, who also came from Jumieges. But the day of royal favour did not last long; an unfortunate son-in-law got into some trouble with the king, and the abbot went bail for him to the amount of 300 pounds of silver; which sum, as the defaulter went off to Flanders, the abbot had to pay, to the great and lasting detriment of the abbatial revenues; 'we feel it now'—says the chronicler—*usque ad præsens.* Between this heavy loss, and the oppressive tax of four shillings (*solidi*) for every hide of

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land, which the king now levied throughout the realm, the abbey fell into great straits. Abbot Rainald, like his predecessors, was desirous of leaving his impress upon the monastic buildings, and had begun to enlarge the old church built by Ethelwold, which was probably found too small for the accommodation of the brotherhood, or too humble for their expanded ideas. He was substantially aided in his work by the Constable of Oxford, Robert D'Oyley, a very rich man, and in times past an exceedingly covetous one. He had wronged the Church of its possessions whenever he could, and amongst other acts of injustice had taken possession of a meadow belonging to the abbey, near Oxford, and applied it to the use of the castle garrison. The fraternity of Abbendon remembered him in their prayers; first, that he might be brought to a better mind; otherwise, that the Virgin would be pleased to punish him. The constable fell sick; and in a dream he saw the Virgin seated on a throne, and ordering him to be carried into the aforesaid meadow, where certain 'very ugly little boys' seized him as their 'darling playfellow,' fumigated him with damp hay in a very unpleasant fashion—which the curious reader may find at length in the chronicle—and otherwise ingeniously tormented him. He awoke in horror; and after taking counsel with his wife, made solemn reparation of his wrong before the altar of S. Mary at Abbendon, and ever after was as noted for his liberality towards the Church as he had been before for his rapacity and extortion. He now contributed a hundred pounds of silver towards the abbot's improvements. But S. Ethelwold's jealousy of the architectural meddlings of his successors seems in some degree to have been justified. Abbot Rainald and his workmen went exceedingly near to bury the whole brotherhood in the new foundations. They had contrived to undermine the old tower while they were making their improvements, and down it came in the middle of the night with a fearful crash. If it had not been for a 'divine instinct' on the part of the prior (who seems to have been as suspicious of architectural abbots as S. Ethelwold) the monks would have been at that moment performing 'nocturns' underneath; but he had happily suggested their adjourning to the chapter-house, so that they suffered no greater personal harm than being nearly blinded with the dust, which also extinguished all their candles. The new works were stopped for a while; but subsequently, by Robert D'Oyley's help, they seem to have been completed.

At this time there arose in England the nefarious custom—'*nefanda consuetudo*'—as the writer calls it, of the escheat to the crown of all monastic revenues during a vacancy in the headship; which it thus became the interest of the monarch to leave

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unfilled as long as possible. The abbacy of Abingdon, after the death of Rainald, remained vacant four years and a half;[1] during which time the prior, Motbert, received the whole income as *procurator*, paying the subordinate officers their stipends and providing for the maintenance of the establishment generally, and paying over the balance to the king's privy purse. It was not until the death of Rufus and the accession of Henry I. that a new abbot was appointed.

Henry, however, lost no time in filling up the vacancy; and the installation of the new abbot proved a happy day for Abbendon. They were now in very low estate; Motbert had taken advantage of his temporary power to enrich his own relations, after Adelhelm's example, with the best of the abbey estates by lease or alienation; with such effect upon its revenues, that out of eighty carncates of land they had now left in their own possession but twenty, the fifty monks whom Ethelwold had left there had dwindled down to thirty-two, and those had 'scarce anything to eat'; and the cloister, chapter-house, and dormitory were in ruins. The superior who was recommended to them by the royal letters (in which the king was graciously pleased to say that he knew not where he could find them a better patron) was Faritius, an Italian physician who had taken the monastic vows at Malmesbury. The author of the shorter chronicle attributes his appointment to the direct interposition of the Virgin. He tells us that on the accession of the new monarch, and in the hope of the vacant abbacy being now filled up, the brethren had set apart certain days for fasting and prayer that it might please Heaven to give them a worthy governor. Whereupon the Virgin appeared in a vision to a boy named Nicholas, who was watching before the altar of the Trinity, and bewailing the low estate of the house, that they had now no shepherd, nor any one to do them good—'not even my uncle Motbert,' he added feelingly (for Motbert, as we have seen, was careful to provide for his own at any rate, and had now been removed to Middleton, before his pious nephew was old enough to come in for any of the loaves and fishes at Abbendon). The vision bade him be of good cheer, and tell the prior and the brethren from her to ask King Henry to give them for their abbot 'her chaplain Faritius, cellarer of Malmesbury;' which they accordingly did, and had their request granted. Whether they owed this appointment to divine or royal wisdom, they had good reason to be thankful. Both chroniclers are lavish of their praises of Faritius; and the facts which they have recorded, especially when read in connexion

[1] So says the chronicle; but it places Rainald's death in 1097, and the accession of Henry in 1100; which would only allow *three* years. II. 42, 44.

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with some incidental notices which have all the value of undesigned evidence, will not only justify their language, but leave us to regret that we have no fuller materials remaining for the biography of one who in any age would have been no ordinary man. Extensive learning, varied accomplishments, a winning grace of manner, an eloquence which could charm the great, and affability which would listen to the humble—these were only the outward ornaments of a character which combined unostentatious piety with energetic practical wisdom. As soon as he had been appointed, he set about the needful work of restoration gradually but in earnest; he rebuilt the cells, the nave of the church, the chapter-house, the dormitory, the refectory, the cloister, the abbot's lodging, and the kitchen. The timber for these works he obtained from Wales, by way of Salisbury, 'at great expense and with much labour;' his wagons, drawn by twelve oxen each, were six or seven weeks going and returning. During his government he trebled the number of monks, and made better provision for their table. The rental of his own private property in Oxford he devoted to a *caritas* annually. The poor brethren in the infirmary had no fire; from a similar source he made provision for it. He was so good a steward of the conventual property that he recovered for his house, by one means or another, the lost manors of Sparsholt, Legh (Bessel's Leigh?), Hanney, Benham, Lewknor, Ibfield, Linford, Lechampsted, and Culham—the liberties of their hundred of Hornmer, the tithes of the game in Windsor Forest, the toll of herrings from the Thames boats, the mills of Cuddesden and Henor, and sundry other rights and privileges which at one time or another since the Danish incursions had been wrested from the weak hold of the diminished brotherhood. No such abbot had been seen, says the chronicler, since the days of Ethelwold. He gave to the abbey, as the text has it—rather, in most cases, recovered for it—the churches of S. Martin in Oxford, Marcham, Uffington, Cuddesden, Wittenham, and Nuneham. He was lavish in his gifts of ornaments of all kinds for their own conventual church of S. Mary; great dossels for the choir, wrought with the histories of Job and of the Ten Virgins, candelabra of silver, thuribles of copper gilt, cups, patens, and *ampullæ*, and two large bells and three small ones. And more than all, he enriched their stock of reliques (of which he had a careful inventory taken, which fills three pages of the chronicle) by procuring for the house a shoulder-blade and an arm of the great S. Ethelwold, begged from William Gifford, Bishop of Durham; and a whole haunch, which the writer dwells on with evident gusto—*hancia tota*—of S. Adelm.

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In such able hands the abbey of S. Mary flourished, and spread her branches far and wide. Faritius seems to have maintained throughout his whole life, by his upright character and winning manners, that intimate connexion with princes and nobles to which his skill as a physician had first introduced him. He was appointed first physician to Queen Matilda, who was now hoping to give an heir to the throne; and the gratitude of his royal patient procured from him a grant, in aid of his new works, of all the materials remaining on the Island of Andresey, before mentioned, the royal residence upon which, now seldom occupied, had fallen into bad repair. By a subsequent grant he also obtained from the king the island itself, which had long been a Naboth's vineyard in the eyes of the brethren of Abbendon. King Henry continued a staunch friend to the abbot and his house throughout the whole of his reign. He confirmed in the largest manner the charters of the Conqueror, and issued repeated writs of privilege in their favour; exemptions from royal tolls, grants of sporting in the woods of Cumnor and Bagley (reserving to himself the stags), all the tithes of the game in his Forest of Windsor—in fact, every mark of royal favour which he could bestow, and protection against all encroachments and diminution of their rights however attempted. Whether the military tenants of the abbey lands refused any customary suit and service—or the royal verderers disputed as to the number of pigs for which the abbot had right of free pannage in Kingsfrid Forest—or the villagers of Sutton Courtney (who seem to have borne the character then as now, of being troublesome neighbours[1]) interfered with his rights of 'hundred'—or the Oxford boats refused to pay their yearly herrings—or the men of Stanton broke the abbot's sluice—or the men of Farnham carried off his hay—down came, forthwith, a royal rescript directing them to amend their ways, usually under penalty of ten pounds forfeit, and begging in very intelligible language that the king might 'hear no more of it.' Henry had even nominated him to the see of Canterbury, in succession to Anselm, but the bishops of Lincoln and Salisbury—one chronicler says from jealousy of his inflexible integrity—successfully opposed his election.[2]

Faritius was no less an encourager of learning than a careful steward of the conventual estates. He liberally provided, out of his own private finances, parchment for the use of the scriptorium, *pro librorum renovatione;* and the catalogue of additions

[1] '*Homines de Sutton semper infesti.*' Vol. ii. p. 114. See also p. 189.

[2] There is a singular reason given in the *Appendix De Abbatibus* (vol. ii. p. 287) as the ground of his rejection—'*Non debere archiepiscopum urinas mulierum inspicere.*'

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to the abbey library during his government, however insignificant when compared with our own days of literary profusion, might at least help to furnish an additional argument to meet the declaimers against monkish ignorance. There were copied by his orders the chief works of S. Augustin, S. Ambrose, and S. Chrysostom, S. Cyprian's Letters, the Homilies of Bede and Gregory, and the Commentaries of S. Jerome on the Old Testament—with many others, including several works on physic.

Perhaps the most interesting episode in Faritius' life, and which gives us just one of those glimpses of an old interior which are as tantalising as they are delightful—they suggest so much, and tell so little—is his connexion with the noble family of De Vere, Earls of Ghisnes in Normandy and afterwards Oxford.[1] Godfrey, eldest son of Earl Alberic, a young man of high character, had been for three months at Abbendon under Faritius' treatment for a lingering disease. From this the skill and kindness of his physician relieved him; but some other sickness attacked him when convalescent, and he died and was buried at Abbendon. His parents, says the chronicle, 'loved the place therefore,' and marked their love by gifts for God's honour and the brotherhood's. Young Godfrey himself had made over to the abbey, before his death, by their consent, the church of Kensington in Middlesex, part of his patrimony. But since the De Veres lived in Essex, 'many miles from 'Abbendon,' 'they were not able to be present so often as they 'desired in that place where the memory of their son was pre-'served.' They founded, therefore, in their own immediate neighbourhood, a religious house at *Colum* or *Colas* (Colne); it was to be perpetually subject to S. Mary's of Abbendon, and to be colonised by monks from that house. With the full consent of their second son Alberic, now their heir, they endowed this new foundation liberally, and obtained for it a charter from the king.[2] 'There they promised themselves they and their posterity should rest in the body.' Colne was not Abbendon; but, like the 'two mules' burden of earth' which the Syrian would carry home with him—like the window which Daniel in his captivity set open towards Jerusalem when he prayed—it carried back their spirit to the home of their holiest affections. Alberic the father, within a few years, feeling his end approaching, took the religious habit there, and was the first buried within its walls. William, the youngest son, soon followed him. It is pleasant to know that the good physician

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 55, 57, 60.

[2] An agreement was made A.D. 1311 by which Colne became a free priory, in consideration of their transferring their church of Kensington to the monks of Abbendon. Dugdale, *Mon.* iv. 96.

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and the tried friend was present at this last death-bed; able and ready, we will not doubt, to administer spiritual help when earthly skill and care had failed. 'He was present there, and performed the rites of the dead.' Such is the brief record before us; but we readily fill up for ourselves the picture of the kind and noble churchman, physician of the soul and body, to whom the afflicted family look for help and comfort in these heavy trials, and who leaves the duties of his house at Abbendon, to him so all-important, to give what help he may in the household of his friend. The chronicler copies for us the epitaph on the tomb of the De Veres, which as it is no longer to be read in their Church of Colne, we may here recite. It is not without a rude beauty of its own, and will not be read with less interest if we regard it as probably from the hand of Faritius himself:—

'Cedunt e vita votis animisque cupita,
Barbarus et Scita, Gentilis et Israelita:
Has pariter metas habet omnis sexus et ætas:
En puer, en senior, pater alter, filius alter,
Legem, fortunam, terram venere sub unam.
Non juveni totæ quas epotavit Athenæ,[1]
Non vetulo notæ vires vel opes valuere;
Sed valuere fides, et prædia quos memoramus,
Ut valeant, valeant, per sæcula cuncta precamur.'[2]

It was probably in the family of the De Veres that the abbot made acquaintance with Hugh de Montchesney, who for love of him made over to the monastery of Abbendon the tithes of his church of Edwardstone in Suffolk, with part of the tithes of Staverton and Stanstead; for we find as one of the witnesses to this grant the name of Alberic Vere the younger, and Montchesney had previously contributed an acre of land to the endowment of their house at Colne.

Yet even this excellent abbot found foes in his own household. The brethren had offered him, when engaged in his great work of restoration and enlargement, a fourth part of their daily ration of bread. He thanked them for their good will, but instead of accepting it, declared his intention of adding to it half a mark in weight for the future. If the bread, however, was more than sufficient, still, William Precentor, and one Pondio, took upon themselves—'*instinctu diaboli*,' says the chronicle—to murmur at some real or fancied diminution in the allowance of cheese as originally settled by the regulations of S. Ethelwold. The king being appealed to, sent Radulph,

[1] Wood, quoting this phrase from the MS. (*Hist. and Antiq. Ox.* vol. i. p. 132) 'conceives this to have been at Oxford.'

[2] Vol. ii. p. 60. Weaver saw eight of the De Vere monuments in the priory church, but does not give this inscription.

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Archbishop of Canterbury, Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, and Hugh Bocland, as commissioners to inquire into the grievance. The abbot made a dignified speech, in which he set forth all that he had done for his house, and protested that he had never done aught contrary to S. Ethelwold's institutions. The archbishop, who seems to have possessed something of the true judicial mind in keeping to the point at issue, replied by a very brief query—'But how about the cheese?' Whereupon the abbot proceeded to explain that the original weight of cheese allowed by the rule of their founder for forty-two monks for ten days, could scarcely hold out so well when divided, as now, amongst thrice that number; but that he would make arrangements that they should in future have the same weight given out for five days. Then the commissioners put on their stoles, lighted their candles, and pronounced a solemn anathema in full chapter against all interference with the cheese in future; '*Fiat, fiat, fiat!*' answered all the brethren in chorus; and William Precentor and his allies, we might charitably hope, were satisfied; for this chronicler says no more of them. But there is a dark story, rather suggested than told in the shorter record *De Abbatibus*, which may lead us to fear that the precentor carried his revenge farther, and that Faritius, like his predecessor Ethelwold, had poison administered to him by those whom his active reforms had made his enemies. It was after eating of a dish prepared by this monk's hands, says the writer, that he was seized with a disease which he at once recognised as mortal.[1] Of such cause of his death, however, the chronicle itself says nothing. He 'rested from his labours in a blessed end,' on the 23d of February, 1016–7, having ruled the abbey thus wisely and honourably for seventeen years. It was a day kept with high honour and solemnity by the brotherhood ever after. Such had been his own wish, expressed in his last hours; the one personal vanity of his life, that the charity which he had provided out of his own private property in Oxford should be distributed on the anniversary of his death—'I pray you,' said he, 'forget me not.'[2] The last words upon his lips were those of the 26th Psalm—'Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thine house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.'

For four years the abbacy was again vacant; three hundred pounds was paid out of the revenues yearly to the king's privy purse; but we are honestly told that there was no lack of due provision for the brotherhood, Warenger, their aged prior, governing them during that period well and wisely as procurator for the king.

[1] Vol. ii. p. 290.

[2] '*Vos exoro mei memores existere*,' ii. 153.

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At length, on his return from Normandy, King Henry, in answer to the humble entreaties of the brotherhood, bestowed on them as their new abbot one Vincent, a monk of Jumieges. The appointment seems to have been very popular; a good report of him, for piety and kindness of heart, had already reached Abbendon, and after his election he set a remarkable example of self-denial and humility by rising early every morning to fill the lavatory with water before the brethren were up. He could nevertheless maintain the rights of his house with firmness, when needful, even against the king and his courtiers. A long and wearisome warfare did he wage, and with success, in defence of Abingdon Market; a right which the abbot claimed under the charter of King Edward, and which certain flatterers of Henry would have persuaded him to interdict. Abbot Vincent took the usual means in those days of obtaining a royal decision in his favour; he presented the king with three hundred marks in silver; to raise which he had to strip the great super-altar, on which the twelve apostles were figured in pure gold and silver by the hands of the blessed Ethelwold himself. They continued to hold their market undisturbed even during the stormy reign of Stephen, who confirmed all his predecessor's charters; although during the civil war 'the 'whole Church of England was grievously vexed with divers 'tribulations for many years, and Abbendon suffered amongst 'the rest.' One Simon, the king's steward, and his son Turstin, with whom there had been a long dispute about the church of Marcham and some lands at Todmorden which the abbot had re-seized, went to King Stephen with the usual argument of a purse of money, and the rights of the brotherhood suffered in consequence. They were restored to them, however, on the accession of Henry II. Abbot Ingulph soon learned not to put his trust in princes (especially when there were two claiming the crown), and procured from the Pope, Eugenius III., two successive bulls confirming the abbey in all its rights and possessions, under threat of excommunication against all who should hereafter disturb them. This did not prevent Stephen from laying his hands upon all the gold and silver he could find in the abbey, for the payment of his army.[1] He made a very successful raid there; for not only had Abbot Ingulph himself been collecting a large sum in gold and silver for the purpose of re-covering the shrine which contained the reliques of S. Vincent, but private individuals had deposited there untold wealth—*pecunias infinitas*—for safe custody, as they hoped, in the disturbed state of the kingdom. They had a traitor in

[1] Vol. ii. pp. 210, 292.

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their own household, the sacrist Simon *Crassus* (the fat), who gave the king information of this rich prey; and forthwith was sent one of the royal officers, William Dipre—'a servant of the devil,' as the chronicler calls him, with very excusable plainness of speech—who having obtained admission into the abbey church for the pretended purpose of making his prayers there, broke open the chest in which the treasure had been deposited, and carried it off. Fat Simon was rewarded by the king for his treachery by speedy promotion; but he reaped his reward in another fashion also; for within three years he died, 'eaten of worms in his hands and feet.' It is more than hinted also that the vengeance of Heaven upon this act of sacrilege overtook the king himself even more speedily—'for in the same year in 'which he laid hands upon the property of the Church, King 'Stephen died.'[1]

During the rule of this abbot, a dispute which had occurred with the steward of Winchester respecting some right of pasture near Uffington was settled, in accordance with the custom of the times, by ordeal of battle, in which the abbot's champion was victorious. He was more jealous of the rights of his house against others than careful of them where his own interest was concerned; for he alienated divers of the abbey possessions in consideration of fines which no doubt went into his own pocket, 'against the will of the brotherhood,' retaining the common seal of the house in his private keeping; and these leases were in consequence annulled after his death. He was very charitable, however, to the poor; in one year of remarkable scarcity, after exhausting his own private funds to supply the wants of those who crowded the abbey gates, he stripped (with full consent of the brotherhood) the shrine of S. Vincent of its gold and silver, and bestowed to this charitable use as much as forty pounds in silver.[2] And he would have repaired this pious sacrilege, as we have seen, had not King Stephen appropriated the money which he had collected for the purpose.

Abbot Walkelin, who succeeded, had to renew the battle in defence of his market at Abbendon; a right which was now attacked afresh by the citizens of Oxford and of Wallingford combined. They succeeded at first in obtaining, by subtle representations, a precept from King Henry limiting the privilege to the sale of some trifling commodities only, instead of the 'full market' which the abbot claimed. They waited until the king had set out for Normandy, and then, headed by the constable of Wallingford Castle, marched in force to Abbendon on the market-day, and began to clear the place in the king's

[1] Vol. ii. p. 186.

[2] Vol. ii. pp. 214, 291.

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name. But they found more than their match in the abbey-retainers and the townsfolk of Abbendon, who turned upon their assailants and drove them clear out of the town with disgrace. The defeated party went straight to the king in Normandy, and (not sparing falsehoods, says the chronicler, to make their own story good,) obtained a writ addressed to Robert, earl of Leicester, then Chief Justice, containing, as they supposed, 'the utter overthrow of Abbendon market.' What it did contain, however, when it came to be read, was merely an order to summon a jury of twenty-four elders, who could speak from personal knowledge of how things stood in the days of Henry I. The jury sat accordingly at Farnborough, and returned a verdict in favour of the ancient right of the abbot to a 'full market for all vendibles.' But now an objection was taken to the constitution of the jury, upon which certain tenants of the abbey itself had been summoned, who might be supposed to have been biassed in their decision. The king granted a new trial, which was held at Oxford, where the jurors (or rather witnesses for the decision seems to have rested with the Earl, as chief justice) gave very contradictory testimony. There must have been some hard swearing on the part of the men of Wallingford, who maintained that nothing had been sold in the time of the first Henry, except 'bread and beer.' The Oxford deponents admitted something more than this, but still not a 'full market,' open for all boats and waggons. Others from the county deposed to a full market, but were not positive as to any trading-boats. The Earl of Leicester, upon this conflicting evidence, declined to pronounce any official decision; but the brotherhood found an unexpected and unimpeachable witness in the earl himself, who went to the king and reported from his own personal knowledge, that there had been a full and undisputed right of market at Abbendon, not only in Henry the First's time, but so far back as William the Conqueror, when he himself, as a boy, had been educated in the house. And again the king gave judgment in their favour. The disappointed citizens tried indeed to induce Henry to revoke or modify his decision by protesting that if a free market was allowed at Abbendon, they could not continue to hold their fiefs, and do suit and service for them; but the king treated this attempt at intimidation as it deserved, and drove them from his presence 'in a passion.'

The chronicle has little more to tell. Upon Walkelin's death, Godfrey, bishop of St. Asaph, held the abbey for the king, '*vice abbatis*,' for nine years and a half.[1] He was deposed

[1] The shorter chronicle, II. 293, says that he was abbot. Benedict Abbot of Peterborough, says that he resigned his bishopric in the hope of being appointed to the abbacy. (Edit. Hearne I. 107.) Godwin supposes him to be Geoffry of Monmouth.

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for having incurred the hatred of the brotherhood owing to the insolence of his relatives, and the abbey given by the king to Roger, prior of Bermondsey, who ruled for the same period; but during all these years nothing seems to have occurred in the history of the monastery materially worth recording. Upon Abbot Roger's decease, the abbey was once more put in charge of a procurator, one Thomas de Hisseburn, who created a terrible commotion there by instituting a searching inquiry into all the revenues and resources of the house, and causing a roll to be made setting forth all these at large, with the various official salaries and duties. Such an inquisitor was not more popular in those days than he would be in our own. 'He was a second Rabshakeh, in intent,' says the pious chronicler, 'though I would not call the king a Sennacherib.' The roll has been preserved, and gives a complete list, it may be presumed, of the abbey household at that time, which seems to have amounted to at least a hundred in and out-door servants of all grades, most of whom had liveries once a year, on the Nativity of St. Mary [Sept. 8]. Thomas of Hisseburn saw the expenditure all too much. He made his report to Ranulph de Glanville, the king's chief justice, that all the oats grown on the lands of Abbendon would not keep the monks' horses for a year, nor all Berkshire find them in milk and cheese. He insisted, in short, that their expenditure exceeded their income. He proposed, therefore, to seize to the royal use during the vacancy, not only the revenues of the abbey itself, as was usual, but also the general estates of the house, and to stop the salaries of the officials, allowing them a bare maintenance out of the proceeds. These strong measures of economical reform the brotherhood resisted, denying the accusation of extravagance, and pleading ancient right and prescription. The chief justice, 'fearing,' says the narrator, 'to incur the anathema of S. Ethelwold by any change in his institutions,' gave his decision in their favour; and the king soon after appointed Alured, prior of Rochester, to the vacant abbey. The little recorded of him stands out in dark exception to the general character of the Benedictines. Such was his hard and covetous nature, that in a winter of almost unprecedented famine, he saw the wretched population dying at his gates without offering to relieve them, 'though he was very rich and had his garners full.' The last abbot of whom these chronicles makes mention was Hugh, 'the first,' says Antony Wood,[1] 'who was canonically elected from their own body,' in spite of the repeated royal charters confirming to them

[1] 'Hic primus inter Abbates de Abingdon de gremio ecclesiæ canonice electus est.' Wood's MS. 55, in Ashmol. Museum.

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the right of free election. Kind, courteous, and liberal was he to all, both within and without the walls of his monastery, and the longer he lived, the more was he loved and respected. Two recorded instances of his liberality are characteristic; he improved the quality of the abbey beer, and gave the rents of his 'vill' of Cuddesdon to supply the brethren with the wine which the abbot was bound to furnish them on certain festivals.

Here, then, in the first year of the reign of Richard I. [1189] both chronicles end abruptly, after recording the fortunes of the house for some five hundred years. Why two narratives of seemingly independent authorship should break off at the same point, can only be explained by the suggestion of some possible revolution or catastrophe occurring at that time to the house itself.

It does not fall within our province to trace the little that is to be gathered from other sources as to the subsequent fortunes of this magnificent foundation. The abbots who followed seem nearly all to have been monks of their own body, if we can judge from their local designations: Robert de Hendred, Henry de Frilford, Richard de Hendred, Nicholas de Culham (about whose time [1289,] probably the remaining west entrance was built), John de Sutton, William de Comenore, Roger de Thame, William de Hanney, Richard de Boxor, and William Asshedune. Amongst the exceptions was Richard de Clive Episcopi, who, with his treasurer, chaplain, pitancer, and seneschal, in short, nearly all the chief officers of his house, was drowned with the two lay-brothers, fishermen, who rowed the boat, in returning from the hospitable board of Sir Richard de Zouche, at Chiselhampton, 'amongst the islands called de la Wyke.'[1] Henry III. kept his court there in 1276.[2] In 1327 the disputed market at Abingdon brought greater troubles to the house than ever. The townsmen, 'incenced at the unreasonable 'dealings of the abbot and convent in relation to the said 'mercat,' met at the tolling of St. Helen's bell, burnt the guildhall, lately built by the abbey, and attacked the house itself. Defeated in their first attempt, they applied for aid to their neighbours of Oxford, the mayor of which city,—'accom-'panied, 'tis said, with some scholars of a desperate condition, 'and glad of any diversion rather than to study'—joined them on the Sunday following, burnt part of the abbey and the manor of Barton, drove out the monks (killing one at the altar), destroyed all their charters, &c., and did damage alto-

[1] Wood's MS. 55. Willis (Mitred Abbeys I. 7,) says this Richard de Clive was deposed.

[2] Dunstable Chronicle, p. 442. edit. Hearne.

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gether, which is variously assessed at from 10,000*l.* to 40,000*l.* (!). The end of it was, that the abbot moved the king's justice in the matter, and twelve of the guilty parties were hanged, and sixty others 'cast for death,' but reprieved at the abbot's intercession.[1] The last abbot was Thomas Pentecost, or Rowland, who was amongst the first to acknowledge the supremacy of Henry VIII., and in 1538, with the rest of his convent, signed the roll of surrender; receiving at the hands of the king, according to Lysons, the manor of Cumnor, or, according to Willis, who quotes from the pension-book in the augmentation office, a pension of 200*l.* per annum. Its revenues at the time of the dissolution were valued at 1,876*l.* per annum. The site passed into various hands in rapid succession; in the first year of Edward VI. it was granted to Sir Thomas Seymour; in the third year of the same reign, Sir John Mason appears to hold it for life; and two years afterwards, Sir Thomas Wroth is in possession.

Of the honesty of these records, on the whole, we can entertain no reasonable doubt. They were compiled by Benedictines of Abingdon, with no idea of their meeting any other eyes than those of their own convent. They little foresaw the possible strictures of a Protestant public, and had no fear of the Master of the Rolls before their eyes. They were credulous; but not more so than other historians of the day. As they believed, they wrote. They recorded the good deeds of their fraternity, but they were not silent as to the evil. Miracles are few; failings many. If we hear of the munificent charity of Abbots Adelstan and Ingulph in times of famine, we have the counter-picture of Alured, who saw the starving poor die at his gates unmoved. The writer devotes almost as much space to his grateful record of Richard the Sacrist, the lands which he recovered or preserved to the house by his quiet exertions, the organs which he made, and the other good works which he did, as to any king or abbot; and this, he says, because Richard was gone to a place where human praise could not reach him; 'none will suspect me,' he says, 'of flattering dust and ashes.'[2] The charters which are here transcribed have been compared in seventeen cases with the originals, or with authentic copies (in the Cotton Library, or amongst Archbishop Parker's MSS. at Cambridge), and though there are many mistakes and variations, Mr. Stevenson assures us there is no trace of any intentional falsification. Their Latinity, as may

[1] Wood, Hist. and Antiquit. vol. i. p. 412 (Oxon. 1792). The scholars were headed by a future Archdeacon of Oxford—Edmund de la Beche, of Exeter College.
[2] Vol. ii. p. 208.

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be supposed, is not very classical; and in the earlier documents especially, there is a magnanimous disregard of construction. The charters of Edwy (A.D. 959), and of his successor Edgar, have pressed into their service an extraordinary number of Greek words,[1] and indulge in the most magniloquent exordiums. We are much given to complain of the prolixity of legal documents in our own day, and the mist of technical words in which it is considered necessary to involve the simplest transaction; what should we think of a preamble which began with the fall of Adam, and touched on the Arian and Sabellian heresies by the way?[2]

We could have wished indeed that the good Benedictines, instead of copying out for us all these instruments, valuable as such records are in their way, had indulged us with fuller details of the inner life of their convent. In this respect, the chronicles before us are not nearly so interesting as the narrative of Jocelyn of Edmondsbury. We gather from these writers that the rule of S. Benedict, even as reformed by Ethelwold, was not so strict with regard to abstinence as is generally supposed. The brethren of Abingdon appear to have been allowed flesh meat (probably pork) once in the day,[3] and the general dietary must have been liberal enough, as we are distinctly told that not only were their own wants fully satisfied, but that the poor were largely relieved from the broken meat. If the weights at all correspond to our modern standard, each monk had bread equivalent to more than half of a quartern loaf, and half a pound of cheese daily, with a very liberal allowance of beer twice a day, hydromel on all feast days, and wine on the great festivals of Easter, Pentecost, the Nativity, the Assumption, S. Peter and S. Paul, and All Saints'. In Lent, intead of cheese, 'one large eel' each was allowed. Milk and eggs they had in abundance; the latter was always a large element in monastic cookery, and the consumption at Abingdon may be judged of from the fact that their own manors were bound to furnish them with twenty-nine thousand yearly. It may interest a Berkshire reader to learn that they got their cheese from Goosey, Charney, Lockinge, and Shillingford; their eels chiefly from Wheatley, Cumnor, and Sandford; their straw from the Barton farm, and the hay for the monks' beds (twice a year) from Culham. Their main fish-ponds were at Wittenham, Culham, and Appleford; and

[1] *e.g.* Theus, onoma, sophia, basileus, tauma, alogia, anagogicus (heavenly), philarguria, epilempticus, &c.

[2] See Edwy's Charter, vol. i. p. 169. This was evidently considered a great literary triumph, for it is copied *verbatim* in Edgar's subsequent charter, p. 256, and Ethelred's, p. 358.

[3] Vol. ii. p. 279.

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the eggs and fowls came from Barton, Cumnor, and other manors in the neighbourhood.

The monastery, in the middle ages, as we have already said, supplied the place of the modern 'fashionable hotel' to travellers of any distinction. In fact, so unscrupulously did princes and nobles avail themselves of the open door of the religious house on their stately progresses, that their visits became a serious burden. The better the fare, the more was the liberality of the brotherhood imposed upon. So much so, that an abbot, in writing to Peter of Blois, complains, with a melancholy facetiousness, that this *hospitalitas* was become rather *hostilitas*, and even talks of abdicating in consequence.[1] The hospitality of Abingdon was always magnificent. Not to mention guests of inferior rank, Athelstan kept Easter there with his whole court in 939. Of King Edred's entertainment by Ethelwold, and the inexhaustible bowl of hydromel, we have heard already. Edward the Confessor and his queen were received there in 1052. Henry I., when young, spent his Easter there with Abbot Faritius in 1084, accompanied by Osmond, Bishop of Salisbury, Robert D'Oyley, constable of Oxford, and a considerable retinue.[2] Queen Matilda was entertained there during the Feast of the Assumption in 1106; and Robert, earl of Chester, with his mother, the Countess Ermentrude, and his barons of superior rank, spent Whitsuntide of the same year in the abbey. Sometimes, it is true, these visits did not leave the brotherhood of S. Mary out of pocket on the whole. Matilda, for instance, before she left, gave them a valuable estate fifteen miles from London, near Colnbrook in Bucks, with woods, meadows, and conveniences of all kinds (including the tenant himself, Robert Fitz-Hervey, according to the charter), to serve them as a resting-place in the long and fatiguing journey to the metropolis. Henry D'Albiny, again, who spent the Feasts of Easter and S. James, 1107, at Abingdon, and probably died there, gave them lands at Stratton in Bedfordshire in return.

The abbot was a personage of considerable state and importance even outside the walls of his convent. He had his town-house in 'Westminster Street,' near the church of S. Mary[3] (which also belonged to Abingdon)—a gift from Gilbert de Gant in the Conqueror's days, and confirmed to him, with an additional tenement, by a grant from Henry I. Besides his half-way house at Colnbrook, he had a hostel (*locus hospitii*)

[1] Digby's *Mores Catholici*, vol. x. p. 355.

[2] Ashmole (Berks, i. 112) says he was educated there; so also says Warton; but there is no hint of it in either of these chronicles.

[3] II. 197.

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just outside the city of Winchester, 'near the north gate,' given by William Gifford, bishop of that see, in 1114–5.[1] Bagley and Cumnor Woods were his sporting-grounds, Henry I. having given him right of hunting there, reserving only to the royal use the stags or fallow-deer.[2] He had right of free warren in all Berkshire.[3] He had a court of his own in Oxford,[4] where, and where only, all the '*homines*' of the abbey were to plead.

If any additional proofs of the venality of justice, in these good old days of merry England, were required, these chronicles would furnish them abundantly. '*Tam prece quam pretio*' seems the established phrase for all successful suitors. In most cases, indeed, the *pretium* might as well have come first. We have seen how Abbot Rethune found his silver and the lands of Sutton more effectual than even a Pope's anathema to secure himself against King Kenulph's sporting friends; and it cost Abbot Vincent three hundred marks, besides much litigation, to retain his market. Abbot Rainald goes to William Rufus with fifty pounds of silver and two horses to get the abbey lands at Dumalton restored. The holder of them (his own nephew) offers seventy pounds; and the abbot has to bid twenty more, and even then seems to have been unsuccessful.[5] William imprisoned the tenant of Sparsholt for some offence, and seized the land; and the abbot had to find sixty pounds to prevent the king's laying hands on the rest of his holdings. Ingulph, during his abbacy, feëd the sheriff of Berks with a hundred shillings a year, to secure favour in his court for the abbey tenants.[6] Even the excellent Faritius obtains justice, at least once, from his staunch patron, Henry, through the usual medium—'*munerando*.'[7] The holders of *mansiones* belonging to the abbey bribe the king's *præpositus* to get possession of each other's holdings.[8] But it was not only with kings, or kings' officials, that this universal argument was all-powerful; even the religious door of the sanctuary itself could be opened sometimes with a silver key. How came a king's—'*concubina Regis*'—it reads better in the Latin—to be buried 'with great honours in the cloister before the door of the church?' Had the gift of Langford Mill by her son nothing to do with it?[9]

We wish that it were possible to speak in unreserved approval of the manner in which these chronicles have been edited. It

[1] II. 111. [2] II. 113. [3] II. 248.
[4] II. 165. Ellis, quoting from a manuscript in S. John's College library, says it was held in a house on Grandpont Bridge.
[5] II. 36.
[6] II. 230. "—— ut abbatiæ homines levius tractaret, et eos in placitis in hundredis adjuvaret."
[7] II. 125. [8] II. 25. [9] II. 122.

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is a work requiring no ordinary amount of care and patience. We are not insensible to the difficulties which present themselves to any one who would even read these old charters, with all their ungrammatical constructions and errors in penmanship, with any degree of accuracy. The text, as it stands, is full of blunders; some of them most obvious even to a careless reader. In the first volume we are distinctly informed by Mr. Stevenson, that these, though not unobserved, have been designedly allowed to pass unquestioned. The explanation is to be found in the first page of the advertisement, and appears to be a strict compliance with the suggestion of the Master of the Rolls, that 'no note or comment was to be allowed, except what might be necessary to establish the correctness of the text.' The wisdom of such a suggestion may well be questioned, especially when original errors of the copyist are accompanied, as they are pretty largely in the present instance, by secondary errors of the modern transcriber or of the press, which add considerably to the reader's difficulties. In the editing of the second volume this restriction appears to have been wisely withdrawn; but still, in spite of a pretty long list of errata, the result is far from perfect. A more scrupulous care might surely have avoided such mistakes as those in the marginal titles, which cannot possibly be attributed to any difficulties in the MSS. or inaccuracies of the printer. A *surrender* of Culham, in exchange for lands at Watchfield, is called 'Gift of Culham,' which is the usual form of marginal reference for donations to the abbey. A gift of eight mansæ on the river Kennett is called 'Gift of Chinete;' a rescript of Henry I. concerning some stolen hay at Farnham is entitled 'Of Lands at Farnham;' Edred's visit to the abbey appears in the margin as 'Athelstan's;' the sluice (*clausura*) of the mill at Cuddesdon is called, both in the margin and in the glossary, 'enclosure.' The index, again, is very incomplete, and in several instances positively misleads. Under 'Appleton' are placed incidents connected with Appleford, quite a different locality. Grants of land at 'Estantona' (Stanton) are referred to the head 'Estratona' (Stratton in Bedfordshire). 'Winterburn,' a boundary of Dumbleton in Gloucestershire, is not distinguished from the hamlet of the same name in the parish of Chevely, near Newbury. There are at least four distinct places, bearing the common name of 'Eastun,' recorded as in possession of the abbey; one near Blewbury[1] (probably Aston Tyrold); another near Dumbleton;[2] a third 'contiguous to Lewknor'[3] in Oxfordshire; and a fourth near Winchester.[4] In the index this last is the only one noticed, and the boundaries and incidents

[1] I. 287. [2] I. 61. [3] I. 468. [4] I. 319.

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connected with two of the others are referred to it. The topographical antiquarian, who will find the old Saxon boundaries appended to the charter (many of them still well-known in the parishes to which they refer), and other local particulars contained in these volumes, especially useful and interesting, must be warned against trusting for a moment to what such an index does or does not contain. The preface to the second volume, on the other hand, is both able and pleasantly written, and will give a tolerable notion of the chronicles themselves to a general reader who may be shy of encountering the Latin of the text.

The magnificence of the ancient house of S. Mary has long since passed away. A pilgrimage to its site will now only disappoint the most enthusiastic inquirer. The old Saxon names recorded in these pages as having been settled round Abingdon before the Conquest, are, many of them, well known there still—some, perhaps, on the very lands held by their ancestors. Armine, Coleman, Snell, Bestle, Sweteman, Whitlock, Teale, Thorold (also as Tyrrell), and Whitlock, may still be found. Pusey of Pusey still represents the 'Pisi'[1] of the Plantagenets' day, and the name is still, by the country people, frequently so pronounced. But the Benedictines have gone and left scarcely a trace. Even the 'stately west front' built by the later abbots, which Leland saw, has nothing left but a stone gateway near S. Nicholas' Church, the room over which is now used for various public purposes, while some apartments below are occupied as a police-station and cells for prisoners. The arms of the abbey—or, a cross fleurie between four martlets sable—with the royal arms, are still to be seen over the entrance. Two long rooms,[2] now forming part of the premises of a brewery, are almost the only other remains of one of the earliest and most magnificent of the Benedictine abbeys. Their groined stone roofs are still perfect, and there is a good example of a fireplace,[3] probably of the time of Henry III. and a tall chimney of picturesque and singular design.[4] But even tradition has almost deserted the spot. Almost the only legend which clings to it is horrible enough, and it is possible that there is some foundation for it. The stranger will have a chimney-wall pointed out to him, in which, he will be told, one of the abbots was built up and starved to death. The person to whom this tradition probably points was not an abbot of the house, but Bishop Egelwyne of

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1 Vol. II. 190, 211.

2 Perhaps a portion of the abbot's lodgings; which, in a manuscript inventory of the conventual buildings as granted to Sir John Mason in the third year of Edward VI. are said to contain 'two fair long chambers, called the King's and the Queen's chamber.'

3 Figured in Lysons' Berks. 4 Engraved in Parker's Gloss. of Archit.

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Durham, who, having been taken in arms against the Conqueror amongst Hereward's partisans in the Isle of Ely, had been sent as a prisoner to Abingdon, 'where,' says Holinshed, 'he was so sparingly fed that he died of hunger;' or, 'some 'write that he was so stubborn-hearted, that after he knew he 'should remain in perpetual prison, he refused his meats, and so 'pined himself to death.'[1] But the monastic chronicler, though he mentions his captivity and death, says no word of hunger or starvation.[2] If there is any truth in the story, it is singular that the cruel secret, on which the records of the house are silent, should be still whispered about their ruined walls as almost the single point of interest, in vulgar estimation, to the modern inquirer.

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[1] Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 10, a. 50, quoting Simon Dunelm.
[2] Vol. i. p. 486. '*In captione ibi ad suæ mortis degens diem obiit.*'

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ART. II.—1. *The Four Seasons.* By M. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. London: Lumley.

2. *Sintram and his Companions.* By M. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. London: Lumley.

3. *Thiodolf, the Icelander.* By M. DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ. London: Lumley.

4. *Evenings with the Old Story Tellers.* London: Lumley.

5. *Legends and Traditions.* London: Lumley.

6. *The most delectable History of Reynard the Fox.* London: J. Cundall.

7. *Peter Schlemihl, the Shadowless Man.* London: Lumley.

8. *Hans Andersen's Tales for the Young.* London: Lumley.

9. *The Lady of the Manor.* By Mrs. SHERWOOD. New Edition. London: Houlston. 1860.

10. *The Castle Builders; or, the Deferred Confirmation.* By the Author of the 'Heir of Redclyffe.' London: Mozley.

11. *The Daisy Chain.* By the Author of the 'Heir of Redclyffe.' London: Mozley.

12. *The Fairy Bower.* London: Mozley.

13. *The Lost Brooch.* By the Author of the 'Fairy Bower.' London: Mozley.

IT has been the fate of most of the best story books, especially those in which supernatural beings are introduced, to be seized upon by a host of critics, in order to prove that the author had some covert meaning, and under the guise of a tale intended to inculcate a hidden lesson or moral. Fouqué's 'Undine,' Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl,' were both seized upon as containing a mystery which they would draw out for the benefit of their readers. Both these authors, however, have publicly disclaimed any such intention; their only purpose in publishing those tales was to give the world the like pleasure in reading, which they had in writing, them. The fact is, that there is no fiction which introduces supernatural beings, out of which cannot be drawn a moral, sometimes good, sometimes indifferent, from Spenser's

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'Faerie Queen,' to Hans Andersen's 'Ugly Duck;' perhaps we might go farther, and say, no really good work of fiction. Who has ever pondered over the curious Theogonies of the ancient poets, or read Lord Bacon's 'Wisdom of the Ancients,' without marvelling at the wondrous secrets of wisdom and truth contained even in some of their coarsest and most revolting histories? Who can doubt but that the framers of these Theogonies intended to teach the great truths of creation, when they derived all from the first Being, Chaos? When Eros, or Love, was the oldest of the gods, the son of Heaven and Night; and The Fall in Pandora and her box, out of which flew all evils, and only Hope remained behind? and again, how beautifully are these wondrous fables unfolded in the later Greek tragedians, *e.g.* the 'Prometheus Vinctus' and the 'Orestes.' As the ballad preceded history, and the hymn was the parent of the nation's creed, so it needed but a vivid imagination to people a whole heaven with deities, and all the earth with nymphs and satyrs. Heroes, magnified through the mist of time, would easily rise into demigods, and their great actions into manifestations of supernatural power. Poets, taking up the thread where the hymn dropt it, plaited anew into its folds their own thoughts and conceptions, and hung up its gorgeous festoons in the national Pantheon, from whence later philosophers taught the lessons which these allegories contained. It is no doubt probable that many of the later legends and myths were mere developments of the former, and were pure poetic fictions, their authors having no hidden meaning below the surface, like Fouqué's 'Undine;' but there is scarcely one, even with all the grossness of Ovid, but we may find a moral in it if we look for it.

'It must be admitted, that from very early times a secondary meaning was commonly attached to every important work; it progressed from the sacred writings through the poetic fictions of the classics to compositions professedly allegorical. The want of discrimination, which in our eyes assumes much of the appearance of profane levity, with which the fictions of the classics were interpreted to signify the great truths and mysteries of religion, was, perhaps hardly reprehensible in the simple state of knowledge which prevailed at the time when these attempts at secondary interpretation were made.

'"And hence it was," said Lathon, "that in the early ages it might seem to partake of little levity to prefigure our Saviour's birth in that of Bacchus; his sufferings and death in that of Actæon, or his resurrection in the legend of Hercules, as related by Lycophron. As late as the thirteenth century the Franciscan Walleys wrote a moral and theological exposition of the Metamorphoses of Ovid."'—*Evenings*, &c. pp. 18, 19.

Let us turn now to the Christian Platonist, Henry More, and see how he used the old legends, and how he interweaves the ancients' philosophy into the Christian idea of the life of the soul. He is speaking of the birth of Psyche (the soul):—

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8.

This Ahad[1] of himself the *Æon*[2] fair
Begot, the brightness of his father's grace:
No living wight in heaven to him compare,
Ne work his goodly honour such disgrace,
Nor lose thy time in telling of his race.
His beauty and his race no man can tell:
His glory darkeneth the sunnes bright face;
Or if ought else the sunnes bright face excell,
His splendour would it dim, and all that glory quell.

9.

This is than ancient *Eidos*[3] omniform,
Fount of all beauty, root of flowering glee.
Hyle[4] old hag, foul, filthy, and deform,
Cannot come near. Joyfull *Eternity*
Admits no change or mutability,
No shade of change, no imminution,
No, nor increase; for what increase can be
To that that's all? and when *Hyl'* hath no throne
Can ought decay? such is the state of great *Æon*.

10.

Farre otherwise it fares in this same Lond
Of truth and beauty, then in mortall brood
Of earthly lovers, who impassion'd
With outward forms (not rightly understood
From whence proceeds this amorous sweet flood,
And choice delight which in their spright they feel:
Can outward idole yield so heavenly mood?)
This inward beauty unto that they deal
That little beauteous is: Thus unto the dirt they reel.

11.

Like to Narcissus, on the grassie shore,
Viewing his outward face in watery glasse;
Still as he looks, his looks add evermore
New fire, new light, new love, new comely grace,
To's inward form; and it displays apace
It's hidden rays, and so new lustre sends
To that vain shadow: but the boy, alas!
Unhappy boy! the inward nought attends,
But in foul, filthy, mire, love, life, and form he blends.

13.

Far otherwise it fares in *Æon's* realm:
O happy close of sight and that there's seen!
That there is seen is good *Abinoam*,[5]
Who *Atove*[6] hight; and *Atuvus* I ween,

---

[1] Ahad. Heb.: τὸ Ἓν. One, or The One. The Platonist's orginal of all things.
[2] Æon. Αἰών. Eternity.
[3] Eidos. Form or Beauty.
[4] Hyle. *Materia prima*, or that dark fluid potentiality of the creature, the straitnesse, repugnancy, and incapacity of the creature.
[5] *Abinoam. Pater amœnitatis.* Father of delight.
[6] *Haltove*, or *Atove*. Heb.: τἀγαθόν. The Good.

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Cannot be lesse than he who sets his eyen
On that abysse of good eternally,
The youthful *Æon*, whose fair face doth shine
While he his Father's glory doth espy,
Which waters his fine flowing forms with light from high.

14.

Not that his forms increase, or that they die
For *Æon-land*, which men *Idea*[1] call,
Is nought but life in full serenity,
Vigour of life is root, stock, branch, and all;
Nought here increaseth, nought here hath its fall;
For *Æon's* kingdomes always perfect stand,
Birds, beasts, fields, springs, plants, men and minerall,
To perfectnesse nought added be there can.
This *Æon* also hight *Autocalon*[2] and *On*.

15.

This is the eldest son of Hattove hore;
But th' eldest daughter of this aged sire,
That virgin wife *Æon, Uranore*.[3]
She *Uranora* hight, because the fire
Of *Æther's*[4] essence she was bright attire,
And inward unseen golden hue doth dight,
And lip of sense and phansie doth inspire.
Æther's, the vehicle of touch, smell, sight,
Of taste, and hearing too, and of the plastick might.

Dr. Henry More's Philosophicall Poems. Psychozoia, or the Song of the Soul, containing a Christiane-Platonicall display of Life.

This blending of Platonic philosophy with the truths of revelation, and illustrating them by means of heathen legends, makes up a very fine allegory, and seems to show how completely all error to be but a perversion of truth, and all fable but a casket which contains it. Jeremy Taylor, in the commencement of his matchless sermon, 'Via Intelligentiæ,' gives us a fable which exactly describes our meaning: 'The ancients, 'in their mythological learning, tell us, that when Jupiter 'espied the men of the world striving for Truth, and pulling 'her to pieces to secure her to themselves, he sent Mercury 'down amongst them; and he, with his usual arts, dressed Error 'up in the imagery of Truth, and thrust her into the crowd, 'and so left them to contend still; and though then, by con-'tention, men were sure to get but little truth, yet they were as 'earnest as ever, and lost peace, too, in their importune con-'tentions for the very image of Truth.' Error being then an imitation of truth; and false religions all containing an image of truth in the clothing of error, we see how the heathen fables

[1] Idea-land. The intellectual world.
[2] Autocalon, self-existent God, or Being.
[3] Uranora. The light or beauty of heaven, from *οὐρανὸς*, and *ὥρα, pulchritudo.*
[4] Æther, from *αἴθω, to burn.* The fluid fiery nature of heaven.

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may often be turned into Christian allegories. And thus we return to our former remark, that all fiction has necessarily, like a fable, its moral. This idea especially pervades the works of those most inveterate of story tellers, the authors of the 'Gesta:' every story has its moral, though we fancy, like the commentator on Ovid whom we mentioned above, that very often the story was written first, and the moral found out afterwards, for some of the morals are very far fetched indeed, certainly not to be discovered without an interpreter. With them all nature and all history was a parable, and they set themselves to find out a meaning.

'No creature is so monstrous, no fable so incredible, but that the monkish writers could give it a moral form, and extract from its crudities and quiddities some moral or religious lesson. . . . Pliny's dog-headed race—whom Sir John [Mandeville] places in the island of Macumeran, and at the same time gives to them a *quasi* pope for a king, who says three hundred prayers per diem before he either eats or drinks—were naturally regarded by the middle age writers, as symbolical of priestly preachers of faithful hearts and frugal habits; whilst of those other islanders, who "have but one eye, and that in the middest of their front, and eat their flesh and fish raw," the monk says, "These be they that have the eye of prayer." The Astomes, who have no mouths, "are all harie over the whole bodie, yet clothed with soft cotton and downe, that cometh from the leaves of trees, and live only on aire, and by the smelling of sweet odours, which they draw through their nosethrills," are the abstemious of this world, who die of the sin of gluttony, even as an Astome, by the accidental inhalation of bad odour. Humility is signified by the absence of the head, and the placing of the face in the breast; and a tendency to sin is foreshadowed by the desire and habit of walking on all fours, and pride by short noses and goats' feet. The Mandevillean islanders, who had flat faces without noses, and two round holes for their eyes, and thought whatsoever they saw to be good, were earth's foolish ones; as those foul men, who have their lips so great that when they sleep in the sun they cover all their faces therewith, are the just men, the salt of the earth. . . . The beautiful men of Europe, who boast of a crane's head, neck, and beak, represent judges, who should have long necks and beaks, that what the heart thinks, may be long before it reach the mouth.'—*Evenings*, &c. pp. 29, 30.

It has been suggested, and we need hardly say, with every likelihood of truth, that the mediæval legend of the 'Wandering Jew' was an allegory to represent in one person the doom of Israel, on account of their rejection of Christ; that, scattered among Christians in Christian lands, they see everywhere the cross, and everywhere is it a torment to them; they have no home, no country, but doomed to wander till Christ comes to judgment: a state far more fully realized in the middle ages than now; but even in this century a poet could say:—

'Tribe of the wandering foot and weary breast,
When will ye flee away and be at rest?
The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their habitation, Israel but the grave.'

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Let us take, by way of illustrating our position that supernatural stories, when consistently written, have a moral, though not intended by the authors, the German tale of Peter Schlemihl: a poor student meets with a 'man in grey,' who, in exchange for his shadow, gives him a purse of gold which never is exhausted. Now it is clear, that nothing is so entirely useless as a shadow; we cannot conceive it to be any value; no one can be in the least degree better with a shadow than without one: yet poor Peter Schlemihl is utterly wretched after its loss; he cannot go out in the shine of day without being a marked man; he is cut off from society; twice on the point of marriage he is disappointed, neither Fanny nor Minna will have anything to do with a weird creature who has no shadow. All his boundless wealth cannot control respect, nor bring consolation to a shadowless man. And, lastly, when in the deepest agony of mind, he restores to the tempter the fatal gift of the never-failing purse, he *cannot regain his lost shadow*, he is forced to pass the rest of his life a solitary man, cut off from, and forgotten by, his fellows. Very strikingly does this illustrate the bartering of any of God's gifts for the world; honour, chastity, truth, may and are often sold for some earthly pleasure or fancied advantage; and, when gone, can never be regained. Repentance may restore the sinner to God's favour, but it cannot give back what has been lost. Again: even sorrow or remorse cannot procure restoration to peace of mind, or to God's favour, till restoration is made; but even that will not restore lost innocence. Chamisso did well in choosing the *shadow* as the article of sale, simply for its apparent uselessness, as if to show that the very least of God's gifts must not be tampered with.

It is this moral, or hidden truth, half seen, perhaps only half suspected, yet intuitively known to be there, that makes fairy tales so attractive; there is something which at once captivates the mind, and brings with it such a charm. Generally this lies chiefly in the end, or winding up. Many novel readers look first at the *denouement*, even before commencing the story; if that does not please them they will not read the book. Look at children when you are reading a story to them, how eager they watch; and impatiently expect—what?—the end, the fate of the actors. Sir Walter Scott, in the preface to one of his 'Tales of my Landlord,' represents an old lady not content with knowing the fate of the principal actors, but was quite unsatisfied till she knew what became of all the inferior characters, down to Guse Gibbie. So children are quite unsatisfied with the most stirring events, the most interesting adventures, unless it 'ends well:' there must be equal justice dealt out to all parties; the wrong done must be set right, truth and justice must

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finally settle and arrange the disordered elements of the tale, and give to each actor his proper reward. Give children a well-written tale, like the 'Bride of Lammermuir' for instance, in which injustice and wrong triumph, and they are miserable for days after reading it: it is not the mere fact of killing people, not the horror of deaths and executions, that disgusts children's minds, it is the injustice. They will hear calmly of Front-de-Bœuf burned in his castle, or hundreds of people executed or slain in an unjust rebellion, because their sense of justice is not outraged—it is rather satisfied; but the fate of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton is insupportable, because their interest has been excited to the utmost pitch, and their whole sense of justice is violated. We have known sleepless nights, tears shed in silence, nay, loss of appetite, and almost of health, follow from reading the 'Bride of Lammermuir' and 'S. Ronan's Well' by sensitive children. That which gives the real delight to a tale of fiction is, when injustice and wrong have been for some time triumphing, innocence and right suffering, the end comes which deals out to each its full measure of justice; when the order is reversed, and right triumphs, and wrong is crushed. We are inclined to think that, upon the whole, it is better that very young people should be allowed to read only such books as the latter, unless there be some very strong intimation that the suffering of the innocent is a discipline of faith, a special dispensation of heaven. We would not wound too early the clear light of conscience which pleads for justice and right; rather encourage it in every way; experience, as years come on, will soon enough make all familiar with triumphing injustice and suffering innocence, but it is not good to blunt too early the keen edge of the natural sense of justice.

Living as we are under the light of the revelation of the New Covenant, in which the expectation of the judgment at the general resurrection is at once a solution of all difficulties regarding the inequalities we see here, we hardly realize the difficulties of the saints of the Old Covenant, in which 'life and immortality' were not yet 'brought to light,' or of children, with whom the *present* is everything. It was this that the Psalmist found 'too hard' for him, until a special revelation unfolded the plans of Providence; and yet they were but this, that retribution came in this life: 'Lo, these are the ungodly, 'these prosper in the world, and these have riches in possession: 'and I said, Then have I cleansed my heart in vain, and washed 'my hands in innocency. All the day long have I been punished: 'and chastened every morning. Yea, and I had almost said even 'as they: but, lo, then should I have condemned the generation 'of thy children. Then thought I to understand this: but it was

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'too hard for me, until I went into the sanctuary of God: then understood I the end of those men; namely, how thou dost set them 'in slippery places, and castest them down and destroyest them.'

This, too, is the great question discussed in the history of Job: the three friends, like the Psalmist, could not believe, for they could not comprehend, how a really righteous man could suffer as Job did: they, therefore, hastily concluded that Job had been a great sinner, and that all his well-known righteousness was but a cloak to cover his secret wickedness; that now his sin had found him out, and God's anger overtook him. Job utterly denies this, he strongly maintains his innocency, *i. e.* such a freedom from great sin as deserved the affliction that fell upon him: he knew it was not God, but his enemy Satan, that had caused his misfortunes, and he stoutly vindicated both God and himself: he was willing to meet this 'adversary,' he would be glad if the adversary had 'written a book,' would bring a written libel against him before God the Judge, when he was ready to answer him; and declares his faith that his 'Redeemer,' God, lived, was not dead—was not unmindful of his servant, but would, before the end of his mortal life, 'stand upon the earth;' and would restore his diseased body to health, and in his very 'flesh' should 'see' the righteousness of 'God'—a faith, we know, which was verified to its fullest extent.

We may turn from these Old Testament examples to one familiar to us all—the great conception of our great poet—Hamlet, the philosophic Prince of Denmark. Shakespeare introduces him to us as musing on his own condition and that of the world around him: he sees his father dead, his unworthy uncle on the throne; his mother, after only two months' widowhood, forming an incestuous union with her brother-in-law:—

'Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.'

Then, after his first interview with the Ghost:

'Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.'

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Here we see the idea and feeling possessed him that he was commissioned to set right the wrong done to his father, mother, himself, and the whole of Denmark. The thought absorbs him, his brain reels under the pressure; he acts strangely, speaks wildly; does cruel injustice to Ophelia, whom he really loved, because he has lost all confidence in woman's honour, by reason of his mother's conduct in marrying her husband's murderer. Then infirmity of purpose withholds him from the commission of the deed, and he allows himself to leave the country: being brought back against his will, he sees now no escape, and completes the deed, glad that, like Samson, he perishes with his victim.

Addison, too, in his well-known tragedy, places the great Roman philosopher, Cato, in the like perplexity; only, perhaps, he puts into Cato's mouth Christian sentiments of expectation in the world to come, and a judgment there, which a heathen philosopher of that period was not likely to possess:—

> 'But when or where? this world was made for Cæsar—
> I'm weary of conjectures: this must end them.'
>
> (*Takes a dagger.*)

The ancient poets solved all their difficulties by the *Deus ex Machina;* only, as their ideas of gods were not moulded on the Christian model, the deity did not always interfere to punish the guilty. How could he, when, perhaps, he himself had passions and feelings like the most lawless of men? However, we know that Horace had to check this propensity among minor poets to introduce the deities to clear up all difficulties, *Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.* Now what these did with their gods, we do with fairies: and what more delightful thing is there than a really good fairy tale? It takes, first, the world as it is, with all its injustice and contradictions, only perhaps much exaggerated: we have some king—your true fairy tale delights in great personages—tyrannizing over some innocent and helpless family, ruthlessly carrying off the beautiful daughter, imprisoning the faithful lover, and then, just when the last moment comes, and our feelings are wrought up to an intense indignation against the oppressor, and equally intense interest in the oppressed, a fairy godmother suddenly appears in a chariot drawn by milk-white swans, and dispenses even-handed justice. The greater the suffering, and the greater the tyranny, the more intense the relief and satisfaction when the fairy appears. And so, when children see or read of injustice done, as it continually is in every-day life, how often we hear the thought expressed: 'Oh, I wish a fairy *would* come!' It is true that children delight in histories of giants, sorcerers, genii, huge, monstrous, cruel, man-eating creatures; they read

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of their killing and eating hundreds of innocent beings without a shudder: but this is different, the interest in the innocent has not been excited, they have been to them a mere flock of sheep: besides, children love any exhibition of power: a giant or magician exercising supernatural power has a charm in itself, provided sympathy with the oppressed is not roused: excite that, and all delight in the giant's powers and strength cease.

We heard a story at Algier, of an Arab chief, which illustrates our point; we mean that of sympathy being always with the innocent and against the guilty, though of course, in this case, his ideas were guided by his peculiar education. An Arab chief, who had lived all his life in the desert, came on a visit of state to the Viceroy of Algier; amongst other places to which he was taken was the theatre; the plot of the piece hinged upon a no uncommon incident in French life—the infidelity of the wife. In this piece the (as *we* should say) injured husband, on discovering the *liaison* of his wife, generously (as the French would consider it) gave her up to her paramour, and everything ended to the satisfaction of all parties—except the Arab, who, when this ending was explained to him, was so indignant, that he offered to go and kill the woman himself, rather than she should be allowed to live; and when he understood the actual conclusion was satisfactory to all parties, conceived the utmost contempt for the whole French nation generally, which could tolerate such things.

It is interesting to note how moral tales take the complexion of the age in which they are written; the 'Gesta Romanorum,' and the 'Moralities,' all are redolent of the convent: rude, coarse, as many of them are, they have the stamp of the age in which they gave delight to a rude and ignorant people; the grand moral lesson is always somehow to be extracted from them. Historical personages are jumbled up together without the slightest respect for chronology, and all the customs and laws of chivalry are made to regulate people and nations where western habits were unknown, whence they appear to us as clumsy as must the mailed crusaders, with their heavy Flemish war horses, have done to the light armed Oriental with his swift Arab steed. How many of us have smiled at the strange medley in 'Midsummer Night's Dream'; though here, probably, our own ignorance of the state of Athens when it was a dukedom under western crusaders puts us quite as much in the wrong as Shakespeare's. Even Fouqué, in his story of 'Thiodolf the Icelander,' makes the strange mistakes of speaking of the customs of western chivalry in eastern Constantinople, and of crucifixes and carved images in the Greek churches. Contrast the stories in the 'Arabian Nights' with western

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fairy tales, and what a totally different character the hero bears in them from that of the latter. In the former, the *summum bonum* consists in utter indolence, surrounded by perpetual sunshine and roses; doing nothing, but having numerous slaves to obey the slightest wish; gardens, palaces, unbounded wealth, countless slaves, entire idleness, is the perfection; the gratification of every whim and caprice, even to the most minute petty revenge; the power to procure every enjoyment, or to have cut off every offending head, is the highest point of happiness; and this is still the Oriental idea of bliss. At the present day, Turkish ladies dress in their richest robes, put on their most precious jewels, and sit on cushions surrounded with slaves, the only variety being that of changing their dresses and re-arranging their hair and ornaments; their sole employment eating sweetmeats, drinking coffee and sherbert, and smoking the narghili. There is no one to display all this finery to, but their lord and master, no one to converse with but their slaves, yet they are perfectly happy; the only thing that disturbs them is when they cannot have their whims or their revenges gratified; the only politics they are interested in are the petty intrigues of the household. A Turk in his kiosk, sitting in a divan smoking and drinking coffee, thinking of nothing, and doing nothing, is then supremely happy—it is *kief*—doing nothing and having nothing to do, having all done for him, merely enjoying life; and this is certainly the notion of happiness in the 'Arabian Nights.' Then, when supernatural beings are introduced, generally huge monstrous beings, with qualities like the Orientals themselves, only in excess, either prodigally good, or unspeakably malignant and cruel, it is to save men the trouble of doing anything for themselves; not, as in western fairy tales, to set things right at the last, but to build palaces, heap up untold wealth, or overthrow some invincible enemy, while the person for whom all this is done enjoys *kief*.

The East, however, has its moral tales as well as the West. There are some virtues which are to be always practised under any circumstances; these therefore must be held up before the eyes continually, and the duty of observing them at all times enforced; we need hardly say that the first of these is hospitality; this is not to be neglected, even to an enemy or an unbeliever. The beautiful story of Abraham and the Gueber, which Bishop Heber traced to the Persian poet Saadi, is a fine example of this sort of Eastern fable. Though well known, it is short, and to the point, and we make no apology for quoting it.

'When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his

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staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was an hundred years old: he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of the tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, I thrust him away, because he doth not worship Thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? On this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.'

The stories of the Jewish Rabbin, if not taken up with fabulous accounts of King Solomon, are generally intended to 'justify the ways of God to man.' We shall give one; it is on that vexed question, of which we have spoken before, of the seeming allowance of wickedness, and the (apparent) injustice towards the innocent:—

'Moses, to whom, by a peculiar grace,
God spake (the Hebrew phrase is) face to face,
Call'd by an heavenly voice, the Rabbins say,
Ascended to a mountain top, one day;
Where in some points perplex'd, his mind was eas'd,
And doubts concerning Providence appeas'd.

'During the colloquy divine, say they,
The prophet was commanded to survey
And mark what happen'd on the plain below.
There he perceiv'd a fine clear spring to flow,
Just at the mountain's foot; to which, anon,
A soldier, on his road, came riding on;
Who, taking notice of the fountain, stopt,
Alighted, drank; and, in remounting, dropt
A purse of gold; but as the precious load
Fell unsuspected, he pursued his road.
Scarce had he gone, when a young lad came by,
And as the purse lay just before his eye,
He took it up; and, finding its content,
Secured the treasure; and away he went.
Soon after him a poor infirm old man,
With age and travel weary quite, and wan,
Came to the spring to quench his thirst, and drank,
And then sat down, to rest him, on the bank.
There while he sat, the soldier on his track,
Missing the gold, return'd directly back;
Light off his horse, began to swear and curse,
And ask'd the poor old fellow for his purse;
He solemnly protested o'er and o'er,
With hands and eyes uplifted to implore
Heaven's attestation to the truth, that he
Nor purse nor gold had ever chanc'd to see;

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But all in vain; the man believ'd him not,
And drew his sword, and stabb'd him on the spot.
Moses, with horror and amazement seiz'd,
Fell on his face:—the Voice divine was pleased
To give the prophet's anxious mind relief,
And thus prevent expostulating grief:—
Be not surpris'd; nor ask how such a deed
The world's just Judge could suffer to succeed;
The child has caus'd the passion, it is true,
That made the soldier run the old man through;
But know one fact, though never yet found out,
And judge how *that* would banish every doubt:—
This same old man, through passion once as wild,
Murder'd the father of that very child.'

We now turn to another well-known mediæval tale, that of 'Reynard the Fox;' a tale in moral and purpose totally different from the others. Reynard is a thorough rascal, he keeps himself in his castle of Malepardus, well fortified, full of secret places, with every means of defence and escape, so as to defy all animal kind. Sent for by his king to attend the court, where nearly every one has some charge against him, he dares not appear, well knowing what his crimes deserve. The king sends Tybert the cat to summon him; by a series of manœuvres, poor Tybert gets sadly mangled, and returns in pitiful plight to the king. Bruin the bear, next sent, fares no better; Reynard gets him into a trap, where he is miserably beaten; then goes Grimbard the badger, Reynard's nephew, who persuades him to come. Here, after being condemned to death, he manages to deceive the king, queen, and all the court, into believing in his innocence. Next he turns hypocrite, and promises to go on a pilgrimage to Rome to obtain absolution. Again the king sends Kyward the hare, and Bellin the ram, to bring him to court. Reynard kills Kyward, and sends the body back to the king by Bellin. Again, challenged by Isegrim the wolf, by his subtlety, far more than by strength, he gains the victory; again wheedles king, queen, and court; is not only pardoned, but elevated to the rank of chancellor, and rules all for the king.

In this fable we are altogether carried away with sympathy for Reynard; we know his rascality, but we admire his craft, and are glad when we hear that he gets out of his scrapes; the fate of Tybert, or poor Kyward, does not diminish our sympathy, we should have been really sorry had Reynard been executed, as he deserved: altogether, we must say the story is a very immoral one. What makes the interest is the skill and cleverness of the chief actor; all displays of power are attractive, none more so than where superior craft prevails over brute force; we are inclined to forgive the iniquity, on account of the success. It is much the same in reading of the achievements of Claud Duval, or Jack Sheppard; we can hardly help regretting

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when we come to the end, and read of the execution of these two unprincipled robbers. The like feelings are always excited at the very name of brigand: there is, first, romance; the wild, free, reckless life of a brigand has a fascination in itself like that of Robinson Crusoe, especially when attended by acts of generosity, and wild justice; then, there is success, a very important element—some men, like Mr. Carlyle, seem almost to consider that success proves the rectitude of the successful man, and atones for his crimes.

'Reynard the Fox' has a moral, and it is a very immoral one, yet one that has a great deal of truth in it, and truth that one must acknowledge. It is that which the sophists of Athens and the statesmen of mediæval Italy taught and practised. The argument stands thus:—The world is very wicked, men are wicked; if you expect to govern the world and rule men, you must employ craft; your straightforward, honest, simple-minded man will never make an able statesman; sooner or later he will be overreached, out-manœuvred, by some clever intriguer; if you want to prosper you must meet craft by craft, your statesman must be as wily as his opponents. Make friends then with your crafty opponent, gain him over to your side, and you obtain a double benefit; you rid yourself of an enemy, and you gain a valuable supporter—don't put Reynard under the ban, make him chancellor. This is the moral,—as we have said, it is an immoral one, but can any one deny the policy of such a line of action?

We shall give a quotation from Lord Macaulay's essay on Machiavelli, which will show the feelings on these things in Italy in the middle ages, and will well explain the force of the mediæval fable of 'Reynard the Fox.'

'Such a prince as our Henry the Fifth would have been the idol of the North. The follies of his youth, the selfish and desolating ambition of his manhood, the Lollards roasting at slow fires, the prisoners massacred on the field of battle, the expiring lease of priestcraft renewed for another century, the dreadful legacy of a causeless and hopeless war, bequeathed to a people who had no interest in its event, everything is forgotten but the victory of Agincourt. Francis Sforza, on the other hand, was the model of the Italian hero. He made his employers and his rivals alike his tools. He first overpowered his open enemies by the help of faithless allies; he then armed himself against his allies with the spoils taken from his enemies. By his incomparable dexterity, he raised himself from the precarious and dependent situation of a military adventurer to the first throne of Italy. In such a man much is forgiven—hollow friendship, ungenerous enmity, violated faith. Such are the opposite errors which men commit, when their morality is not a science, but a taste [!]: when they abandon eternal principle for accidental associations.

'We have illustrated our meaning by an instance taken from history. We will select another from fiction. Othello murders his wife; he gives orders for the murder of his lieutenant; he ends by murdering himself.

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Yet he never loses the esteem and affection of the northern reader—his intrepid and ardent spirit redeeming everything. The unsuspecting confidence with which he listens to his adviser, the agony with which he shrinks from the thought of shame, the tempest of passion with which he commits his crimes, and the haughty fearlessness with which he avows them, give an extraordinary interest to his character. Iago, on the contrary, is the object of universal loathing. Many are inclined to suspect that Shakespeare has been seduced into an exaggeration unusual with him, and has drawn a monster, who has no archetype in human nature. Now, we suspect that an Italian audience, in the fifteenth century, would have felt very differently. Othello would have inspired nothing but detestation and contempt. The folly with which he trusts to the friendly professions of a man whose promotion he had obstructed, the credulity with which he takes unsupported assertions and trivial circumstances for unanswerable proofs, the violence with which he silences the exculpation till the exculpation can only aggravate the misery, would have excited the abhorrence and disgust of the spectators. The conduct of Iago they would assuredly have condemned; but they would have condemned it as we condemn that of the victim. Something of interest and respect would have been mingled with their disapprobation. The readiness of his wit, the clearness of his judgment, the skill with which he penetrates the dispositions of others, and conceals his own, would have insured to him a certain portion of their esteem.'

We are not to be supposed for a moment to endorse all that Lord Macaulay says in this passage, we only quote it to show what was the current political opinion in the middle ages, at the time, perhaps, when 'Reynard the Fox' was written. Neither do we think that the writer accounts for the sympathy felt for Othello, in spite of his crimes; that which excites our feelings in his behalf is, that he was the victim of a conspiracy, and that his crimes were not those of a deliberate villain, like Iago, but were the untamed impulse of justice degenerating into revenge; his own self-murder, the same impulse trying to make atonement for his deeds—as he himself says:—

'For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.'

If Lord Macaulay's opinion is right, and we think it is, that the Italian of the fifteenth century would admire a successful villain more than an unsuccessful hero, though he were perfection itself, we can well understand how 'Reynard the Fox' would set forth in their eyes the true principles of policy, and how many active admirers he would have; and this is only another proof of the fact, that the fable is ever according to the age.

The last century, the cold, formal, lifeless, eighteenth century, as we, looking at the religious aspect of that age, delight to call it, had its moral tales, taking their complexion from the religious notions of the writers. They were content to teach morality, plain, formal, unvarnished morality, interspersed with pious reflections on dependence on God and submission to his

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will, and complete resignation to his judgments: but, generally, the whole doctrine of grace is ignored. Take Dr. Johnson's allegories, that one, for instance, of the topless and bottomless mountain, where he warns us against the power and influence of little imps called 'habits'; all very true, and very useful, but where throughout everything *seems* to depend upon the moral will and strength alone; no allusion is made at all to any means of grace to help us to do conflict with the powers and temptations of evil: *e.g.* what a different and Christian tone would have been communicated to the whole had he introduced the simple addition of 'wells of living water' by the wayside of the toilsome ascent, whereby the travellers could have refreshed themselves and gained strength for their work; and made those who neglected these means soon and surely become victims of those little imps, till the power of them hindered their farther progress. Another favourite form of the religious tale was to make all good children die and go to heaven, while wicked ones lived on in earth. Here, again, is the ignoring the fact that real religion, that especially which we should enforce on the young mind, lies in bearing the trials and temptations of this life, not in the wish to leave it. A lady once told us, long ago, and we have never forgotten the fact, that she was educated with the continual maxim driven into her brains, 'Be good, and you will go to heaven,' enforced by giving her many tales to read in which all good children died and went to heaven: and that this way of teaching so affected her, that having no wish at all to die, she did a great many wrong things, just enough to destroy that peculiar 'goodness' which she saw in books always led to an early death. In these books there was always one great fault, the moral intended to be taught was too manifestly apparent: it was always being brought into notice, thrust before one's eyes, and the story spoilt; instead of letting the imagination go on in its own way, the writer cropped the natural growth of the tale, twisted the parts, clipped the proportions, till it became, like the trees of a garden of the eighteenth century—that glory of topiary art—lions, elephants, peacocks, swans. We have in our day pretty well got through this conventionality; we had, however, to go through another phase first, the preaching. A story is written perhaps of great interest, incidents well conceived, characters well drawn; every now and then the whole is marred by the introduction of religious discussions between the various parties, all intended to explain and enforce the writer's particular views—so that really the tale was a mere bait to catch the unwilling into listening to an enunciation of Calvinistic views or Tractarian doctrine. We believe that Mrs. Sherwood was the inventor

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of this stratagem: 'Stories on the Church Catechism,' and the 'Lady of the Manor,' were the books by which she sought to influence the young, and win them over to a religious life. Knowing no other form of earnest religion than that presented by the Evangelical school, and yet deeply attached to the Church, she naturally sought to bend the dogmatic statements of the latter into accordance with the peculiar notions of the former. Her stories are therefore marred by the narrow views that characterise the school to which she belonged; that story which is intended to illustrate Holy Baptism naturally denies the full gift of grace therein promised to all who are brought to that sacrament, and confines its gift to a few who are supposed to be the 'elect.' Others are likewise spoilt by the same confined views. The real defect—we speak only of the story, not of the writer's opinions—is the introduction of preachments; the thread of the story is broken, the path suddenly blocked up, and we must either patiently endure the disquisition, or skip whole pages, before we take up the thread, or resume our way. We well remember when we were young listening on Sunday evenings to the reading of these stories, and we remember the vexation and impatience with which we viewed these discussions, and how glad we were when they were over, and the story resumed.

Another defect in this writer is the apparently fixed idea that any man who became a religious character should invariably proceed to seek for Holy Orders, and that every religious woman should become a clergyman's wife: a religious laity she ignores. In one story, an ambitious mother forces her daughter into a state of splendid misery by marrying a worldly duke, when she wished to marry a clergyman; throughout the tale, the idea seems to be, that the unhappiness proceeded, not so much from marrying the duke, as from not marrying the clergyman. By far the best stories, and those most free from faults, are those in which the scene is laid in India. At the time they were written very little was known of social life in that country, they came to us then with a freshness and novelty which could not be found elsewhere; life in Indian barracks and bungalows is there graphically and powerfully described.

The great Catholic movement of our day was very materially advanced by religious novels, from the regular three volume size to the threepenny stories published by Burns and Masters. At first they were characterised by the faults before mentioned, though perhaps necessary from general ignorance of Church doctrines; they were many of them mere flimsy covers, which enclosed, but did not conceal, the author's 'views' and doctrines. Very useful were they for the purpose intended, for they were

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read where a directly doctrinal treatise would not have been looked into: besides, they showed religious life in a very different phase. In Mrs. Sherwood's days a 'pious clergyman' was one who preached justification by faith on Sundays, and went to talk religious subjects over his lady-parishioners' tea-tables on week-day evenings, and who, while indulging in this harmless dissipation, denounced in the severest terms the sinful worldliness of balls, theatres, and card parties. Positive theology seemed to consist chiefly in holding 'clear views' on justification by faith and sanctification; and practical theology, in keeping holy the Sunday. The change which took place in the style of these novels when Tractarians used them to enunciate *their* views is something quite marvellous. It is very curious to contrast some of the earlier novelettes of Gresley or Paget with Mrs. Sherwood's; it is true we have the long disquisitions, and expositions of 'views,' but the ideal clergyman, and the ideal religious life, is totally different. Daily prayer and frequent celebrations instead of preachings, school-work and regular visitations of the poor instead of tea-table discussions, were now made the characteristics of the priest's life; all amusements were no longer denounced as 'worldly,' nor considered as sinful; a wider and more genial course of life was advocated; secular novels, fairy tales, and such like, which by the straitest sect of Evangelicals were thought positively wicked, were freely allowed to our children to read and enjoy, and were showered upon them in the brightest blue and red bindings, and illustrated with delightful woodcuts. The whole was a reaction from cold formal Puritanism to a warm, healthy expansion of the natural in mind and thought. We shall not stop to show how this principle has run into the extreme of the 'muscular Christianity' school.

This great change is only a part of the mighty religious reaction from Puritanism; and that reaction was not merely the work of the Oxford tract writers, but was one of those national, intellectual, and moral changes, with which every student in history is familiar. The Evangelical movement of the last century was a national reaction from the cold formality brought in by the revolution of 1688, when the Church's best life was crushed out, or had to find refuge among the non-jurors. Real spiritual life could not exist upon the 'plain and simple explanation' of this or that mystery, or this or that doctrine, all 'adapted to the meanest capacity,' which adaptation consisted in eliminating all warm, affectionate, familiar language, which alone the 'meanest capacity' understands, and substituting solemn Johnsonian English, utterly unadapted to the aforesaid capacity. No wonder crowds went to hear the first methodist

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preachers, and filled the churches of the early Evangelicals; it was the very thing that a loving and affectionate heart craved for, to hear the love of the Saviour and the salvation of the sinner spoken of in this manner; nay, it could delight in listening to the horrors of the torments of hell, because there was energy, life, reality, which went home to an empty heart longing to be filled. It is true that many of those sermons which once moved thousands to tears, read to us now meagre, bald, and tame in the extreme; nay, we believe they would fall generally powerless on a congregation of the present day; but at the time they were preached they were new, fresh, and told of things long hidden from the hearers; to us they are old and familiar, and so have lost their force: nothing can be a greater mistake than for a modern evangelical preacher to reproduce the sermons of the last century, and expect to see them followed by any other effect than drowsiness and indifference.

In like manner, the Catholic re-action was a work to supply another want in the soul which had been entirely overlooked by the earlier, and still more by the later Evangelicals—the sacramental: confusing spirit with mind and feelings, or rather, fancying that what affected the two latter was that which constituted spiritual life; they imagined that a feeling of a need for a Saviour, and a belief in 'justification by faith,' was nearly the sum total of a Christian's duty: ignoring, to a great extent, the inner spiritual life, the growth in grace, the silent struggle with temptation, none of which can be supported but by constant aid of the Incarnate God, and a union with Him, not by faith only, but by a real participating in His twofold nature, they failed to supply the stream of grace afforded in the sacraments. In a word, while they believed that we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, they failed to realize what follows, 'much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.' The Catholic movement came to supply this lack; while the Atonement and the Cross were fully set forth, they were both made a living reality, and not a matter of mere faith: calling for repentance, sinners were invited to seek for pardon and grace through the sacraments, as the appointed means to bring them to the Incarnate Saviour.

By degrees, as these doctrines became more and more clearly understood and acted on, the religious tale dropped its expository conversations and its preachments, and allowed the thread of the story to go on unbroken, trusting to the general tone of the whole to impress the reader with the great practical truths which hang upon, and accompany the belief of doctrinal truth; faith is illustrated more by the life of the character described than by mere theological terms by which it may be expressed:

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instead of a disquisition on daily prayer, or confession, or frequent reception, the good effects of the practice of these things is shown in the life and conversation. The inner life of a family is described, not always talking goodness, and speaking as if there was always a suspicion that the walls had ears to hear, and mouths to tell the little pieces of nonsense that brothers and sisters always do talk when by themselves; but as such boys and girls really do talk and act. The tight dress, stiff collar, everlasting pipeclay of the soldier in barracks in England, soon gave way to something more natural and easy when the real work of the Russian war commenced; so the characters of our tales put off the stiff buckram of goodness-talking, and spoke naturally about themselves and other people. We are quite sure that this really natural way of acting and speaking, as may be seen in Miss Sewell's or Miss Yonge's novels, has a far more beneficial and far more practical effect on mind and heart than all the preaching and talkings in the world.

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ART. III.—1. *The Annual Reports of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, from the Year* 1848 *to the Year* 1859, *both inclusive.* Printed for the Society.

2. *Proceedings of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East. Fifty-ninth Year,* 1857—1858. Seeley, Jackson, and Halliday, Fleet Street.

BEFORE proceeding with the subjects of inquiry which we sketched out for ourselves in the October number of the *Christian Remembrancer* for 1859, we feel it to be an imperative duty to call the earnest attention of members of the Church of England to the present condition of her Missions in Tinnevelly.

In the paper to which we allude, we proved, from the past history of Protestant Missions in India, that for want of the Episcopate and a native priesthood, they had invariably, after a certain lapse of time, been brought either to a standstill or else had sunk into a state of actual decline.

English Christians may be exceedingly unwilling to open their eyes to the facts which we are about to place before them; but we shall at least have the consolation of having lifted up a warning voice, and of having borne a testimony, which even now, if it were but attended to, might save the native Church in Tinnevelly from what must otherwise prove its inevitable fate.

The time for apathy and supineness ought to have long since gone by, yet apathy and lukewarmness seem even yet to reign supreme. As we intimated previously, we have been watching narrowly for now many years the progress and success, or otherwise, of missionary operations in the south of India; and the conclusion to which we have come is this—either that they have already reached and *passed* their culminating point; or at any rate, that there are most unmistakeable and undeniable signs that, under the *present system* of operations, they will advance no further, but will, on the other hand, in all probability *retrograde*, and that *speedily*.

What we are now about to state is not, of course, exactly the class of facts to be brought forward at missionary meetings, or indeed too prominently before the public generally. Still there are those who *must not* shrink from looking them steadfastly in the face; and they are the persons who, as we believe, we have the best chance of reaching through the pages of the *Christian Remembrancer*.

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The great and solemn question for English churchmen is, whether or not the tide *has already* turned. Are there not indications that it has begun to ebb, and that Christianagram and Sawyerpooram, and other places, which are now like household words on the lips of persons interested in missionary successes, are rapidly sinking to the level of Tanjore and Trichinopoly, from which such great hopes and expectations, doomed, alas, to disappointment, were formed in a past generation?

Of the state of the Church of England Missions in the Diocese of Madras, a Wesleyan retired missionary, a most impartial witness, writes as follows, nearly as far back as fifteen years ago:—'The scene of chief success has been in the extreme south, in the province of Tinnevelly. This province, though having only a population under a million, has received special care from the two societies connected with the Church of England, which, taken together, have there at present about 30 missionaries. On one station we find a missionary, 9 native catechists, and 28 native teachers; on another, a missionary, 16 native catechists, and 24 native teachers; and others in similar strength. One missionary gives returns showing an increase of 797 during the year; another says, no fewer than 1,402 souls have embraced Christianity during the last six months. Another shows an increase of 6,580 souls brought in one year out of the darkness of heathenism to the light of the Gospel. Another states, by comparing the returns for 1844 with those of the past year, 1846, that there is an increase of 1,000 converts. The Bishop of Madras says, in four years and a half the Christian community of Tinnevelly has doubled itself, the increase during that period being equal to the total increase of 54 years that preceded it. The converts are of two classes, the baptized, and those under instruction; that is, who have renounced heathenism, but have not yet been admitted to baptism. After an extraordinary movement, by which in four years 18,000 persons had renounced idolatry, the heathen became enraged, and violently persecuted the converts. During these severities, many who had been baptized drew back; but even then the number of the baptized steadily increased, and now the prospects are brighter than ever. One missionary makes a statement very remarkable for India:—'There are comparatively few heathen in the eight villages forming the Athiseypooram district.' Again:—'At the morning service all the inhabitants of Panni-'vilei joined the congregation, at the head of them an old 'pandaram (pilgrim-monk). Though these converts are poor, 'not as poverty is understood in England, but as it is under-

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'stood in India, where the wages of one of our mechanics 'would be a gentleman's revenue, they have liberally raised 'subscriptions for poor-funds, tract and book societies, and other 'charitable and religious objects. Several substantial churches 'have been built by their own money (some villages raising as 'much as 450 or 550 rupees, 45*l.* or 55*l.*; sums, I will venture 'to say, that no one would have imagined it possible to raise 'for any disinterested object). It is to be regretted that the 'returns do not enable us to specify exactly the number of 'baptized converts, but so far as I can gather, they must 'be nearly 30,000, or about 1,000 on the average to the care of 'each missionary. The Bishop of Madras has such a view of 'the present opening in Tinnevelly, that he does not doubt 'that any additional missionaries sent thither would each collect 'around him a congregation of 1,000 or 1,500 souls in a few 'months. It is to be hoped, that the two societies whose labours 'have been so blessed of the Lord, may be enabled to prosecute 'with still greater strength the glorious beginnings already 'made.'

Now why have we made this long extract? Simply to show what a glorious prospect was opened out before the Church in Southern India fifteen years, that is, half a generation, since. The fields of heathenism *were* white for the spiritual harvest. Half a generation *has* passed into eternity. The little Christian community has made no numerical advance; and it now seems fairly hemmed in by the advancing tide of idolatry. And do we inquire why is all this? Must we not answer—it is because the Church in India could not, or would not, admit into the sacred ministry those persons who, we do not hesitate to say, it is God's will should be admitted. The mention of the greatly disproportionate numbers of unordained native catechists is, to our mind, quite sufficient to account for the sad languishing of the Missions subsequently, and the melancholy statistics which we feel it our bounden duty to bring forward.

After 1846 the onward movement of Christianity in South India seems to have ceased. The harvest was passed, the summer ended.

During the half-year ending 1848, there were baptized, adults, only 84; received from the Church of Rome, 93, exclusive of children. But what is the meaning of receiving children from the Church of Rome? We may well say, when the chief result of the labours of Anglican missionaries amongst the countless millions of heathens by whom they are surrounded, is to be found in receiving a few converts from the Church of Rome—'How are the mighty fallen!'

We are to remember that these returns appear to be for the

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whole of the missions connected with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in the Diocese of Madras. To proceed with our analysis.

In the half-year ending December 31st, 1849, there were baptized, adults, 59; received from the Church of Rome, 49.

For the year 1850 there are no returns given in the Report published in 1851; and again, no tabular statement of returns for 1851 published in the Report of 1852. An apology is made for this; but the neglect is really inexcusable. There might be a valid excuse for 1851 on account of the jubilee, but two years is a long time to go without a Report, although for the pecuniary interests of the Society it was perhaps as well.

During the half-year ending December 31st, 1852, there were baptized 121 adults; but then, five-sixths of these were in five comparatively new stations. Received from the Church of Rome this half-year, 43; but adults and children are not distinguished. Adults baptized during the *year* ending December 31st, 1853, 297. This is a slight increase; but the returns for the year ending December 31st, 1857, only exhibit a total of 198 adults baptized.

In 1858, it would seem that the Society had become somewhat alive to the declining state of its Missions in South India. For in the 96th page of the Report for that year, we find these remarks:—

'In the following returns from the missions, which are made up to December, 1857, it will be observed that the most hopeful signs of progress—out of Tinnevelly—are presented by the *new* Mission of Cuddapah.' (The italics are ours.) 'Whilst the Society is thankful to the great Lord of the harvest for the prosperity of those missions, it cannot but observe with sorrow that a like measure of success has not been granted in other parts. In eight missions not a single adult has been baptized; and five missions, though surrounded by a heathen population, wear the aspect of settled parishes in a Christian land, inasmuch as they do not show a single heathen under instruction.'

Still, with all this before their eyes, not the least shadow of the true cause, the want of a native priesthood in large numerical force, seems ever to have crossed the minds of those high in office, and responsible for the management of the Society's affairs. But the above statistics, melancholy as they are, are less so than another tabular statement which we have compiled from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel's Reports.

This is the entire returned numbers of native Christians, both adults and children, in connexion with the Society in the Diocese of Madras, from 1848 to 1858:—

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These were in	1848	15,599.
„	1851	14,687.
„	1852	15,023.
„	1853	15,167.
„	1857	16,479.
„	1858	15,112.

From this it would appear, that the Christians of South India in connexion with the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel have actually *decreased* during the last ten years, that is between 1848 and 1858, to the number of 487.

A very curious fact in connexion with these statistics is, that the missions do not show a corresponding tabular increase commensurate with the numbers baptized, including the children of converts, and allowing for natural decrease by death. This would seem to point to some drain upon the missions unknown to us, possibly in the way of secessions to Rome, or relapses into heathenism. We are aware of the Coolie immigration to Ceylon and other places; but we should think the proportion of Christians out of the entire number of immigrants must be too inconsiderable to account for the fact which we have pointed out.

But all this is really too sad to dwell upon. It is enough to break the heart of any one who ever hoped to see India evangelized by means of the English Church. It is not that the Lord of the harvest has withheld his promised blessing, but that we have utterly disregarded the most plain intimations of his revealed will. It is true that the last Report speaks of the *probability* of the ordination of five native catechists, by the Bishop of Madras, before very long. Four of these have been recently ordained. But what indeed are they among so many? Rather do we need, and ought to have, 500 native priests and deacons at once, for that diocese alone. We can only conclude this subject by again making a solemn appeal for a Bishop or Bishops of Tinnevelly, men who will throw red tape, and miserable traditions, and conventional coldness and apathy aside, and really give a native ministry to the southern regions of India.

We will now proceed to pass under review the general state, and condition, and prospects of the Sierra Leone, or West African Missions.

These, as is doubtless known to all our readers, owe, up to the establishment of the recent interesting West Indian Mission to the Pongas, their establishment and development to the fostering care of the Church Missionary Society. We have had occasion, and we still have occasion, to express and to feel considerable mistrust of the Church Missionary Society, especially

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in the halting deference which it pays to Episcopal authority; we therefore appeal to the success of this body in one particular, and in one alone. How stands the case with regard to the establishment of a native ministry, a safe criterion of missionary success?

According to the Report of the Church Missionary Society for 1859, it has now forty-one ordained native labourers amongst a total of 227. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel unfortunately does not specify the number of their native missionaries. We have had therefore to estimate them as well as we could, by looking over the entire list, and marking the names of such as are evidently not of English extraction. In this way it is impossible to secure perfect accuracy, but we believe the result will not be far from the truth. According then to this process, we cannot find that there are any more, if so many as 21 natives, out of a total of 414 clergymen, maintained wholly or in part by this Society. At the same time, it is only fair to remember, that the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel does not by any means confine itself to missionary operations among the heathen, but that a most important branch of its work consists in providing for the spiritual wants of our own countrymen, who have gone forth as emigrants to the colonies. Still we do think the Society might have more than twenty-one native missionaries on its list.

We have no hesitation in affirming that, so far as we can judge, and we can assure our readers that we have given our most earnest and careful attention to the question in all its bearings, there are no missions at the present time in connexion with the Church of England, or indeed any Protestant community, which can for a moment compare, as to real permanent success and steady progressive advancement, with the Sierra Leone and Abbeokuta Missions. Much of all this is undoubtedly due to Sierra Leone having had the presence of Bishops who were willing to ordain native candidates as black as jet.

In Sierra Leone there are twelve Europeans and ten natives. In the Yoruba Mission, including Abbeokuta, there are seven Europeans and seven natives. It certainly is most extraordinary and unaccountable, that the Church Missionary Society, having experienced the inestimable advantage of having a Missionary Bishop in Sierra Leone to ordain a native pastorate, should have committed itself to the anomalous course of opposing Missionary Bishops for Tinnevelly and India generally. And this is all the more singular, because upon another and analogous occasion —the creation of the See of Victoria as the foundation of a Missionary Episcopate for China—we believe the above-mentioned

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Society gave the scheme their approbation and support and certainly Dr. Smith, the first Bishop of Victoria, was one of their own missionary staff in that country. The ground upon which they resisted the appointment of Missionary Bishops in India was, that though useful when missions had made a considerable amount of progress, they were useless or worse in their infant state. But surely missionary operations were and are in a far less advanced state in China than in Tinnevelly and some other parts of India.

It is wonderful, if men once abandon scriptural and apostolic precedent, into what strange and unaccountable inconsistencies they are sure to be betrayed; and the opposition, so miserably active, against the noble scheme for launching Missionary Bishops into Central Africa, it is to be noted, proceeds from the most ardent friends of the Church Missionary Society. Is the distinction to be found in this, that Missionary Bishops are only not dangerous when they belong to a particular school?

We must give a few extracts from the Report for 1859 of the Church Missionary Society, relative to the condition of the Sierra Leone Mission.

'The pastoral work within the colony has been chiefly carried on by the ten native pastors, who now occupy the posts which were once held by European missionaries. Only two Europeans now superintend native congregations. The instruction and baptism of the heathen and Mahommedans no longer occupies a prominent place, because those classes form a small minority of the population. The Rev. George Nicoll, native pastor at Kissey, thus describes the change which has taken place—

'"One encouraging feature observable in our work at the present day I must mention with gratitude, and that is, the hearty co-operation of our people in all the plans of usefulness proposed by their native pastors; the respect, estimation, and confidence reposed in them. In many instances they prefer their teaching. This we freely admit is undoubtedly the blessed fruits of the labours of the old missionaries."'

The following extracts from the letters of newly arrived friends, will present their first impressions upon witnessing the spiritual state of the colony. Bishop Bowen writes, January 18th, 1858:—

'As to the general state of this singular colony, I can as yet say but little; but there is abundant cause to thank God and take courage, when we consider what the people were and what they are. The efforts of Christian philanthropists, so far as Sierra Leone is concerned, have not failed, but have signally succeeded. They have done all that they could have wished. They have not made Englishmen of a whole heterogeneous population of African savages; but these have become orderly and peaceable subjects, and are advancing rapidly in civilization. A young man in the dress of a British officer (he is surveyor to the Colonial and Military Hospitals) said to me the other day—"Look at me: I am the son of a liberated African." It was characteristic.'

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The celebrated African traveller, Dr. Livingstone, lately visited Sierra Leone upon his return to South Africa, and in a letter to Sir R. Murchison, dated March 30th, 1858, he thus describes the colony:—

'We were here on Sunday last, and saw an ordination by the Bishop, an energetic, good man. He was a missionary formerly, and a better man for a Bishop could not have been selected. The Sunday is wonderfully well observed—as well, I think, as anywhere in Scotland. Looking at the change effected among the people, and comparing the masses here with what we find at parts along the coast, where the benign influences of Christianity have had no effect, "the man" even "who has no nonsense about him," would be obliged to confess that England has done some good by her philanthropy—ay, and an amount of good that will look grand in the eyes of posterity.'

We ourselves perfectly recollect the time, some fifteen or twenty years ago, when the staple of the reports from this very mission consisted of accounts of the fearful degradation of these very people—their fetish-worship, their devil-worship, and devil-dances;—their awful and brutish superstitions, with the efforts of the European missionaries to wean them from them, and bring them into the glorious liberty of Gospel light. Now, the children of those very heathen are the pastors and teachers of the native Church, and are doing a work, and meet with a success in their districts, which may vie with the religious work going on in the very best cultured parishes of Christian England.

A few brief extracts from the journals of the native pastors will show that the spiritual blessings which formerly rested upon the labours of the European missionaries are still continued to their native successors. The Rev. G. Nicoll reports of the state of Kissey—

'The population of Kissey is 2,500. Communicants number 580, distributed into two large classes, the males meeting on Tuesday and the females on Friday evenings. The number of candidates for baptism is 144, meeting on the mornings of the above-mentioned days. Besides these, we have an interesting class of inquirers, composed of young persons under preparation for Confirmation, meeting on Monday evening. The female portion of this class attend besides Mrs. Nicoll's Bible-class on Sunday afternoon.'

We wonder how many English parishes could be found which exhibited as great a proportion of communicants to population as 580 to 2,500! The nearest approach to it with which we are acquainted was where, out of a parish containing a population of 182, forty persons made their Easter Communion between Palm Sunday and Ascension Day. This gives a result almost, but not quite, equal to the Sierra Leone district.

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'The schools of elementary instruction throughout the colony are wholly supported by the congregations, and by the fees of the children. The superintendence is maintained by the native pastors, and by native committees. The Society retains only the management of the institutions for giving a superior education, and the schools of liberated slave-children.'

The Rev. E. Jones, assisted by the Rev. C. Reichardt, continues in charge of the *Fourah Bay Institution*, of which he reports favourably. The number of pupils at the close of the year was ten. Of the first class of four students Mr. Jones writes—

'They have all read the Greek Testament twice over, with frequent repetitions of the Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews, five books of Xenophon's Anabasis, with the whole of Horne's Compendium, and Nicholl's Bible-Help. They have also read in English history to the end of the reign of Queen Anne. They have acted as Christian visitors in the little town adjoining us. Mr. Reichardt reports favourably of their Hebrew and Arabic studies.'

We must not, however, multiply extracts. What we have quoted are sufficient to convince the most sceptical of the glorious work which has been effected amongst the degraded devil-worshippers of Western Africa in the course of a single generation. All honour to those who have raised a faithful and devoted native ministry to preach the Gospel of the grace of God—and out of *such* materials! We wish every one of our readers would procure this Report, and judge for themselves.

We come at length to speak of the past history and present prospects of the native Church of New Zealand. In these noble islands dwell a nation of aboriginal inhabitants, who, both in physical constitution and natural mental endowments, are, in every respect, the equals of the much-vaunted Caucasian race. Amongst them the Church of Christ went on her pilgrimage, and made herself a home, whilst they were yet painted savages, devouring one another in wholesale banquets of human flesh. Thus she found them, and she slackened not in her labours until she brought them clothed, both morally and materially, to the feet of Jesus, and in their right mind. Never did any people, even in the early ages of the Church, receive Christianity with greater fervour, with a more loving devotion, with a warmer affection for the truth, and with more single-heartedness, than did the natives of New Zealand. The story of their conversion is yet to be written. It will form by far the brightest page in the history of the first sixty years of the nineteenth century Again and again do the New Zealanders remind us of our own Saxon forefathers in the first fervour of their love to Christ and his Church in the early days of their own conversion. We could parallel act and event which occurred again and again in

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one case with those which occurred in the other. 'A nation was indeed born in a day.' The cross of Christ showed that two thousand years had not weakened its might, or caused it to forget its power to triumph. Almost all things were fair then, even as a spiritual Eden, 'as a garden of the Lord,' with 'trees full of the sap' of grace—even 'as the lign aloes which the Lord hath planted.' We say almost, because in one point the Anglo-Saxon and the New Zealand Churches were as dissimilar as they well could be. We allude to that one dark page, that one sad, sad error, that dire and ruinous mistake which has marred the whole missionary work of England's Church in modern days—the absence of a native priesthood. We believe up to this very time there has never been a single New Zealander admitted by England's Church to the holy office of the priesthood. Two natives have lately been ordained deacons, and the period of which we are speaking embraces eighteen years of the episcopate of a Selwyn. Alas! we cannot feel surprise that he himself should speak in the following melancholy strain, in his address to his first metropolitan synod:—

'But to come nearer home, upon the same line of thought, I must draw your attention to the state of the native Church of New Zealand. And first to one subject claiming our unmingled thankfulness, that I hope soon to receive a commission to consecrate to the office of a Bishop one whose age and experience has often made me feel ashamed that I should have been preferred before him, and to whom I have long wished to be allowed to make this reparation, by dividing with him the duties and responsibilities of my office.

'The great object for which the missionary diocese of Turanga has been constituted is to widen the basis of native ordination. At present it is impossible not to feel some doubts of the future stability of the native Church. My recent journey through the mission-stations has left me in a balanced state between hope and fear. The thought of the populous districts of Whakatane, Opotiki, Waiapu, and Taranaki, all left without a resident missionary, would be one of unmingled sorrow, if we did not see the fruits of the Divine blessing upon the mission now appearing, in the faithful men of the native race who have already been ordained, or are now passing through their probation for the ministry. We must feel that, when half the human race in Africa, India, and China is still unconverted, we cannot expect more men from England to take care of our 50,000 souls. But why should we desire foreign corn when our own native fields are white already to the harvest? Our lot has fallen in a fair ground, yea, we have a goodly heritage. We are the tillers of a field which the Lord has blessed.

'This is the bright gleam of hope which cheers the sadness of our missionary journeyings. It cannot be that all this work of grace should have been wrought in vain. If we pass through deserted hamlets, where the aged men and women who welcomed us in former years have passed away, leaving no child, the thought arises that though they have passed from earth, yet not one of them is lost. If we see the signs of a decaying faith and of a love that waxes cold, in the ruined chapel and its grass-grown path, we have but to look to the tombs around it; for there lie those who have gone to their rest in Jesus, dying in the fervour of their first love,

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and infants cut off like flowers in the morning, with the fresh dew of baptismal grace upon their hearts. There the first evangelists to their heathen countrymen wait for their Lord's return to call them to enter into his joy. If we see the native youth departing from the example of their fathers, given to self-indulgence, drunkenness, and sloth, we see, on the other hand, that through this furnace of temptation, as in our own schools and colleges in England, God's chosen servants are being trained and proved for the ministry of his Word. The very same cause which fills our hearts with fears for the many, strengthens our confidence in the stability of the few.'

And is such really the present state of the native race of New Zealand? Alas! indeed, if it is only now that we are to look for a native ministry amongst these noble islanders, as something yet to be accomplished by future training and educational efforts, all we can say is, that the New Zealanders deserved better at the hands of England's Church.

The proof that there have existed in New Zealand for a generation past, ample materials for an effective and devoted native ministry, is most abundant, almost more abundant than in the case of India. We cannot help inquiring, with all deference and respect, why were not some of these 'aged men, and those first evangelists to their heathen countrymen,' of whom the Bishop of New Zealand speaks so touchingly, admitted into holy orders; so that that succession of spiritual fathers, which was to be in all lands, should not have left behind them, now that they themselves are at rest, a worthy progeny of spiritual children? So should the saying have come to pass—'Instead of thy fathers 'thou shalt have children, whom thou mayest make princes in all 'lands.' If this had been so, should we have read now of a decaying faith, and of a love that waxes cold, 'in the visible tokens of the ruined chapel and its grass-grown path'? If men were found, as these were in years gone by, to build those chapels in every haunt of the native population, and to worship God therein by a daily sacrifice of prayer and praise, were not those men worthy, some of them at least, to be God's priests? Would it not have been far better for those men to have dispensed the word of life to their countrymen around them in virtue of an apostolic commission, and with the gift of its attendant grace?

It is now many years ago since we remember being very much struck with some facts and incidents which appeared in the Church Missionary Reports of those days. Twenty years ago it was no uncommon thing for the missionaries to find Christianity known and bearing fruit in districts of New Zealand where the white man's foot had never trod. They would come for the first time to some distant tribe, to a secluded pah on upland slope, or by the wild sea-shore, and find the Lord's Day carefully observed, wars extinguished, chapels built, services adapted from the

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Prayer-book carried on by the instrumentality of natives alone. A single native visiting a mission-station, learning to read, and carrying back with him to his home a copy of the English Prayer-book in his native tongue, has been known to be the means of evangelizing a whole tribe absolutely inaccessible to the missionaries in those days. Does it not seem to us, looking at things simply and solely by the light of Scripture and primitive antiquity, that one of a Bishop's primary acts should be to admit such heaven-taught evangelists, such 'vessels of election' and of the Holy Ghost, to two at least, if not all the orders of the sacred ministry?

In particular, we remember a marvellous but authentic account of an old blind chief, who had been a great warrior in his day, before the glad tidings of great joy sounded on the shores of New Zealand. This old man received the knowledge of the truth in the love of it. Blind as he was, he became a most successful teacher of his benighted fellow-countrymen. He penetrated, by the help of a guide, districts at that time quite inaccessible to Europeans, and even traversed unmolested the territories of tribes hostile to his own, and at war with one another. His method of proceeding was this. He learnt the whole of the Psalms by heart, so that he could repeat any portion of them at pleasure, together with such parts of the Prayer-book as are chiefly used in public worship. He would then start on his evangelistic tours, and on entering a village would go round and assemble the people. He would then repeat the Church service, including the Psalms for the day, his guide reading the lessons. Next he would preach to the assemblage, in a simple and affectionate strain, making known to them the glorious and heavenly truths which he had himself embraced. Was there ever such a fulfilment of the prophecy, 'Then shall the eyes of the blind see out of obscurity'? We do not wonder that New Zealand became so bright a jewel in our Redeemer's crown. We believe we are expressing the recorded conviction of the earlier English missionaries, in saying that the conversion of New Zealand is, under God, to be ascribed rather to the efforts of these voluntary, unpaid native agents than to their own. What would not the New Zealand Church have been now if these men had been made priests instead of being suffered, as, alas, they were, to live and die laymen? Just as our Anglo-Saxon forefathers carried the torch of holy truth over half the continent of Europe, and handed it on from bishop to bishop, and saint to saint, as they ran the race of life, so may we be assured that New Zealand priests would, at this very time, be penetrating every nook and corner of the Pacific, and be lifting up the standard of the Cross wherever its myriad

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isles are laved by the 'countless play of the smiles of its ocean' waves.

Things are far otherwise now. We believe that even yet the vast majority of the natives of New Zealand profess to be in communion with the Church of England. We should have had no right to be surprised if matters had assumed a widely different aspect. And it must be stated that we are here, and elsewhere, rather asking for information, than writing for any other object. It may be, and doubtless is the case, that sufficient reasons are assignable for what we all deplore; but English Churchmen have a right to ask that those reasons should be clearly and definitely assigned.

The reports of the Church Missionary Society on New Zealand for the past year strike us as being peculiarly unsatisfactory. When analysed, they all seem attributable in fairness to one only cause—the absence of a native ministry. There are only twenty-two missionaries to a native population numbering about 70,000, living not in towns, but in scattered houses and hamlets. The tribes seem to be like 'sheep without a shepherd,' and this is a simile frequently made use of in the letters of the missionaries. The Venerable Archdeacon Brown takes this review of the state of the native Church:—

'S. Paul in a single verse supplies us with a summary report of this district for the past year. A great door and effectual has been opened, and there are many adversaries. We have been cheered by examinations of candidates for baptism, by the general steadfastness manifested in the band of communicants, by the evident desire for instruction maintained by the native teachers, by the gradual decrease of Popery, and by the apparent attention displayed wherever the message of reconciliation has been proclaimed. And to these causes for thankfulness, we might add, that great zeal has been shown in some few places in building wooden chapels instead of perishable rush chapels.'

These are cheering features. But there 'are many adversaries.' Quarrels respecting land have issued in bloodshed; the Sunday schools are not so well attended; the week-day prayer-meetings are in many places abandoned; the property of the natives is often squandered on feasts or useless articles of dress, while the places of worship are sinking to decay; discipline is becoming more lax, and a formal routine of religious duties seems to have taken the place of spirituality of heart and life. The cause of this lamentable state of affairs is attributable in a great measure to the pseudo civilization of the natives; and the great remedy will probably be found when the Lord of the harvest, in answer to the prayers of his people, shall raise up a native pastorate, men of simple habits and simple piety, apt to teach, having a good report of them that are without, and who,

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like the children of Issachar, have 'understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do.'

Rather would we say, so far as we are at present informed, that the New Zealand Church *has* numbers of men possessing all these qualifications within her borders; and what is wanted is, earnest prayer that God would put it into the heart of her chief ministers, the Bishops and pastors of his flock, to send them forth by the laying on of hands to preach his Word with all authority, and minister the Holy Sacraments to their fellow-countrymen. It may do for dissenting communities to employ lay agency for such things. If they do so, they are at least consistent, and do not violate their own principles. But we assert, fearlessly, that for the Church to employ laymen to do the work of evangelists, when she might have priests, is to be unfaithful to her high commission, and to forfeit her claim to plead the promise of her Divine Founder and Master. So it was that when episcopal ordination was not to be had in New Zealand, the marvellous success of which we have spoken attended the diffusion of the Gospel by laymen; but after there was a Bishop there, and orders, we think, might have been conferred, the native Church without them would seem to have experienced a check in her career of anticipated prosperity. Again, do not thoughtful persons in England, who watch such a system as Wesleyanism, for instance, feel that with all the fervour and devotion which its members often exhibit, it never can be in a healthy or satisfactory condition, never be at real peace, or possess true unity, because of its want of a Catholic priesthood; because without a priesthood there can be no valid sacraments; and because without the sacraments which Christ ordained as seals and channels of his grace, the spiritual life must ordinarily languish and wither?

And why should it be any otherwise in New Zealand? Certain organic, inviolable laws pervade God's moral world, and the spiritual universe, as surely as material laws pervade the natural universe. The lay brethren might *preach* to their countrymen, but who were to offer the Holy Eucharistic Sacrifice amongst them from day to day, and feed them continually with the true 'Bread from heaven,' the Body and Blood of Christ?

God of his great mercy grant that it be not too late even yet to give to the New Zealand native Church what she ought to have had years and years ago, and what alone can save her from her candlestick being removed out of her place—a native priesthood.

We come now to the discussion of the causes which may be supposed to have weighed with the colonial and missionary

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prelates in hindering them from bestowing a priesthood upon the native churches. One cause we have already spoken of—Protestant tradition—an inability to throw off the miserable tradition of not ordaining men under any other circumstances than those which they have been ordained under, for the last two or three hundred years, within the narrow circle of the British Isles. A similar cause led to the disseverance of the vast majority of the native Irish from the Anglican communion.

Men had not been accustomed to be ordained unless they could speak the English tongue; therefore, none others must ever be.

The facts relative to Ireland are almost too well known to need recapitulation. Never had a Church and nation been so shamefully treated as the Irish Church and nation had been by the Bishops of Rome for some four or five hundred years previous to the change of religion in the sixteenth century.

This statement rests upon some of the most undeniable and best authenticated facts of history. The consequence of this was, that the national Church of Ireland had been trodden down to the very dust by the English invaders, acting under Papal sanction and encouragement. What more natural than that the Irish should cling with the utmost tenacity to their ancient independent Church, and view, as they undoubtedly did, everything distinctively Roman with the greatest abhorrence?

There never was a grander opportunity for carrying on a true reformation upon apostolic and primitive principles, which should have embraced the entire nation, than there was at this time in Ireland. But what was done? Englishmen who could not speak a word of the Irish mother tongue were thrust into all the vacant bishoprics and benefices, and laws actually passed and enforced to prevent native Irish-speaking clergy from holding any office of trust or emolument in their own land. Meanwhile Rome seized her opportunity. Numbers of the native Irish were ordained priests. Their knowledge of the tongue understood by the people enabled them to win over to the allegiance of the Pope an immense majority of their countrymen; and to this it is due that the affections of the Celtic race in Ireland have been secured for the Papal See probably for ever.

Things were very similar in Wales. It has been proved, that up to a hundred or a hundred and twenty years ago, a dissentient from the doctrine and discipline of the Church was all but aosolutely unknown in that part of Britain. Now, nine-tenths of the entire population of the principality are said to be schismatics. If we inquire into the reason of this extraordinary change we may find it in this,—that up to the Georgian

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era it was the custom to appoint native Welsh-speaking Bishops to the Welsh Sees; afterwards a different plan obtained, and Englishmen, of whom the notorious Hoadley was one, were sent to feed and rule the Church in Wales.

Really, it would almost appear that for a man to be a priest of the English Church, the following qualifications were absolutely requisite:—His skin must be white, although he must wear a black coat; he must be a gentleman, or a quasi-gentleman, must have been to a university, and must speak English as his mother-tongue. Exceptions prove the rule; and the few exceptions in which men, without possessing all, or some at least of the above-mentioned qualifications, have been admitted to the priesthood are sufficient to establish a rule, quite sufficient to make a Protestant tradition. Do those who act upon it ever reflect that perhaps not one of *The Twelve* possessed a single one of those qualifications? Bishop Middleton was actually forbidden by law to ordain natives of India; and although the restriction was removed during the Episcopate of his successor, it might almost as well have remained in force for any considerable number who have been advantaged by it.

Missionaries in India complain that the greatest obstacle which Satan opposes to the diffusion of Christianity is the institution of caste, and they are judiciously bending all their energies and straining every nerve to root it out. But do not the sharp-sighted and keen-witted natives of India perceive that there is a *something*—that there *is* a barrier, an obstacle, which operates to their prejudice in barring from them an entrance to the Christian priesthood, with its dignities and privileges? It must be utterly useless proclaiming to them that all are one in Christ Jesus, that there is no distinction, that all are eligible for the ministry of His Church, when after all they find that as a matter of fact they are not admitted to it; that their white conquerors are also the priests of the new religion; and that such of their countrymen as embrace it are condemned to spend their lives in the inferior grade, or caste as they would call it, of catechists or schoolmasters. They feel that we dislike *their* caste prejudices; but that we retain our own, though we call them by another name.

And that this really is the case appears from an argument which took place upon a certain occasion between an Englishman and a most intelligent, well educated Hindoo. The Englishman was endeavouring to convince him of the absurdity and foolishness of caste distinctions. The Hindoo adopted as his ground of defence that they are analogous to those social divisions between the different grades of society which have prevailed in every age and country in the world, and amongst

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Englishmen as much as amongst any. The Englishman replied that there was this distinction between caste and the ranks of society, that the one did involve, and the other did not, religious inequalities; that however low any one might be in the social scale, he would with Christians be considered equal with the highest before God. 'Don't you tell me that,' replied the Hindoo. 'Do you mean to say that if a poor black fellow 'were by any chance to get into the seat in Calcutta Cathedral 'where the Governor-General and his Council sit, when they go 'to worship the God of the Christians, that he would be allowed 'to stay there, and worship with them? No, you know well 'he would not. Why,' concluded the Hindoo, 'he would be 'almost sure *to get his head broke.*' Can we deny that there is truth in this, which we believe is a perfectly authentic account of a conversation which actually took place?

Again: the prejudice which exists in the United States of America against all persons of negro blood, is fearful. The connivance of the Episcopal Church, and its declining to take an honest, scriptural line upon this most vital question, is a standing disgrace to it. It is almost incredible what the Bishop of Oxford states, in his history of the American Church, upon this point. It appears that in the General Theological Seminary for the training of candidates for the ministry, persons of colour are not allowed to partake of its educational advantages. They are rigidly excluded. The case of a gentleman of African descent who had been thus repelled, was carried before the Episcopal College: and it was decided that such persons must not be admitted; the late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, being, as well as we recollect, the only one who protested against this iniquitous proceeding. What would S. Paul have said to such a shameful system as this discloses? Mrs. Stowe mentions that, in New Orleans, the Roman Catholic cathedral is the only place where white and coloured persons can be seen kneeling together before their common Creator and Saviour. Why this is a case in which the early Church would, if need had been, have produced martyrs innumerable. And although this antipathy between the races is carried much further in the States than in the British possessions, the latter are by no means free from this unchristian spirit. We have been assured by an eye-witness, that in Canada and Nova Scotia this dislike of blacks as blacks, and apart from any moral or other qualities, is exceedingly strong.

We once heard Dr. Kaye, the late Bishop of Lincoln, relate an exceedingly interesting interview which he had a few years ago with a black clergyman, who came over from the American settlement of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa. The settle-

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ment is composed, we believe, exclusively of liberated African slaves and their descendants. It is in a very flourishing condition, and sanguine hopes are with good reason entertained of its taking an important lead in the future regeneration of Africa. The clergyman in question had visited England, in hopes of raising a contribution for Church purposes in Liberia, and he waited upon the Bishop to ask his permission to preach in any pulpit in the diocese of Lincoln which he might be allowed to occupy. This permission was readily granted; and Dr. Kaye took the opportunity of gleaning information relative to the condition of the Church in Liberia. This was represented as presenting most encouraging features, but likely soon to suffer from the want of a resident Bishop. There are many black clergymen in the colony of talent and education, but no Bishop, and it would be a violation of its constitution to have a white person occupying any very high or influential position in it. Dr. Kaye inquired why, under these circumstances, they did not choose one of their own number, and present him to the American Bishops for consecration to the Episcopate? A smile passed over the coloured clergyman's face as he replied, 'Your Lordship can 'have very little idea of the state of feeling upon this question in 'the Union, if you think that the American Bishops would dare 'to fly in the face of public opinion so far as to consecrate a black 'Bishop.'

But if the American Bishops cannot or dare not do this, why do not the Archbishop of Canterbury and his suffragans do it? Must the Church in Liberia languish, like other Churches, for want of a chief pastor?

A third obstacle, which is of vastly greater importance, because it weighs with men who are far above the narrow-mindedness of abstaining from the ordination of properly qualified candidates on account of race, or colour, or birth, is that it would sometimes involve them in a violation of certain rubrics and canons of the Church of England.

We have been told, upon the very best authority, that that large-hearted prelate, the Bishop of Fredericton, does not feel himself, in conscience, at liberty to dispense with that requirement in the Preface to the Ordinal, by which a Bishop is bound to see that candidates for the diaconate are to be learned in the Latin tongue; and that he, in consequence, feels himself compelled to decline to ordain persons properly qualified in all other respects, and who would, if admitted to holy orders, without doubt 'exercise their ministry duly, to the honour of God, and the edifying of his Church.' And if this difficulty weighs with such a man as the Bishop of Fredericton, we may be sure that other prelates feel the same. It may seem strange to some

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that canons and rubrics of this kind should prove a stumbling-block in the Church's onward path, and that, changed as are the times and men's manners, and different as are the prospects, the requirements, and the whole position of the English Church, from what they were when those laws were enacted, they should still be considered binding *in foro conscientiæ;* yet so it is. And we dare not blame any one for too great conscientiousness. We can only wish that the same conscientiousness were shared by *all* with regard to *all* the ordinances and injunctions of our Church.

The oath of allegiance, again, is a great obstacle in the way of ordaining Bishops and priests to serve *in partibus infidelium,* especially if those Bishops and priests are not the subjects of Queen Victoria. We should certainly have thought that this was a knot which common sense alone would have sufficed to untie, without seeking for extraneous help. But it seems we are mistaken. It will, doubtless, be fresh in the recollection of our readers, that in the last session but one of Convocation, the Bishop of London, in the course of the debate on Missionary Bishops in the Upper House, gravely stated as his opinion, that the necessity of their taking the oath of allegiance would prevent their consecration for places without the Queen's dominions, such as independent Caffraria. Labuan is another case in point. Dr. M'Dougall was obliged to take his title, not from his actual See, but from a neighbouring British possession.

Such being the feelings and opinions of many of our spiritual fathers, it would seem as if there were no real remedy for all this but a free general Synod of the whole Anglican Church, and all other Churches in communion with her. It is very doubtful if anything short of this can place our foreign missions upon a really firm and satisfactory basis; anything else set at rest those innumerable vexed questions, both of matters of theory as well as practical details, which must be settled sooner or later, and which imperatively demand an immediate settlement, if the present and next generation is to see any decided progress made in the conversion of the world to Christ, and if the English Church is to have any considerable share in that work, a share to which Divine Providence seems especially to have called and invited her, and which she might so nobly and so gloriously fulfil. May God hasten it in his own good time, that from England as a centre, and especially from the noble missionary foundation of S. Augustine's, Canterbury, may go forth, as of old, apostles of nations!

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ART. IV.—*The Congregational Year-Books for* 1856 *and* 1860. London: Jackson & Walford.

THE present struggles about Church-rates, the character of Education in our Grammar Schools, and anything which involves the question of a national recognition of religious responsibility, may be regarded as substantially a battle between the Church of England and the Congregationalists; a battle not for liberty of conscience, but for the supremacy of an 'idea.' It would be superfluous to remind our readers that what the Congregationalist, so far as he is a political religionist, aims at is the practical enforcement of his principle of the unlawfulness of establishments on us who repudiate it; and that this is manifestly unjust. If it be intolerable to him that a Congregational 'Church' at Sheffield should demand the allegiance of another at Walsall,[1] how much more unjustifiable is it to wish even that the State may lay upon Churchmen the obligations of the Exclusive Voluntary System, pure and simple, as a method of appeasing the shade of imaginary Cromwells and misrepresented Pilgrim Fathers? The truth is, that there is quite as much ill-informed sentimentalism in vogue at the present day about these worthies as used to air itself a few years ago in the singing of Jacobite songs; with this difference, that the latter told little, while the former tells considerably, on questions which concern our generation. Hence the popularity of Mrs. Hemans' song; hence the interest which was felt in the painting of the covenanter's funeral; hence Macaulay's historical romance. And we wish we could discern signs of any satisfactory appreciation of the questions at issue, on the part of the majority of Churchmen in the Lower House of Parliament. The ignorance, or timidity, or easy good-nature of our friends is almost more dangerous than the restless agitation and (shall we say?) impudence of our opponents. Impudence, we might say; for it is almost impossible to believe that the Congregationalist witness who stated (Qu. 1698, House of

[1] 'No Church or union of Churches has any right or power to interfere with the 'faith or discipline of any other Church, further than to separate from such as, in 'faith or practice, depart from the Gospel of Christ.' Declaration of the Faith, Church-order, and Discipline of the Congregational or Independent Dissenters.—*Year-Book*, p. xvi.

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Lords' Report on Church Rates) that, 'were there no established church, many would become Episcopalians,' intended it to be thought that he was speaking from conviction. There is a type of mind of such small calibre as to be unable to grasp the fact that dignified gentlemen—not to say noblemen—are usually too deeply in earnest when they set about any investigation to regard the substitution of what is frequently called 'chaff' for the exact truth, as being anything better than a trifling vulgarity. Fancy a man who is convinced of the Scriptural authority of Episcopacy embracing Congregationalism because the Church is united to the State! Fancy *conscientious Dissenters* so accommodating as to hold themselves ready to cast their congregationalism to the winds, if only the State will pay them the compliment of sacrificing the Church to their 'solely singular' scruple! Oh, rare Dr. Foster!

Our antagonists consist chiefly of three parties: the Congregationalists or Independents; the Baptists, who are a species of Congregationalists; and the *English* Presbyterians. To these, perhaps, *a few* Quakers and Methodists may be added. Of these, the Congregationalists are the most numerous and influential body, as well as the most morbidly sensitive; quick to construe anything, however trifling, or however just,[1] into an instance of religious persecution; vibrating through every member, like a neuralgic patient, to the slightest impression which the leaders of the body desire to make; and as it is they who have thrown down the gauntlet of defiance, we shall do well to look our foes in the face and to take their measure. If our friends would exhibit a proper courage in and out of Parliament, on and off the hustings; if they would but compel themselves to ascertain and to hold up to the light the real amount of the force which is opposed to them, so as to set men's imaginations free from the exaggerations which now prevail, (for, indeed, a struggling minority usually envelopes itself in clouds and noise,) the battle would become, not, what it long has been, a frightened scamper in the dark to right or left to get out of the way of Empusa, but a fair and open examination of principles, conducted with an enlightened regard to the great interests of the nation, and especially of that portion of the nation, viz., the labouring poor, which is most helpless against the manœuvres of a party. Dr. Hume's calculations (House of Lords' Report) give us:—

[1] For instance, three conscientious Dissenters out of four would approve of their own ministers devoting some portion of an occasional sermon to the Vindication of Voluntaryism or Congregationalism, and denounce corresponding arguments from our pulpits as bigoted, persecuting, and unfair.

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Chapel-going Roman Catholics	3½ per cent.
„ Baptists	2⅝ „
„ Independents	7¼ „
„ Wesleyans	13 „
All other Dissenters, Jews, &c.	6¾ „
Actual Church-going Church of England men	42 „
Irreligious or nominal	25 „

In other words, the total number of 'bonâ fide worshipping Protestant Dissenters' is 29½ per cent., against actual church-goers to the amount of 42 per cent.; and of the 29½, 13 are Wesleyans and our allies on the question of Establishments. Practically, it is the 7¼ per cent. Congregationalists, plus the 2½ per cent. Baptists—or rather less than 10 per cent. or one-tenth of the population—who are arrayed against actual church-goers to the amount of four-tenths, nominal Churchmen to the amount of a fourth, and Wesleyans to more than one-tenth. In other words, it is one-tenth against eight-tenths of the population that keeps up all this agitation; and lukewarm Churchmen think it a wiser step to take counsel on the question of the one-tenth than of their own friends. The agitation has obtained its present momentum in consequence of the value of votes at doubtful elections, and (which is involved in this) of the ignorance or indifference of Churchmen; in part also, as a result of the unfair preponderance of the boroughs in Parliamentary representation. The Church-rate question may obtain a reasonable settlement in the first House of Commons which shall be returned by a general combination among Churchmen to withhold their votes from every candidate who is unwilling to avow his intention to support, in its essentials, the present system; and surely this is not too much to ask of men who value their Church.

Assuming that our readers will desire to know what the Congregationalists report as to their own strength, we will place before them statistics from the Year-Books, premising that by 'Church' the Congregationalists understand a body of communicants (and others) meeting statedly for Divine worship in one building; so that, *upon the average* of the whole country, each chapel does, and no school-room does, represent a 'Church'.

	1st January, 1856.	1860.
British Congregationalist Ministers and Missionaries throughout the world	2400	2734
Congregationalist Churches in the United Kingdom and Colonies	2450	2591
Chapels built and enlarged (or in course of erection)	39	38
Colleges and Theological Academies	13	10
Students in the same	203	206
Ministers deceased during the previous year.	32	42
Resignations and removals of Ministers during the previous year	196	177
Vacancies, or Congregations without settled Ministers	442	471

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But it must be remembered, as against the apparent increase of members during the four years, that the returns for 1856 are professedly less complete than for 1860; and that the last list (viz. of vacancies) includes only England, Wales, Scotland, and the Channel Islands. As the latter is a very important item in the statistics of Voluntaryism, we give it in another form—for 1860 only.

	England.	Wales.	Scotland and Channel Islands.	Total.
Number of Congregationalist 'Churches'	1600	636	147	2383
'Churches' without settled Ministers	337 or 21 per cent.	110 or 17 per cent.	24 or 16¼ per cent.	471 or 19⅞ per cent.

In other words, almost one meeting-house in every five is without a settled minister: a fact worth remembering. We have, further, to distribute the 471 vacancies under their various heads. Of these, 38 are due to deaths; and 51 to removals or resignations (properly corrected): leaving a residuum of 382, or about 16¼ per cent., or rather less than one-sixth of the entire number of 'Congregationalist Churches' in Great Britain and the Channel Islands without a settled minister; which are to be accounted for by such causes as want of funds, want of ministers (although they number more ministers than 'churches'), and quarrels with their ministers; and the proportions for 1856 are much the same. Truly an unanswerable argument in favour of Voluntaryism; especially when we remember the keen spirit of partisanship (to which in the Church we have nothing *simile aut secundum*) which binds them closely together, and (observe that) they acknowledge the year 1859 to have been one of religious and denominational prosperity. We leave the figures to tell their own story.

Let us ask further what congregations *with* settled ministers mean? What is the position of a Congregationalist teacher in one of our manufacturing villages? His income probably does not average more than £80 per annum, and is often less. Such as it is, it arises from various sources. The surplus of the pew-rents affords a portion; perhaps a grant from a Home Missionary Society provides £10; the small contributions of the village tradesmen and artisans a part; and the larger contributions of one, two, four, or more people in better circumstances (who are the real mainstay of the interest) make up the remainder. Should a quarrel arise between two of the 'members,' and 'the minister,' when requested, decline either to interfere at all or to take the part of the richer of the two

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(especially if they are women,)[1] forthwith it is discovered that his sermons are not so 'spiritual' as they used to be, and that his stipend has not been wages fairly earned, but the dole of charitable patrons; funds are withdrawn; the teacher must resign, or the offended parties will take themselves and their purses to other places of worship, perhaps, even to another 'Denomination.' Or should he, for the sake of their education and improvement, keep his family aloof from very familiar intercourse with the wealthier, but less cultivated members of his congregation, he must expect to be charged with pride, worldliness, exclusiveness, and to suffer a diminution of stipend. It is not at all improbable that the female Dissenters may exercise an unpleasant censorship on the attire of his family, if it be more neat and tasteful than their own. The awkward cobbler of the congregation expects to make his shoes; the village tailor to make his clothes: if his congregation contribute to his stipend, he must spend it, as far as may be, in their shops. In a word, he and his family are *practically* regarded as uppish children, who need to be kept continually in leading strings, and to be ruled in everything by the judgment of their inferiors in education and politeness: they are to meddle with nobody, and everybody is to meddle with them. So much for his private comfort.

Then, as to his public duties. He must hold two entire services every Sunday, in each of which he must deliver (what is believed to be) an original sermon, forty minutes long, which he either composes on the spot, or has committed to memory during the week; he is expected to be present at a prayer-meeting on each of the evenings of Sunday and Wednesday or Thursday; he must have some powers of gesticulative oratory, a tolerably loud voice (the louder the better), a familiar style on the one hand, and magniloquent verbiage on the other; nor will a sly jest be amiss if introduced conveniently and sparingly. His sermon will be regarded as especially edifying, if it contain such a full and lucid account of the meaning of some sesquipedalian word used in theology as enables the listeners to feel that they can thenceforward employ the word intelligently; which many of them infallibly will do at the prayer-meetings for several months to come. He is expected, moreover, to be alive to all the political efforts of the body; and, as it cannot be presumed that his abilities are equal to those of the ministers whose eloquence has advanced them to the wealthier posts in the large towns, he is expected to take his cue from the latter, resigning the exercise of his private judgment, and approving

[1] Compare the rise of the Donatist schism.

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himself a keen partisan. If he does all this, and is a hard student, perhaps he may not be requested to resign within less than ten or a dozen years after he has been elected minister of the village congregation; but he must not be too faithful in rebuking the inconsistencies of his richest hearers; and if he has a vote, it must be given to the right candidate at an election. If either he or his wife possess any private property, he will act wisely in concealing the fact, unless he wishes his small stipend to be made less.[1] Should he be called upon to preside at the funeral of his dearest earthly friend, he must be as ready as a Sioux chief to pronounce an elaborate oration over the departed; and 'on the following Sabbath,' to 'improve the event from such or such a text'—in plain English, to preach a funeral sermon. Grief or joy too deep for utterance is rather grudged him: others are waiting for 'edification,' and he must talk.

In large towns and wealthy congregations, the position of the Dissenting teacher is much firmer, and he often wields a greater influence among his co-religionists than any of the neighbouring clergy do in their parishes, because he is their 'representative man.' The contrast between the welcomes which Dissenters and Churchmen give to their able preachers, is not unlike that between the spirit in which the Scotch and English kings, in the ballad of Chevy Chace, receive the news of the death of the border earls; the Scotch king lamenting that he has none left equal to Douglas, while Henry trusts that he 'has within his realm five hundred good as' Percy. Accordingly, when the instincts of the Congregationalists in any large town warn them that their minister possesses the ability and eloquence which are calculated to exhibit Dissent in a very favourable light before the public, and they see that he is politically as well as religiously a thoroughgoing Dissenter, they make a hero of him at once, and invite all their neighbours to patronize (we will not say worship) him. He must, to be sure, maintain his popularity by unfailing eloquence in the pulpit and especially on the platform, and he must perform the other more important duties of his office to their satisfaction; they must feel that, denominationally, they grow more numerous and influential under his guidance, or else they will dethrone him. But *if* they are gaining strength, they will not be other than generous in providing him a house, and a pretty good income—two, four, or in rare cases six hundred per annum; out of which the claims on his charity will be a very small fraction of

[1] This feature of *Voluntaryism* in *villages* is sufficiently ascertained, if not as the rule, yet as a sufficiently frequent exception to deserve notice. Such is human nature!

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those usually made on a Clergyman. And, inasmuch as that portion of his income which is not derived from pew-rents is furnished by handsome subscriptions from a large number of supporters—one half of whom would be able to continue to him his present stipend in case of necessity, or of a schism—he is, comparatively speaking, in an independent position, so long as his lungs are in good condition. Besides, he is aware that his reputation and abilities would speedily find him another post, which, if less lucrative than the present, at any rate would supply him with the necessaries, and some of the comforts of life. Yet, on the other hand, he knows that every rising orator in the body is possibly a future rival, should he leave his present post: the consciousness of this is, in his case, a pressure from without, stimulating him in moments of indecision. And if he desire to make his position as a leader *permanently* unassailable, he will find it not unadvisable to lay out his energies in the production of an octavo volume of more than transient value in connexion with some points of theology.

This remark leads us to the consideration of the literary and theological performances of the Congregationalists. A list of works published during the previous year, by lay and other *members* of the body, is given in each Year-Book, and renders this part of our task somewhat easy. (Bear in mind that, on an average, one-sixth of the 17,500 Clergy in Crockford's Directory are authors, from the tract-writer to the historian.) The following is a tabular statement compiled from the Year-Books of

	1856.	1860.
Number of *publications* (exclusive of magazines, &c.) . . .	67	90
„ „ magazines and other periodicals	26	24
„ „ authors of *publications*	61	67

Of publications, judging from the lists given, there appear to be:—

Single sermons and short tracts	16	29
Ephemeral works, mostly connected with personal religion .	21	15
Religious biographies	3	7
Volumes of sermons	5	11
Controversial	11	14
Unconnected with theology	6	10
Other volumes of some pretension	5	3
Total	67	89

Notice here, that nearly one-sixth of their publications are controversial; and then conceive what shouts of disapprobation, what outcries against our bigotry and intolerance would be raised, if a sixth, or even a twentieth part of the publications of the clergy were controversial.

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Among the non-theological works of the two years are, Dr. W. Smith's Latin-English Dictionary; Mathematical works by R. Harley and S. Newth (both F.R.A.S.); Volumes on Revolutions in English History, Geology, Nineveh, the Baltic, Immigration to the West Indies, Canada, Tour in Switzerland, and School Histories of England and Austria. Whether any of the eight last mentioned is of more than temporary value, we are not in a position to say. Among the theological works of pretension, we observe for 1859 scarcely anything; for 1855, a Series of Lectures (diffuse, but not devoid of ability) on Psychology and Theology, a Treatise on Patriarchy, a Translation (with Commentary) of the Book of Ezekiel, and a Theological Dictionary. The Congregationalist teacher's line is to 'improve' some passing event in a single sermon, to edit a penny magazine for the half educated or the young, to circulate news about missions, to simplify the results of other men's labours in the exposition of Scripture.[1] As a historian, the Congregationalist is very seldom to be trusted when he diverges from the beaten track; his education has neither been so early commenced, nor so based on the principle of minute accuracy, nor so familiarized with distinct epochs in the development of nations (to say nothing of scholarship), as to fit him for historical research: his generalizations are almost invariably built on too narrow a basis; and he finds a difficulty in rising out of the narrow prejudices of his sect (not to mention his fluttering fear of saying anything which might possibly be used as an argument against them), even when he does not study in the interest of a foregone conclusion. Perhaps Dr. W. Smith is the only Congregationalist mentioned in the lists who is capable of history. In Greek and Latin, and especially in Hebrew scholarship, a great improvement has taken place within late years. This is due to the readily perceived necessity, on the part of religious men, of an acquaintance with the Bible in the original tongues; to the increasing number of Dissenting ministers whose fathers were also ministers, and provided them with something better than the education of the ministers of the last generation; to the study, in Clark's translations, of German theological works, as less objectionable (from the Congregationalist point of view) for young men than standard works of English Episcopalians; to the labours of such men as Dr. S. Davidson and Dr. W. Smith as professors in their theological colleges; and, in part, to the opportunities of

[1] In this latter department, indeed, the Presbyterian, Dr. Cumming, is the principal detainer of the public ear: though a very inferior man to many of the leading Congregationalists; for it may be said, with almost literal truth, of his expositions, that whatever in them is his own is worthless, whatever is good is a plagiarism.

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graduating afforded to their theological students in the University of London. It might be suggested that we are omitting a residuum of students from Cambridge; but this is so small as to deserve scarcely any notice in our estimate, since almost every Dissenter who matriculates at Cambridge leaves that University a Churchman, or, at any rate, not an opponent of the Church. Yet, after all this, the Congregationalists whose scholarship is 'pretty fair,' may be counted by units or tens; and probably the number of Clergy whose acquaintance with the classical languages is superior to that of the average of the twenty best scholars among the ministers, is greater than double the whole number of those ministers in England. (They number 1,401 ministers in England, less than one-twelfth of the clergy in England and Wales.) And, probably, one of the final causes of Mr. Dillwyn's Grammar School Bill, is the desire to find employment for the few English graduates whom they claim, and whose merits they exaggerate enormously, *because* they are rare birds in those regions, and *most* like to black swans. Still they are here on the track of improvement, and steadily bent on struggling with us even for classical fame; content to possess a dozen or two good scholars, provided that the dozen or two can be sufficiently lauded and promenaded to convince (themselves and) the outside world that Congregationalism is a sufficiently respectable institution for gentlemen to adopt; and that they are able to fight, with some plausible degree of strength, the battle of the Congregationalists in questions which at all turn on apostolical or patristic Greek.

But if the Dissenting preacher, from early want of educational advantages, lacks the breadth of view and freedom of mental action which a public grammar school communicates, and Oxford or Cambridge studies confirm, he endeavours to make up for these deficiencies by an intensity of mental action directed principally on the workings of the soul: his favourite intellectual pursuits are mental philosophy and inward religious experience. His studies commence as a rule just at that period of juvenility when problems of mental science exercise their greatest attraction, and flatter, while they strengthen, the minds which are engaged on them. He has probably been accustomed to a not unfrequent appearance of logical argument in the sermons to which he has listened.[1] While he is studying for the ministry, Calvinistic reasonings are diligently inculcated upon him, and fall in with his youthful and denominational tendency to be a partisan. The arguments alleged in favour

[1] We recommend to the serious discussion of our brethren the question of the advisableness of a greater than usual infusion of this element into their sermons.

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of Congregationalism and against National Establishments, are, like all other fallacies, generally either subtle in themselves, or broached in a form of subtlety: with these also he is indoctrinated. All this tends to cultivate any capacity which he may possess for the portion of mental philosophy provided for him at his theological college; and here he is not hampered by the inconvenient necessity of a familiarity with the classical languages. And it is to be remembered that mental science is always young, and possesses a perpetual charm for capable minds, until some terrible bereavement seems to annihilate everything in a man which is not closely intertwined with his strongest affections. Their principal names in this department are, Rogers, Alliott, and the late Dr. George Payne, and we hear that Professor Mansel's Bampton Lectures obtain a wide circulation among the Congregationalists. Closely connected with this mental habit is the preacher's *religious duty* of analysing the inward spiritual experiences of himself and others; and this study assumes a much more prominent place in his professional education than in our non-professional university course. It is roused at the period of his conversion; it is fostered by the sermons which he hears, which often are attempts at the anatomy of the spiritual life; it is kept alive by the efforts and habit of extempore *and varied* (for his reputation is at stake in the variety) public prayers; the expositions of theology by which he is trained to partake of the same character; the scrutinizing suspicions, whether friendly or otherwise, which are inseparable from the practical working of democracy, whether it be temporal or ecclesiastical, strengthen the habit; the custom, universal amongst Dissenters, of putting religious experience into words, opens to his observation at any rate some portion of the inward perplexities, sorrows, and joys of others, notwithstanding the unconscious deceit[1] which, by degrees, gathers round the custom; like the Wesleyan, though in a less degree, he is tempted to set too high a value on religious feeling, and is often unawares affected by a strong leaning to mysticism; lastly, it is, or was till lately, a characteristic of his theology to do all but ignore the duty of glorifying God with the *body*. Thus, what is called 'experimental divinity' is his favourite study, and the field of his greatest success.

Generally, the ordinary Congregationalist minister preaches and prays according to a scheme which he adopted at College. The divisions in prayers (such as may be seen in Watts'

[1] When inward experiences are seldom laid bare, except to a *single confidential* friend, the exposure is generally truthful and often extensive; when they are brought into the view of many, the confession is naturally vague and untruthful, through the fear of damage to the reputation.

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writings) have been a matter of logical arrangement, and furnish him with a framework of devotion quite as formal practically as any system of Collects; and in the frequently overstrung state of his mind he finds the benefit of his scheme, though unaware of the inference which may be drawn from it in favour of that which is an abomination to him, viz., the 'use of pre-composed forms of prayer.' It is, moreover, a common whisper among the junior Dissenters, that the old men's prayers are less varied than those of the young and middle aged. In practice, if not in theory, the preacher has a greater esteem for the oratory which produces a speedy effect, than of the doctrine which distils like dew. Should his preaching partake of the character of gentleness and refinement, he may *possibly* become a great favourite with his own congregation, but he runs the risk of being accounted singular: rather is he expected to be vehement or pathetic. The principle which Hood makes one of his patrons of art recommend to a disconsolate young painter—to be striking and uncommon, rather than natural; the admiration of power which lies at the foundation of modern hero worship; the exhibition of vehemence and apparent force which, as much as anything else, keeps up Mr. Maurice's popularity; all indicate what general style of oratory is to be expected from the ministers of sects whose growth depends, humanly speaking, on the reputation of their pulpit oratory, and in which the most honourable and lucrative posts are secured by oratory more than by any other quality. The colouring and outlines of the Congregationalist's sermon are ruder and more startling than those of the Episcopalians; and hence it is that an irreligious youth of the tradesman class is, perhaps, likely to be arrested by an occasional visit to a Dissenting meeting-house, rather than by looking into one of our more sober churches. On the other hand, the quiet, industrious, straightforward type of Englishman is much more at home in church than at the meeting-house; for he is less occupied with thoughts of self, or of the individualities of the minister, and has a deeper sense of law and of the presence of the Author of all law. And it may generally be averred that, where an earnest-minded Dissenter is led by any accident to attend the services of the Church with anything like regularity, and yet does not volunteer some expression of admiration of her prayers, the clergyman's manner of reading is careless and irreverent.

We are led by the last allusion to call attention to tokens of an approach on the part of the Congregationalists to something like an acknowledgment of the value of many principles long held by Churchmen, long rejected by the narrowness of Dissenting bigotry; an acknowledgment, however, due, in

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great measure, to the activity of the Church herself on the one hand, and, on the other, not least of all, to the ambition of obtaining an improved social status for Dissent. So long as the Congregationalist minister was a man of inferior education, he might expect to be patted on the back, but scarcely to be accepted as a guide, by the educated Congregationalist merchant. Hence that observation of facts which led to the *quasi* proverb, that 'No man of the third generation is a Dissenter.' A man who had received only the most ordinary English education, and was a Dissenter, realized a few thousands, and gave to his son a commercial, but much better education than his own: that son died very rich and a Dissenter; but the grandson having enjoyed superior advantages to his father in education and society, finds his natural level amongst those the majority of whom are Churchmen, and observes among them freer habits of thinking, a larger charity, and more accurate and varied knowledge than among the Dissenters; and every ordinary motive invites him to withdraw with his family from the ranks of the Dissenters. Now, so long as the religious life of England appeared to be mainly circulating among the lower tradesmen, from whom the ranks of Dissent are generally recruited, this gradual drafting of their wealthier members into the Establishment could be accounted for as a collection of instances in which 'vital religion' was sacrificed to the love of the world. But the aspect of the case was altered when the noble, the well born, the highly educated, the rich sons of the Church were stirred up to an appreciation of their duties to God and the Church; and innumerable instances were observed of rank, and social position, and wealth, sanctified by a Christian spirit of splendid liberality and devout self-denial. The revival which has taken place since the commencement of the century among the best educated portion of the community, principally by the leverage of the Universities and public schools, has made it no longer possible for men generally to shut their eyes to the probability of the sons of landowners and wealthy merchants being quite as devout as the small tradesmen, and when devout, able to effect more good.[1] Thus the temptation which formerly assailed a religious man of property, here and there, to attach himself to Dissenters, as, *par excellence*, the earnest-minded body in England, was removed; and Dissenters began to feel that their religious influence in the country, *relatively* to that of Churchmen, was on the *decrease*. Hence arose a searching

[1] There are very few instances indeed, of a wealthy Congregationalist in recent times building a meeting-house at his single cost, and making the minister independent of himself.

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examination into the validity of their objections to what might render religion attractive, and into the claims which an austere Puritanism had been supposed to make to an especially Scriptural character. Dissent had contracted ascetic habits; it was perpetually itching for proofs that everything of an externally beautiful or sensuous character was of necessity worldly. Thus, at the beginning of the present century, the introduction of a violoncello, as an aid to congregational music, was stoutly resisted by the Independents of a thriving manufacturing town; and their model of a tabernacle was the squarest possible structure of plain stone, unfaced, with the squarest possible windows of square panes, and square high-backed pews. Whereas *now* jealousy of the Establishment, and the anxiety to retain, or obtain, the support of men of education and taste, have awakened the Congregationalists to the conviction that an organ, and even chanting, are not necessarily Babylonish; that carved work within or without a chapel does not render it unavoidably Jewish; and that it is possible to adopt, in the construction of their religious edifices, pointed architecture, with floriated tracery, pinnacles, turrets, cruciform ground plan, stained glass windows, Minton's tiles, and even to designate the result by the title of a 'church,' without belonging to the synagogue of Satan.[1] So far we congratulate them on these tokens of a partial convalescence. The question of the ideal form of a 'house' of worship is attracting much notice among them, and the Year-Book for 1860 gives us long extracts from an 'extremely interesting' article on the subject (communicated to the American Congregational Quarterly), with commendations. Our readers may be glad to gratify their curiosity by perusing the following passages (p. 229):—

'The idea which governed the worship of the Primitive Christians very clearly was that of union and communion in praise and prayer, and of instruction from the voice of him who was "*over them in the Lord.*" A house constructed to promote this worship would necessarily make these two its cardinal principles; viz., (1) it must seat all the worshippers socially and pleasantly together, so that, with as few obstructions as possible, they may blend thought and emotion; and (2) it must seat them so that their relation to the teacher shall be, as nearly as possible, perfect for his speaking to them, and their listening to him. We hold, then, that the essential and shaping idea which ought to govern the erection of houses for the public worship of Almighty God,—especially and pre-eminently where they are to be used by Congregational churches—is not that of having a particular form or aspect, like that which in the English or Papal churches has been for ages associated with them; nor that they

[1] See the sketches (in the Year-Books) of chapels built during the preceding years, and the wood-cuts of the pretentious edifices at Canonbury, Islington, Eccles, Manchester, Highgate, Droylsden, and Newcastle-under-Lyne.

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must be cruciform, "because the religion of Christ crucified is to be preached within their walls" (see Hart's Parish Churches, p. 21); nor that they must necessarily have a distinct nave and side aisles, and transepts (of large size); nor that they must necessarily front the east, or somehow symbolize the Holy Trinity; but that they should minister, in the most simple and direct possible manner, to the ease and comfort with which the people may "*sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus*," and "*receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save their souls.*" Social Christian comfort in speaking and hearing, and in all the services of the sanctuary, we believe was the original, and is the genuine, and will be the millennial, principle from which, as from a living seed, the idea of a truly appropriate (and therefore truly Christian) meeting-house will grow.'

It is impossible not to admire the gusto, the intense self-satisfaction with which this writer begs the whole question. Notwithstanding this, however, he avows himself an advocate of the most enduring materials, *because* otherwise the building would not testify 'our faith in the eternity of God and of His truth!' If this is not an index of the vitality of symbolism, even in minds that would gladly repudiate it, we know not what is.

We repeat it, we congratulate the Congregationalists on these tokens of a partial convalescence, and shall be glad to hear of their nearer approach to a sound mind, in the acknowledgment of the three-fold order of the ministry. They are, at present, our most avowed antagonists amongst the Protestants: their perusal of the works published as Clark's Foreign Theological Library may be expected to raise the standard of their information, and to qualify their ministers for a candid examination of the points at issue between us; and their partiality for a sturdy, logical (sometimes over subtle) system of theology, together with their (somewhat timid, somewhat strained) attempts to secure solid principles of action, may make those of them who return to the fold of the Church her fast friends.

Still, on the whole, it is our decided conviction that the ambition of improvement in social position has a great deal to do with that improvement in the externals of religion of which we have spoken. The feeling is at work in the gradually increasing number of Dissenting ministers who graduate; in the attempt to display a very wide range of reading in their public speeches, of which the addresses of Dr. Legge, in the Year-Book for 1860, are a curious specimen; and in the Congregational Lecture, an avowedly rival custom, though (we believe) without endowments, to the Bampton Lecture at Oxford, as is apparent from the statement in the Year-Book, that (1860, p. 286)—

'It consists of an occasional course of lectures, that partake more of the character of academical prelections' (note the relish for long words),

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'than of popular addresses. . . Seventeen series have already been delivered; *the publication of which has greatly increased the literary reputation of the Denomination.*'[1]

We see the feeling publicly manifested in their lately discovered principle, that the State ought not to exhibit a partiality for one form of Christianity rather than for another; and the eccentric inference that, therefore, the Church shall be despoiled of her rights and property. These things afford a parallel, on a large scale, to that which is really at the bottom of half the misunderstandings which arise between a clergyman and his well-to-do parishioners—the desire to mix with the best set of the neighbourhood. Who has not known an instance of a man of business making money, buying or hiring a residence in a good visiting neighbourhood, and then getting out of temper with his incumbent, because the latter did not introduce him to some county family? Who has not met with Dissenters who laboured under the unhappy delusion that Churchmen were, in some mysterious way, banded together in a conspiracy to put them down, and keep them down, *because* they were Dissenters? Who has not met with, or heard of, that other species of democrat, the Yankee, who was rude to Englishmen on precisely the same principle? Perhaps, if it were possible to persuade Congregationalists generally, that 'nobody wants to hurt' them, much of their animosity might disappear; but it would be bad policy on the part of their leaders to appear to see it; not to mention that (as in the case of election agents generally) their *political leaders* are by no means the most refined or best educated members of the body. Their ecclesiastical democracy, like every temporal democracy, is unfavourable to the growth of feelings and habits of respect towards superior position and education as distinct from superior worth: to 'kings and all that are in authority.' Personal influence professes to be everything with them; the only other influence (and that is far more constantly felt and submitted to) practically recognised is that of wealth. Rank or old family are only valued among them as an excuse for exaggerating the respectability of Dissent. Their temper is to demand that every possible position in Church or State shall be open to merit and ability, with a preference to those who possess *no*

[1] We have not examined all the published Lectures; those which have come before us indicate, that the authors wrote for readers who might need *elementary* instruction, and were not likely to possess other (standard) works on the subject of the Lectures; and aim at almost mathematical precision and formality. The labour of the composition is too visible; the writers do not know when to be silent; and they lack *mastery* of their subject.

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other claims; it is an accident that the highest station in the land and seats in the Upper House of Parliament are exempted in their ambitious desires. And even here, until some element of Congregationalism shall be infused into the peerage, it may be doubted whether political Dissenters will not continue to regard the House of Lords as an assembly of old women, or, at the best, a somewhat clumsily constructed and almost unnecessary buffer to the political engine. The democratic ambition of rising to the level of their neighbours, or, where that is difficult, of bringing down the latter to their own level, must be taken into account by any one who is desirous of forming a correct estimate of political Dissent.

The method of propagating Congregationalism actually at work in England and Wales, cannot be said to be of a missionary character; nor, if it were, would it be in accordance with the Congregational principle. As a rule, Dissenters build meeting-houses selfishly, *i. e.*, for themselves, with room for others who may hereafter be willing to share in the support of the 'interest,' and a few free seats, in the least valuable part of the buildings, for the poor; not unselfishly for others. Where no 'chapel' has been built, and few Dissenters, except the poorest, reside, none is likely to be built. A striking case in point is to be met with in Dr. Hume's evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords on the Church-rate question. Speaking of Liverpool, he says—

'In some of the very poorest places there are no Dissenting meetings.' —Qu. 1280.

And,

'When a district becomes poor, the dissenting congregation generally migrates; the chapel is given up, and replaced in a better district of the town. Nine chapels have occupied twenty-six different sites; there have been seventeen migrations.'—Qu. 1282.

The same thing is allowed in the Year-Book for 1860 (p. 230), where the writer on chapel architecture lays it down as the first requisite that—

'The *best* place (situation) ought to be secured at any cost; best not merely now, but reasonably sure to remain best through all the changes of the coming century. Specially is this true of thickly settled and growing towns. Many a city church has been *gradually weakened, and at last destroyed, by a mistake made in the location of its meeting-house; or*[1] *has been obliged to sacrifice its historical associations*, by subsequently transplanting itself from an outworn soil to a more fertile spot.'

[1] The writer had sneered at the association of church architecture with symbolism, and yet he regards with sorrow the loss of historical associations. The former is a memorial of the cardinal truths of Christianity; the latter served to keep alive the traditions of the *Denomination*.

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The exclusive voluntary system, then, fluctuates and wanders with the individual congregations; it retains no hold on the soil; it offers no guarantee for the future; it follows the example of the world in that very conduct which, in all ages, and among all people, has stirred especially the bile of poets and philosophers, hanging upon the smiles of its richer patrons, and leaving the poor to themselves. The two events which ordinarily occasion the erection of a new meeting-house in any district are, the residence of a few wealthy Dissenters; and a schism in the nearest congregation, which is settled by the minority swarming out. It is a wonderfully rare thing for a wealthy Congregationalist to build a 'chapel' at his own cost for the benefit of any locality in which he does not reside, or even where he does reside, unless he knows that, practically, the engagement *and dismissal* of the minister will rest with himself: and we speak now of neighbourhoods in which the manufacturing or mercantile wealth is principally in the hands of Dissenters. That the same may be said even of congregations, appears from the Year-Book of 1860 (p. 244), in the account given of the erection of a 'church' and schools, at Eccles, near Manchester.

'Two features of this movement are deserving of attention' (*i. e.*, as being novelties to the Dissenters); 'first, a Christian church *colonising* by the advice, and with the active co-operation of its pastor and all the members; and, secondly, a church and schools to be built and opened *free from debt.*'

(The Italics are in the Year-Book.) This admission is exceedingly valuable in its bearings on the purely voluntary system; it grants the non-missionary character of that system: and what makes the concession all the more forcible is that, even at Eccles, the movement was not entirely missionary. We read, on the same page—

'The village of Eccles is a favourite suburb of Manchester, and contains, within a circle of a mile from the parish Church, a population of about 6,000. The erection of a Congregational place of worship in this fast-increasing and important neighbourhood was undertaken by the church at Hope Chapel, Salford, under the pastorate of the Rev. G. B. Bubier. *Several members of that church having become resident at Eccles,* after a meeting for conference with their pastor, and with a few members of other churches residing in the neighbourhood, brought the religious necessities of the locality before the attention of their brethren.'

Nothing, then, was done towards this 'colonization,' this supply of a 'chapel' for what was regarded as a destitute district (the vicar is assisted by four curates), until it became a 'favourite suburb of Manchester,' and until several Congregationalists from Salford (probably not of the poorest class, as Eccles is a *favourite* suburb) had become residents there.

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We have here also the admission, that it is a rare thing for a Congregational tabernacle to be built and opened *free from debt:* a circumstance often forgotten or ignored by lukewarm Churchmen. We could name a thriving village, the population of which was exclusively manufacturing and numbered over 2,500, in which the 'chapel' and schools were erected for £1,200, where there was no church, and where, after seventeen years pastorate of a conciliatory and universally esteemed minister, whose stipend was small, £200 still remained unpaid. And we do not believe this case to be either solitary or at all unusual.

Indeed, the efforts of Dissenters in the support of religion are enormously exaggerated. No doubt they contribute much; a larger proportion of Congregationalists than of nominal Churchmen are in the habit of opening their purses for objects of a directly religious (and local) character. The voluntary system renders this necessary. Men who are in earnest about any form of religion, whether their earnestness be due to feelings of devotion, or to the spirit of party, *will* have their houses of assembly, *will* have their ministers, well or ill furnished, at a greater or less cost. The case is, so far, analogous to that of the support of election agents. The necessity of standing well with their fellow-congregationalists—for a democracy exercises a terribly tyrannical restraint over the freedom of its members; the necessity of bearing a share in the common burdens; connexions arising out of business, in which Dissenters, like Scotchmen, are thoroughly clannish;[1] opportunities of exercising a greater influence and assuming a greater importance than the Church holds out to them; all conspire to stimulate pecuniary liberality in behalf of the denomination. Similar motives among ourselves would follow, in some degree, the spoliation of the Church; for human nature is a frail thing: with this difference, that many who now are nominally Christians would cease to be Christians at all. Yet the pecuniary efforts of the Congregationalists, important though they are, have been and are greatly exaggerated; the voluntary efforts which people feel they *must* make always *are* exaggerated, in comparison with those which they may let alone. Perhaps a more favourable field for the observation of these could scarcely be fixed upon than the diocese of Ripon. It is full of densely populated, rapidly-increasing manufacturing towns, which are usually regarded as the most favourable of all soils for the growth of Dissent. Thirty years ago these towns were but ill

[1] And very ready to stigmatise, as bigoted and intolerant, anything like an exclusive partiality imagined to be shown by Churchmen to one another in matters of business.

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supplied with churches: the field was quite open to every species of sectarians. Moreover, the West-Ridingers are a sturdy race, keen and shrewd, with a strong relish for the *tu quoque*, a fondness for arguments, mathematical, metaphysical, or practical, and (generally) a leaning towards Calvinism. The Congregationalists have had, throughout the period of which we speak, a theological college near Bradford, and another at Rotherham, close on the borders of the diocese. The Conservative party is in a minority in the diocese; and a great proportion of the manufacturing wealth of the region is in the hands of Dissenters of one kind or other. What then are the results?

The Congregationalist 'churches' are 108, of which 30 are without a settled minister.

In 1857, the rectors and vicars were 134; perpetual curates 270; in all, 404 livings. Of these, probably, over 200 represent churches built and endowed within the last half century; and the number of parochial clergy can scarcely be less than 546. In other words, there must be about seven parochial clergymen in that diocese for each settled *Congregationalist* minister; and nearly twice as many churches must have been built and endowed since 1810, as there are Congregationalist chapels now actually existing, inclusive of those chapels which have been occupied for more than half a century.

We feel confident that few things would tend more speedily to diminish the fear which many gentlemen in a certain place appear to entertain of the Congregationalist body than the bringing to light the exact numerical strength of the latter as well as the actual amount of what they do; in *comparison* with what is done by Churchmen. To our former instances in this section we may add, that it is computed that in England and Wales 2,000 new churches have been built within the last twenty-five years; whereas the total number of *existing* Congregationalist meeting-houses in the same area is stated in the Year-Book as only 2,232. The average cost of one of these chapels is not more than £2,170 (in the Year-Book of 1860), and average number of sittings not over 681. For 1856 the figures were 710 sittings, and £2,885 average cost; and these figures are considerably in excess of what would be the average for the last twenty years.

And now a few words in conclusion on the duty of Churchmen at this crisis. The Apostle of the Gentiles did not scruple, when need arose, to speak frankly of his own efforts to save the Christians of a given church from the pecuniary burden which lawfully was theirs. Why should we have any scruple to

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silence the adversaries by collecting statistics of the number of churches built and endowed in the several decades of the last half century, with the sums spent on these and on our schools? Why should we not strain every nerve to obtain exact numerical returns of the various bodies of Dissenters? 'He that doeth evil hateth the light' is a maxim which has seldom, of late, been so remarkably exemplified as it is in the conduct of our opponents. If they really believe themselves to be as numerous as they boast to be, what could be to them more satisfactory than to have the fact ascertained in a manner which would silence all cavils? What could serve their purpose better than that the census should report them individually? If they believe their numbers to be decreasing, what can be more unfair than to expect that those political concessions should be made to them now which they did not obtain when they were more numerous than they are? But if, on the other hand, they are aware that an exposure of their actual numerical strength would convict them of arrant boasting, and contradict the statements which they are accustomed to put forth, then surely they cannot even pretend they have the slightest regard for truth. At present, as the result of indefatigable exaggeration and close combination, they have secured a prominence in the public eye to which they are by no means entitled. With places of worship only one-sixth as numerous as ours (and one-fifth of them destitute of settled ministers), ministers scarcely a ninth, classical scholars among their ministers probably scarce one hundred and twentieth; with scarcely any instances of wealthy Congregationalists allowing their sons to occupy the slavish[1] and precarious position of a minister among them; with very little effort indeed to build chapels for neglected districts in which Dissenters do not already live; with chapels often in debt; the Congregationalists still are trying to make men believe that they are *nearly* as important a body as Churchmen, and that, *consequently*, the rights and the well-being of the Church of England ought to be sacrificed to their crotchet of Voluntaryism. *And this, too, though in the United States* 1,000 *out of the* 2,300 *'congregations' are without settled ministers.*

Let it be remembered, moreover, that concessions are never more dangerous than when offered to Democracies; and that the fundamental principle of Congregationalism is democratical. And what makes concessions the more mischievous in the

[1] The son of a late village Congregationalist preacher has told us that, though he broke off all connexion with the body in early life and afterwards graduated in one of our universities, it was not until he had been many years in Holy orders that he was able to shake off that restless apprehension of giving offence in trifles, which had been the bugbear of his home in childhood and boyhood.

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present case is, that the Ecclesiastical Democracy believes itself to be founded upon revelations of Holy Scripture. The ordinary Congregationalist,—perhaps we might say, without any great danger of mistake, the ordinary Congregationalist minister—has never heard the arguments which Scripture affords in favour of the threefold order of the ministry, or of national Establishments, or never save in some accidental caricature; his habitual belief is that (as Mr. Bright said, on the question of Church-rates,) he has been studying the subject all his life, and we churchmen not at all. The meagre and childish subtleties of interpretation, by which even so able a man as Dr. Wardlaw advocated the Voluntary System, have been paraded before him until the passages appear to stand out prominently above the surface of Scripture: the argument that the *word* 'bishop' in the pastoral epistles signifies the second order of the ministry, appears to him conclusive against the existence of a superintending order. He is ready to imagine the theological learning of the clergyman to be very meagre and unsubstantial, and even unspiritual, if the latter is at all bewildered in listening to the puritanical idioms of Dissent; he believes that his system is scriptural; ours, wherever it differs from his, not simply un- but anti-scriptural: and it is not rational to expect him, whilst he remains under the influence of that belief, to meet concession by concession. Our concession confirms his convictions; our firm and bold maintenance of our own principles shakes his, if anything can shake them. We would illustrate this by two instances. In a certain district in the West of England there was living recently a very worthy elderly Dissenting lady, who had formed acquaintance with all the clergy in her neighbourhood, and was heard to say, that the only two clergymen who appeared to her to believe their own principles, were the two High-Church curates. On the other hand, in a certain parish, a Calvinistic conciliating régime brought more than one Dissenter to attend the Church services, so long *only* as these services and the administration of the parish were, as much as possible, divested of a Church character. But our readers will easily multiply instances for themselves: witness the success of the Church in such hostile spheres as the parish of Leeds; and the ovation of Dr. Hook's friends on his removal to a more dignified, but not in his case, more honourable position. To meet Dissenters on *religious* platforms, is, in their eyes, to acknowledge the validity of their ordinations; and their natural inference is that a little more study and enlightenment would lead you to doubt the validity of your own. To deny their title to the name of ministers or churches, is indeed to provoke angry recrimination and charges of bigotry and intolerance, at which some men are too timid

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not to quake; but like every other honest proceeding, it issues in a simpler, and straighter, and easier progress subsequently. And with regard to the present struggle for and against Church Establishments, a bold front, an insisting upon having the Dissenters counted at the next census in the honest way as individuals,[1] and not by the fraudulent machinery of Sunday packed congregations, and united general action during the autumn, and for a few years more, will, under the Divine blessing, save our England from what would be a greater curse than anything which has hitherto fallen to her lot, viz., the severance of Church and State, accompanied by the confiscation of Church property. Only let Churchmen provide a measure of their own; and let not the question of Church-rates be degraded into a movement for or against the government for the time being; and, chiefly, let the emancipation of district from parish Churches in this matter be treated as paramount to the gratification of Dissenters. We remember an instance of a clique in a Debating Society threatening to absorb the management of all its affairs, until a private motion forced their numerical strength into prominence, and then the clique collapsed; and we do not despair of the same result following awakened and energetic action on the part of the Church.

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[1] We are glad to observe, as the above is passing through the press, that the Premier, in receiving a deputation on the subject of denominational statistics in the forthcoming census of 1861, manifested a clear appreciation of the character of the opposition which is threatened by the Congregationalists, and expressed his opinion 'that no religious person could have any good reason for taking offence at it.' It is, indeed, rather too much to expect that the Government shall be forbidden to obtain *true* statistics of the relative numbers of religious bodies, in order that the Congregationalists may continue to argue on the basis of the *false* statistics evolved out of the last Sunday census. Nor can anything be more directly contrary to the facts than Mr. Heywood's opinion (June 6) that, for political purposes, the Church is better organized than Dissenters, and consequently enabled to make its voice heard with more effect. In any matter affecting the interests of their body, the organization of the Congregationalists has for years been so complete that they could, at a moment's notice, sweep the country for petitions from men, *women, and children:* whilst this is the *first* year of anything even approaching to general activity on the part of Churchmen.

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ART. V.—1. *Notes on Nursing.* By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. London: Harrison, Pall Mall.
2. *Notes on Hospitals.* By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. London: J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand.
3. *Care of the Sick.* By RICHARD BARWELL, F.R.C.S. London: Chapman and Hall.

WITHIN these few years nursing has become a literary subject. It has risen to an art and has its professors. It is discussed in newspapers, treated as a prominent question of the day in pamphlets, invested with romance in novels. It has its written language, graced with a lucid style and pointed sentences. People find its details interesting: its topics are fresh and unhackneyed, and yet concern all the world. Here is positive information,—here is reason and argument on a subject of which the secrets in former times were guarded with jealous care, and passed from generation to generation, by oracular old women, to whom tradition and experience had taught the signs and tokens of disease, in its progress to recovery or death; the modes of treatment and the means of relief. Their calling was wrapped in mystery. They could neither tell, nor did they desire to learn, the grounds of their convictions, more precious to themselves and reverenced by others as instinct than as processes of reasoning. A certain connexion with the unseen spiritual world was unconsciously attributed to them, and perhaps felt by themselves. They saw a hand we could not see, and heard a voice we could not hear; and were guided by tokens of which they felt the significance without discerning or seeking to know the cause.

But all this has been changed of late. The historical age of nursing has set in. We have distinct intelligible data given us, of which we are imperiously called upon to make use. But positive information on every question of this nature—a question, that is, which always has been of paramount importance to mankind, but begins now to be regarded from a new point of view—is sure not to be unqualified gain. When the line is passed which separates mystery and vagueness from fact, and the mystery vanishes, we feel a loss; our imagination suffers a shock; our old dependences are shaken; we are driven to use our own judgment before we have any just ground for trusting it. We seem to have lost a support when we find what we once relied upon is not trustworthy. It appears that hitherto man has leant in his sickness on a broken reed; he has been the victim

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of blunders; we are assured that ignorance and prejudice have too often, in our own times, almost under our eye, changed this benignant calling into a 'benevolent form of manslaughter,' and we are forced to the conclusion that in innumerable instances it has been so. And if the prestige of the old professional nurse, who, whatever her moral credit, was assumed to be mistress of a craft, is thus blown upon, sickness itself suffers analogous changes to our perception; it, too, loses its mystery. The modern well-instructed, reasoning, philosophical nurse acknowledges no such thing as the inevitable. It seems as if we could never be ill now without its being somebody's fault, so that we or some one could and should have prevented it. Even the universal epidemics of childhood, which we thought were in the course of nature to be submitted to, not struggled against, are asserted to come of man's sins against ventilation and drainage; when he does his duty in the matters of light and air and water, we are to hear no more of measles and whooping cough. We are imperatively called upon to exert ourselves to oppose these and greater evils by an efficacious resistance; which ought to be a cheering doctrine, but somehow these promises and assurances are anything but exhilarating; we cling with a certain regret to the resigned fatalism which has hitherto been accepted as the religious temper: possibly in our hearts thinking a life-long conflict with physical impurities, a life of scrutiny and morbid suspicions, a questionable exchange for the chance of taking our share in a passing epidemic, and being allowed in the interval to pursue our present habits and trains of thought undisturbed. We are not advocating apathy in the guise of resignation, which has been the world's mood long enough. We must bestir ourselves, and wash and slush and flush and ventilate with the active spirits of the age. But we don't know whether it makes pain and fever more welcome to know that they might, humanly speaking, have been prevented. It is a new demand on our patience, and makes true resignation a harder and therefore a more positive virtue.

One good result of the public and open discussion of what is technically called Hygiene—the theory and practice of health—whatever drawbacks our feelings suggest, is that men are led through it to think more than they perhaps have hitherto done of the state of sickness. The sick-room, to those not personally concerned as sufferers or attendants, is an unknown region to most of us. Considering the liability of all to physical suffering, the almost certainty that we must sooner or later endure it, it is wonderful how little most of us know of the conditions of ill health, of the mental and bodily changes that we may any day incur. Of death, and of what follows death, we are for wise

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ends kept in ignorance; but of the state which precedes it we all might form some idea if we would, we all might approach some definite knowledge which might surely be turned to account when the time came. The contemplation of the ordinary mental state in severe sickness must be a salutary warning not to postpone important interests till then. Sickness, we might learn if we would, changes the mind and puts it in a different frame. Persons, we suspect, when they are ill do not find their thoughts and feelings in the state they would have expected them to be. Our temptations will be new ones. The imagination will alter its processes; our judgment will fail us; our temper will change; we shall infallibly betray weaknesses; the sense of proportion will be violently disturbed; we shall see nothing in the free open-air daylight of intercourse with others. All this is in its degree inevitable if long sickness and pain come to us as they come to the great majority; but how little do we think of this, how small a preparation do we make for the supreme trial. If we become acquainted with an individual case of sickness we set down its mental peculiarities to the idiosyncrasy of the patient, as though suffering betrayed his latent weaknesses alone, his private faults and singularities. We do not lay it to heart that we are probably liable to the same errors or failures of reason. We do not know that what surprises us in the sick man is not so much a revelation of what has always been hid in himself, as the result of new tests applied to our common nature. But we are no longer confined to our own limited experience. When those who see most of the sick have the intellect cultivated to reason upon what they see, and the power to record it, a fresh light is necessarily thrown upon the state. Not that in Miss Nightingale's instance she touches separately on the mental conditions of sickness, her concern being mainly with its bodily manifestations; but the two cannot be treated apart, and we have a picture in consequence conveying very distinct and vivid impressions, and raising sympathy, *i. e.* fellow-feeling, in the reader, which ought to be turned to good account both for ourselves and others.

The sick man under her treatment assumes a new character; he gains in consistency and completeness. We are accustomed to view him as certainly unfortunate and suffering, but likewise the prey to a great many fancies which he could get the better of if he would. We do not allow that more than half his troubles are inevitable; the other half are chimeras, the offspring of a diseased imagination: they are whims which our good nature is taxed to fall in with. If he has his doctor and his physic, and his comfortable bed and his nurse, he ought, we think, to appreciate these blessings more, and to show a clearer

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sense of our benevolence in devoting ourselves to his relief and entertainment. We don't quite believe in his languor and apathy as features of disease; there is a touch of ungraciousness and temper in them. He ought to exert himself more. Most of us know in some fainter degree the feeling professed and coolly analysed by the author of 'Eothen' towards his companion in trouble who fell ill so inopportunely.

'Before we reached Adrianople, Methley had been seized with we knew not what ailment, and when we had taken up our quarters in the city, he was cast to the very earth by sickness. . . So now (whether dying or not, one could hardly tell), upon a quilt stretched out along the floor, there lay the best hope of an ancient line, without the material aids to comfort of even the humblest sort, and (sad to say) without the consolation of a friend, or even a comrade worth having. I have a notion that tenderness and pity are affections occasioned in some measure by living within doors; certainly, at the time I speak of, the open-air life which I had been leading, or the wayfaring hardships of the journey, had so strangely blunted me, that I felt intolerant of illness, looked down upon my companion, as if the poor fellow in falling ill had betrayed a want of spirit. I entertained, too, a most absurd idea—an idea that his illness was partly affected. You see that I have made a confession: this I hope—that I may always hereafter look charitably upon the harsh, savage acts of peasants, and the cruelties of a "brutal" soldiery. God knows that I strived to melt myself into common charity, and to put on a gentleness which I could not feel, but this attempt did not cheat the keenness of the sufferer, he could not have felt the less deserted because I was with him.'—*Eothen.*

Now the reader of modern sanitary statistics can hardly have the face to disbelieve the reality or extent of anybody's illness. We find in them so many excellent reasons, in the mismanagement, blundering ignorance, and general selfishness of mankind, for people being ill, that it argues something of insensibility, something coarse and illogical, to keep up a comfortable show of health in an atmosphere and habits of living in which persons have no right to do anything but suffer. What excuse have we for being well, we are brought to feel, in the near neighbourhood of sewers, in rooms ventilated on the most unsound principles—where every attempt to change the air only brings a subtler poison to our lungs—where our spare rooms are haunted by infection, and fevers exhale from our dingy 'saturated' paper hangings—where every snug expedient of comfort, our carpets, our curtains, our 'well-aired' beds, our close-fitting carpentry, are all so many arrows from Death's quiver? The sick man who resents these vile expedients by suffering under them, is surely the more consistent and reasonable person. We do not know a keener satire anywhere than Miss Nightingale's strictures on the habits and practices of the 'well,' as she superciliously denominates that portion of mankind who persist in these deleterious practices, and have not yet succumbed under their malign influence. The ailments we guard against are so slight

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to her, our fears so chimerical; while her clear foresight and practised senses prophesy from our 'above-mentioned dirty circumstances,' *i.e.* the ordinary conditions of a London house, a *Gehenna* of undreamt-of pains and deaths lurking where we least expect them. What a fine tragical significance is given, for instance, to one feature of every house; to what, if we think of it at all, we have all along assumed to be an indispensable condition of the civilized, dining world—the sink in the back kitchen. What force of language defines, what strength of comparisons, what ghastly terrors are made to surround this vulgar and ordinary fixture.

'The ordinary oblong sink is an abomination. That great surface of stone, which is always left wet, is always exhaling into the air. I have known whole houses and hospitals smell of the sink. I have met just as strong a stream of sewer air coming up the back staircase of a grand London house from the sink, as I have ever met at Scutari; and I have seen the rooms in that house all ventilated by the open doors, and the passages all *un*ventilated by the closed windows, in order that as much of the sewer air as possible might be conducted into and retained in the bed-rooms. It is wonderful.'—*Notes on Nursing*, pp. 15, 16.

We are all so accustomed to think this class of strictures belongs to the poor, we are so used to associate them with courts and blind alleys, that the bold onslaught of this dauntless lady on the polite world takes us by surprise. She makes no distinction between rich and poor—all are alike ignorant to her superior discernment. There is an unsparing, unflinching enforcing upon us the weaknesses and infirmities of our organization, the original sin of our physical nature, often constituting ourselves our worst company, which must make many of her readers wince; our emanations, our breath, all to be guarded against by a rigid, self-accusing cleanliness. She plainly tells fine gentlemen and ladies, that they share the common doom; nothing but personal watchfulness, such as we decidedly prefer delegating to housemaids, can make us pass muster before her fine, but impartial sense. If we want to be clean in ourselves, and in our houses, there are no immunities—we must work for this prime blessing, and keep up a vigilant watch which will oppress many an imagination, and lie a burden on many a conscience. Before we proceed to her main topic, let us read and ponder over her warnings to ourselves, the people who have decent houses and servants, and who naturally think of ourselves as a race apart, exempt from the possibility of so vulgar a charge as uncleanliness, and whose sole concern it is, if we give our minds to sanitary subjects at all, to enforce their rules on our 'poorer neighbours.'

'And now, you think these things trifles, or at least exaggerated. But what you "think" or what I "think" matters little. Let us see what God thinks of them. God always justifies His ways. While we are thinking,

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He has been teaching. I have known cases of hospital pyæmia quite as severe in handsome private houses as in any of the worst hospitals, and from the same cause, viz. foul air. Yet nobody learnt the lesson. Nobody learnt *anything* at all from it. They went on *thinking*—thinking that the sufferer had scratched his thumb, or that it was singular that "all the servants" had "whitlows," or that something was "much about this year; there is always sickness in our house." This is a favourite mode of thought—leading *not* to inquire what is the uniform cause of these general "whitlows," but to stifle all inquiry. In what sense is "sickness" being "always there," a justification of its being "there" at all?

'I will tell you what was the cause of this hospital pyæmia being in that large private house. It was that the sewer air from an ill-placed sink was carefully conducted into all the rooms by sedulously opening all the doors, and closing all the passage windows. It was that the slops were emptied into the foot-pans;—it was that the utensils were never properly rinsed;—it was that the chamber crockery was rinsed with dirty water;—it was that the beds were never properly shaken, aired, picked to pieces, or changed. It was that the carpets and curtains were always musty;—it was that the furniture was always dusty;—it was that the papered walls were saturated with dirt;—it was that the floors were never cleaned;—it was that the uninhabited rooms were never sunned, or cleaned, or aired;—it was that the cupboards were always reservoirs of foul air;—it was that the windows were always tight shut up at night;—it was that no window was ever systematically opened, even in the day, or that the right window was not opened. A person gasping for air might open a window for himself. But the servants were not taught to open the windows, to shut the doors; or they opened the windows upon a dank well, between high walls, not upon the airier court; or they opened the room doors into the unaired halls and passages, by way of airing the rooms. Now all this is not fancy, but fact. In that handsome house I have known in one summer three cases of hospital pyæmia, one of phlebitis, two of consumptive cough: all the *immediate* products of foul air. When, in temperate climates, a house is more unhealthy in summer than in winter, it is a certain sign of something wrong. Yet nobody learns the lesson. Yes, God always justifies His ways. He is teaching while you are not learning. This poor body loses his finger, that one loses his life. And all from the most easily preventible causes.

'The houses of the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of this generation, at least the country houses, with front door and back door always standing open, winter and summer, and a thorough draught always blowing through—with all the scrubbing and cleaning and polishing and scouring which used to go on, the grandmothers, and still more the great-grandmothers, always out of doors, and never with a bonnet on except to go to church, these things entirely account for the fact so often seen of a great-grandmother who was a tower of physical vigour descending into a grandmother perhaps a little less vigorous but still sound as a bell and healthy to the core, into a mother languid and confined to her carriage and house, and lastly into a daughter confined to her bed. For, remember, even with a general decrease of mortality you may often find a race thus degenerating, and still oftener a family. You may see poor little feeble washed-out rags, children of a noble stock, suffering morally and physically, throughout their useless, degenerate lives, and yet people who are going to marry, and to bring more such into the world, will consult nothing but their own convenience as to where they are to live, or how they are to live.' —*Ibid.* pp. 17—19.

This is good forcible writing, though of the sternest sort: but

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there is that in Cleanliness which makes its more distinguished professors—from the housewife, with her immaculate hearthstone and polished cupboards, to the inspired priestess of its mysteries—formidable, and not to be approached without propitiatory rites, which for our part we are willing to offer to every votary, so sincerely do we believe that external cleanliness is a type and a sign of that which is within. Miss Nightingale's experience has been of a sort to teach her its value as a power, to endow her with a faith in its sublime efficacy as a cure of the physical evils of humanity, to constitute her its poet and apostle. We see the actuating motive in her case was not only tenderness and pity for human suffering, not only a vocation to give herself up to healing and relief, but a love of purity, and a sense of antagonism and mortal defiance to dirt and physical degradation. Like some knight of old, and in the same spirit, she assailed the dragon of filth and contamination in his strongest holds, and came off the stainless conqueror. While war was slaying his thousands, this monster destroyed his ten thousands in our camps and hospitals, till she came with the resolution to do or die, as she would say:

> 'Here comes my mortal enemy,
> And either he must fall in fight, or I.'

And the monster was subdued, and his Augean stable cleansed. Some people, having lived for two years in the hospitals of Scutari and Balaclava, would think every other scene pure by comparison; but this is not the temper of the real observer. She, watching the long agony of our army, dying at the rate of three hundred per cent. per annum, traced the horrible mortality to its causes, and reasoned with herself that wherever the causes exist in any degree there must be needless mortality. Disgust died within her in the scientific investigation; things the most revolting were measured by their powers of doing mischief to man; and the dead horse and six dead dogs which she counted at one time under a single ward-window at Scutari, simply gave a forcible lesson on the evil of all organic matter in a state of decay: that is, she learnt to realize the poison that lurks in every form of corruption, not to see its especial malignity in these repulsive forms. Thus, a spirit of the nicest, exactest, most fastidious cleanliness rose out of the contemplation of these opposites. Every grain of dust, every speck of 'organic matter' brought in from the street by our boots, is regarded as an element of infection, as an atom of that monstrous evil by which she had seen men die by thousands; and the lady who has lived years in contending with these unspeakable horrors is the one to instruct our housemaids in the art of dusting, as though our health depended on her efficiency. In these pernicious atoms,

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in stagnant air, or air loaded with emanations which ventilation could remove and cleanliness prevent, lie all she will acknowledge of infection. All the mysteriousness of this subject is rejected by her as superstition, as too often a cruel superstition leading to selfishness in the 'well' and neglect of the sick. 'True nursing,' as she says, 'ignores infection, except to prevent 'it. Cleanliness and fresh air from open windows, with unre-'mitting attention to the patient, are the only defence a true 'nurse either asks or needs.' The argument is that there is no such thing as *inevitable* infection, and no such thing as contagion at all—that both are spectres to be laid before anything effectual can be done. She ridicules the notion of 'catching' complaints, it is only like causes producing like results.

'The idea of "contagion," as explaining the spread of disease, appears to have been adopted at a time when, from the neglect of sanitary arrangements, epidemics attacked whole masses of people, and when men had ceased to consider that nature had any laws for her guidance. Beginning with the poets and historians, the word finally made its way into medical nomenclature, where it has remained ever since, affording to certain classes of minds, chiefly in the southern and less educated parts of Europe, a satisfactory explanation for pestilence and an adequate excuse for non-exertion to prevent its recurrence.'—*Notes on Hospitals*, pp. 5, 6.

She believes vicious air generates distinct diseases.

'I was brought up, both by scientific men and ignorant women, distinctly to believe that small-pox, for instance, was a thing of which there was once a first specimen in the world, which went on propagating itself, in a perpetual chain of descent, just as much as that there was a first dog (or a first pair of dogs), and that small-pox would not begin itself any more than a new dog would begin without there having been a parent dog.

'Since then I have seen with my eyes and smelt with my nose small-pox growing up in first specimens, either in close rooms or in overcrowded wards, where it could not by any possibility have been "caught," but must have begun.

'Nay, more, I have seen diseases begin, grow up, and pass into one another. Now dogs do not pass into cats.

'I have seen, for instance, with a little overcrowding, continued fever grow up; and with a little more, typhoid fever; and with a little more, typhus, and all in the same ward or hut.'—*Notes on Nursing*, p. 19.

We are not here entering upon the question on which all sides and all opinions have so much to say for themselves, but Miss Nightingale's fearless temper, large experience, and extraordinary keenness of observation make her an important witness on the question. Practically we all believe that where most attention is paid to sanitary laws, there we shall hear least of either contagion or infection, and that they are bugbears which constantly stand between charity and its object.

The value of Miss Nightingale's 'Notes' is not confined to the sick room, nor to nursing in its more extended sense, for nursing

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proper does not fall into the way of the majority of her readers. Though avowedly technical and professional, though confining herself strictly to the matter in hand, and divesting her subject of all sentimental aids, there is yet such point, spirit, originality, and good sense, enhanced not seldom by a touch of grim humour, in her pages, that her work is a thoroughly entertaining one. No one can take up 'Notes on Nursing,' or even the more formal 'Notes on Hospitals,' without feeling an influence, having his thoughts vividly turned in a new channel, and being led on from topic to topic with a conscious extension of information, which at the time at least he intends to put to some practical use. All who visit the poor—and no one who has the time and opportunity is exempt from the duty—will benefit by having her rules imprinted on their mind; of course we have all of us known much of it before, but cause and effect are brought closer together by her way of putting it—she tells us what 'her eyes have seen and her nose has smelt,' and what came of it all. She arms us with an authority, with a *name* which the poorest and the most ignorant know and love. She puts our convictions into maxims which can be repeated, and which may give force to our feebler remonstrances.

'Once ensure that the air of a house is stagnant, illness is 'sure to follow.' Every one's own experience must verify this; and yet how hopeless the task seems of convincing the poor of it. It is one of the things they will not believe, or believe it only as men believe the Bible, without acting on it. Houses built back to back, without the possibility of a thorough draught, can always get and *keep* tenants; of course one reason of this is the rent always a little behindhand—and the rent of unhealthy houses never is paid up; for living in an unwholesome atmosphere entails a running expense in loss of time, and in extra food and fuel. But it is not only the rent: time generates a certain dull attachment to a locality with nothing to recommend it, and though associated with constant suffering, headache, sickness, languor, slow fever, obstinate sores. Perhaps even because people have suffered all these, painful memories fasten them year by year closer to the old haunts, till there is a gloomy satisfaction in counting up the funerals which have left the threshold—the one only exit and entrance—each one leaving behind a new tie to the fatal spot. Or perhaps the father of the family, out all day in the fresh air, naturally robust, and living better than his children, keeps tolerably strong, and it is hard to persuade him that where he can eat, and drink, and sleep very much to his satisfaction, there should lurk a poison by which his children languish, droop, and die; for how few unless very plainly dealt with can get

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much beyond their own experience in matters of health; what suits them, what agrees with them, is with most, too many at least, the rule for those under their control.

In 'good times' it is this matter of fresh air, of well-ventilated houses, which makes the difference of health between rich and poor. In other respects the youth of the poor have often the advantage over the rich: it contributes to health to rise every morning with something definite to do, and to feel every evening that it has been done: they are exempt from the whole class of nervous, listless ailments. But as a fact, with greater physical strength, they suffer more—they have more uneasiness, more aches and pains, more constant sensation. In towns this can be most easily tested on women and children; for if children are the most delicate test, young women are the next. We are not disposed to attribute this inequality at all mainly to the particular labour of manufactories, constant care is taken with the ventilation of a creditable mill—there is continual change of air, too warm perhaps, but not impure. We believe it is far healthier for the women of the class we speak of, to work in a manufactory than to be employed in any other occupation except domestic service. Sitting day after day in a small, ill-aired room, is in the long run death to the average of constitutions, as returning from work to the close house and stifling bedroom causes constant suffering to the more delicate members of each family, which no one will realize enough to take any effectual steps to prevent. And perhaps the mill is at fault here in tendering the skin, and so exciting a prejudice against open windows. Take a party of these young people for an evening into your drawing-room, and you will find them chilled and shivering in an air abundantly warm to the usual occupants.

Another and perhaps less acknowledged requirement for the preservation of health, on which Miss Nightingale insists, and which the district visitor, as well as all who are in any way concerned with the dwellings of the poor, would do well to enforce, is the necessity of light to health and vigour. She would flood houses, schools, hospitals, workhouses, with light and sunshine. Both are indispensable to health, growth, and vigour, both are craved after in sickness, and are amongst her best remedies. On this point, Miss Nightingale grounds her opinion on her own observation, and is not afraid to trust herself in opposition to some fashionable members of the faculty.

'Now let us see how light is treated by some popular physicians and ignorant nurses. In nine cases out of ten, a physician will draw down the window-blinds, and half shut the shutters, while an ignorant nurse will probably shut the remainder of the shutters—especially if it be a bright day—and draw the bed-curtains. We have the positive testimony of a

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well-known London physician, given in his report to the Netley committee, that whenever he enters a sick-room, he takes care that the bed shall be so placed that the patient shall be turned away from the light. After this, we cannot blame army medical officers for not knowing much about the matter. An acquaintance of ours one day passing a barrack, saw the windows on the sunny side boarded up in a fashion peculiar to prisons and penitentiaries. He said to a friend who accompanied him, "I was not aware that you had a penitentiary in this neighbourhood." "Oh!" said he, "it is not a penitentiary—it is a military hospital. There is a great horror of light on the part of certain army medical men. I suppose," he added, "the medical officers are afraid the light will alter the shape of the men." Not a few civil surgeons, also, treat light as if it were an enemy.

'In the teeth of all these popular fallacies, we assert that every sick ward should be capable of being flooded by sunlight; and consequently, that the windows should bear a large proportion to the wall-space in all hospitals. Experience appears to prove that window-space should not be in a much less proportion to wall-space of an hospital than one to two.'—*Notes on Hospitals*, p. 100.

In defiance of nurses and doctors, she says:—

'It is the unqualified result of all my experience with the sick, that second only to their need of fresh air is their need of light; that, after a close room, what hurts them most is a dark room. And that it is not only light, but direct sun-light they want. I had rather have the power of carrying my patient about after the sun, according to the aspect of the rooms, if circumstances permit, than let him linger in a room when the sun is off. People think the effect is upon the spirits only. This is by no means the case. The sun is not only a painter, but a sculptor. You admit that he does the photograph. Without going into any scientific exposition, we must admit that light has quite as real and tangible effects upon the human body. But this is not all. Who has not observed the purifying effect of light, and especially of direct sun-light, upon the air of a room? Here is an observation within everybody's experience. Go into a room where the shutters are always shut (in a sick-room or a bed-room there should never be shutters shut), and though the room be uninhabited, though the air has never been polluted by the breathing of human beings, you will observe a close, musty smell of corrupt air, of air, *i. e.* unpurified by the effect of the sun's rays. The mustiness of dark rooms and corners, indeed, is proverbial. The cheerfulness of a room, the usefulness of light in treating disease, is all-important.'—*Notes on Nursing*, pp. 47, 48.

It is her observation that patients turn to the light. We believe that experiences would differ in this respect; at least individual invalids do; but here is hers:—

'It is a curious thing to observe how almost all patients lie with their faces turned to the light, exactly as plants always make their way towards the light; a patient will even complain that it gives him pain "lying on that side." "Then why *do* you lie on that side?" He does not know,—but we do. It is because it is the side towards the window. A fashionable physician has recently published in a Government report that he always turns his patients' faces from the light. Yes, but Nature is stronger than fashionable physicians, and depend upon it she turns the faces back and *towards* such light as she can get. Walk through the wards of a hospital, remember the bedsides of private patients you have seen, and count how many sick you ever saw lying with their faces towards the wall.'—*Ibid.* p. 49.

Miss Nightingale, though a reformer, not to say a discoverer, in

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her own branch of science, is no contemner of the wisdom of our ancestors. The epithets *good* and *old-fashioned* not unseldom meet together. She has an antipathy to modern warming expedients, nothing but open fireplaces satisfy her notions of pure air and a refreshing atmosphere.

'Our grandfathers' lofty fireplaces are the greatest loss in modern house architecture. The little low fireplaces of this date bring the best current of air below the stratum in which we are breathing. With our system, to breathe the best air we must not be more than six years old, or we must lie down.'—*Notes on Hospitals*, p. 64.

Then our grandmothers and great-grandmothers were not so afraid of a current of air, and, she says, set the front and back doors of their country houses open winter and summer to secure this essential. We have allusions in more modern times to the good 'old-fashioned hospital sister' as securing the utmost perfection of surgical nursing; and it is clear that the housemaid of our own day has not her confidence, though this is to be attributed to the neglect of modern fine ladies to the duty of vigilant supervision of every hole and corner of their houses. Until they do this, until the more active of her sex fulfil, with a minuteness which modern habits do not encourage, the old-fashioned expectations from them, she is not disposed to find employment for what she has seen described as 'woman's particular worth and general missionariness.'

She even suspects that the faculty of observing, without which a nurse is nothing, is on the decline, and evidently considers that the enthusiasm of our own time is a poor equivalent for the education in this faculty, which has hitherto been deemed essential.

'It seems a commonly received idea among men and even among women themselves that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse.

'This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was "past keeping the pigs."

'Apply the above receipt for making a good nurse to making a good servant. And the receipt will be found to fail.

'Yet popular novelists of recent days have invented ladies disappointed in love or fresh out of the drawing-room turning into the war-hospitals to find their wounded lovers, and when found, forthwith abandoning their sick-ward for their lover, as might be expected. Yet in the estimation of the authors, these ladies were none the worse for that, but on the contrary were heroines of nursing.

'What cruel mistakes are sometimes made by benevolent men and women in matters of business about which they can know nothing and think they know a great deal.

'The everyday management of a large ward, let alone of a hospital—the knowing what are the laws of life and death for men, and what the laws of health for wards—(and wards are healthy or unhealthy, mainly according to the knowledge or ignorance of the nurse)—are not these matters of

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sufficient importance and difficulty to require learning by experience and careful inquiry, just as much as any other art? They do not come by inspiration to the lady disappointed in love, nor to the poor workhouse drudge hard up for a livelihood.

'And terrible is the injury which has followed to the sick from such wild notions!'—*Notes on Nursing*, p. 75.

It is this faculty of observation on which, after a fitting training, she rests all a nurse's value. After having learnt the theory of ventilation, and warming, and the art of invalid cookery, which with Miss Nightingale is a most important one, there follows the demand for a constant watchfulness in their application, a sleepless vigilance, in securing the patient from any remission of care, so that every want should be anticipated, every change noted. Such a nurse as Miss Nightingale pictures is a sort of minor and second providence—so strong, so compassionate, so quick-sighted, so far-seeing. We suppose that no office or duty that man finds to do, but in its definition implies every natural and Christian grace; but after reading these 'Notes' we are quite ready to acquiesce in Miss Nightingale's dictum, that the loss of a well-trained nurse is a greater loss to the nation than that of a good soldier. Money 'cannot replace 'either, but a good nurse is more difficult to find than a good 'soldier.' We learn that a good nurse implies heart and head at the full stretch of their powers, an exact balance of reason and feeling, unselfishness without reckless self-sacrifice. It implies warm tempered sympathy, cool discretion, senses always alive and at work, and yet content to forego their natural indulgence,—working, that is, in the service of others, not of self;—a vigorous intellect taxing its powers for the benefit of its charge, yet without a chance of display, and submitting to mean and uncongenial employments; a sense of individual responsibility, with an entire freedom from jealousy; a perpetual exercise of authority, with habits of implicit obedience and acquiescence in a subordinate place; moral courage to stand out against the world, regulated by a temperate common sense, content to occupy itself on what seem trifles. Miss Nightingale never says so, and uniformly shows profound respect for the medical faculty; but we cannot read her book without being persuaded that good nursing involves at least three parts out of four of the art of healing. Her requirements are so high that we cannot help sometimes thinking her a little severe on those who fall short of them; but it is well to have a high standard, and every woman reading these principles and instructions, must feel that the one undisputed sphere for her energies, the scene where all the world allows her to be paramount and important, gains in dignity and elevation under such handling—that here is an employment, which, whenever it falls

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to her lot, will leave none of her gifts unemployed, but will quicken and invigorate them all. The portrait of the professional nurse embodies the indispensable qualities needed for her calling.

'And remember, every nurse should be one who is to be depended upon, in other words, capable of being a "confidential" nurse. She does not know how soon she may find herself placed in such a situation; she must be no gossip, no vain talker; she should never answer questions about her sick except to those who have a right to ask them; she must, I need not say, be strictly sober and honest; but more than this, she must be a religious and devoted woman; she must have a respect for her own calling, because God's precious gift of life is often literally placed in her hands; she must be a sound, and close, and quick observer; and she must be a woman of delicate and decent feeling.'—*Ibid.* pp. 70, 71.

We are glad to find one testimony to human nature in the midst of all Miss Nightingale's strictures on human folly; she gives it as her opinion, which is backed by our own, that 'wilful unkindness to the sick is rare;' this is something after the nurses which the pages of fiction have given us, though carelessness and stupidity may effect all the mischief of unkindness. Here again her remarks are calculated to affect the general tone of feeling towards the sick. As we have already said, all people either have known sickness or may expect to know it. If, therefore, we are scolded when we are well, it is some comfort that we find ourselves understood, justified, defended, when we are ill. Here is a reconcilement of our fancies and 'nervous whims,' with the needs of our physical nature under abnormal conditions. It is proved that pleasant things are often necessary things. We have an advocate not only with the world but with ourselves. We have it explained to us why tiresome, ignorant people irritate us—it is because they are literally destroying us; why blundering kindness excites no gratitude—it is because it not only enhances our present sufferings more than we were aware, but retards our return to health. She pleads for the sick with a sort of concentrated charity; so stern to the rest of the world, her indulgence here is unbounded: she wonders at their forbearance, at their patience, at their submission; it is the tenderness of the mother for her child, and for much the same reasons, for sickness reduces us to the condition of infancy, and we are as dependent on our nurse as the infant on its mother. The real patient towards whom her heart yearns is precisely in that helpless stage, needing an interpreter and defender; too prostrate to look after his own interests, and letting all go by default, too languid to observe, too shy to talk of his ailments. Even when he is fretful, we are not allowed to judge him.

'I think it is a very common error among the well to think that "with a little more self-control" the sick might, if they choose "dismiss painful

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thoughts" which "aggravate their disease," &c. Believe me, almost *any* sick person, who behaves decently well, exercises more self-control every moment of his day than you will ever know till you are sick yourself. Almost every step that crosses his room is painful to him; almost every thought that crosses his brain is painful to him; and if he can speak without being savage, and look without being unpleasant, he is exercising self-control.'—*Ibid.* p. 35.

If he is fastidious and fanciful, he has good grounds; ten to one his attendants creak, and rustle, and fidget, and wear crinoline.

'All doctrines about mysterious affinities and aversions will be found to resolve themselves very much, if not entirely, into presence or absence of care in these things.

'A nurse who rustles (I am speaking of nurses professional and unprofessional) is the horror of a patient, though perhaps he does not know why.

'The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines in the world will do him good.'—*Ibid.* p. 27.

And then follows this general remark on modern female costume:—

'The noiseless step of woman, the noiseless drapery of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do not throw down some piece of furniture) will at least brush against every article in the room as she moves.'—*Ibid.* p. 27.

If invalids are charged, as they often are, with making the worst of themselves to excite a sensation, or unmerited compassion, she accounts for suspicious appearances, and turns these into a charge against their accusers; for if people will be so inconsiderate as to tax excessive languor when it most needs consideration, of course the patient will from instinct, and in perfect innocence, do things on the sly. Her sympathy with her patients on the question of noise will excite the gratitude of many an irritable though supposed healthy subject. What noises are tolerable and what intolerable are detailed with a sensitive consciousness, and we perceive that the intolerable noises all resolve themselves into want of tact or consideration; they proceed in almost every instance from causes which a wise nurse, who knows what it is to be in charge, could and would have prevented.

'Why you should let your patient ever be surprised, except by thieves, I do not know.' The nurse is a sentry at her post, guarding the poor patient's 'flurry and nervousness' from needless shocks. What is she for but to spare him every necessity for thought, every avoidable effort, to protect him from every source of irritation? The noise that hurts him, we are told, is that which creates expectation. Whispering in his presence or outside his door, or an ostentatious stealthiness of movement, will do him more harm than building operations next door that

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in no degree concern himself. We have observed ourselves, that people often act as if sickness changed the nature and all the mind's habits. When people are well we never carry on a conversation about them in their presence; when they are ill, and probably full of vague fears about themselves, it is common to carry on a whispered talk in their presence, too low to be heard, too high to escape notice. There is a common delusion that sickness restores men to the unconscious state of infants, who, so long as we do not assault the senses, are indifferent to our treatment of them.

Bearing on this subject is rather a remarkable warning against 'interruptions.' Acute sympathy, and probably a natural delicacy of organization, has given this form of disturbance a substance and body to our authoress. Here is the pathology of interruption:—

'This brings us to another caution. Never speak to an invalid from behind, nor from the door, nor from any distance from him, nor when he is doing anything.

'The official politeness of servants in these things is so grateful to invalids, that many prefer, without knowing why, having none but servants about them.

'These things are not fancy. If we consider that, withsick as with well, every thought decomposes some nervous matter,—that decomposition as well as re-composition of nervous matter is always going on, and more quickly with the sick than with the well,—that, to obtrude abruptly another thought upon the brain while it is in the act of destroying nervous matter by thinking, is calling upon it to make a new exertion,—if we consider these things, which are facts, not fancies, we shall remember that we are doing positive injury by interrupting, by "startling a fanciful" person, as it is called. Alas! it is no fancy.'—*Ibid.* p. 28.

And further we find—

'This rule, indeed, applies to the well quite as much as to the sick. I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last. The process with them may be accomplished without pain. With the sick, pain gives warning of the injury.'—*Ibid.* p. 29.

It becomes important to know what it is that constitutes 'interruption' of this dangerous nature, which we are all liable to as much as the sick. Most of us are subject to sudden breaks upon our train of thought; sudden compulsory changes of ideas, compulsory detention of the mind from its habitual mode of working. Collisions with uncongenial minds are of this character. The 'bore' is the acknowledged inflictor of this torture; he takes possession of our mind, and compels it to a writhing and unwilling attention. An impatience under the infliction meets here with a moral justification. The dull plodding talker, intent upon his own views, his own experiences, his own good deeds, who fascinates us with his eye, and forbids the mind to creep

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back to the desired reverie; the restless spirit that surrounds itself with a whirl, and draws us against our will into the vortex, so that we are afflicted with a nostalgia for rest and quietness, some breathing-place for repose of spirit—these, it seems, are inflicting a positive injury—they would kill us if they had their will on us. They are destroying our nervous matter; we can't make fresh fast enough for the enormous, cruel demand. People who are patient under these trials, who listen, who endure, who excite our admiration, perhaps our gratitude, by bearing our burden, are surely making a mistake. Are they muddling away their intellect? We think the question demands careful handling, or selfishness may find its profit in the doctrine. Nevertheless there are people who justify the theory, who suffer in a visible bodily way from these aggressions, and they often the most earnest thinkers, persons capable of devoting their lives to one pursuit, possessing extraordinary powers of maintaining one train of thought, and victims in a corresponding degree to any sudden or violent detention from it. Miss Nightingale speaks no doubt what she has felt, as well as what she has observed.

Her rules would reform society in many similar points. 'To 'possess yourself entirely will ensure you from either failing— 'either loitering or hurrying.' 'People who think outside their 'heads, the whole process of whose thoughts appears, like 'Homer's, in the act of secretion, who tell everything that led 'them towards this conclusion and away from that, ought never 'to be with the sick.'

But nowhere, we think, do 'the well'—humanity in careless, reckless vigour—receive such a snub as in the chapter on chattering hopes and fears. Every person in strong health, full of business and engagements, whose duty or feeling leads him to visit the sick, must know the difficulty of the task; the difficulty, the too frequently unavailing effort, it costs him to place himself at once in a state of sympathy with the sufferer. Passing from the noise of streets, the stir of interests, the tumult of pleasure and business, into the silence, the monotony, the anchorite seclusion of the sick-room, the change is too great, the circumstances too unfamiliar for him to adapt himself to them on the spot. We often feel for the young curate, who perhaps scarcely knows what pain is, who never stood by the bed of sickness or looked on death, when he first finds himself face to face with these terrors, and is expected to do something to alleviate them. All people who visit the poor in illness are in the same position, till either a sympathy is created which dictates the right course of action, or habit supplies a formula; but till then how hard to know what to say, how hard to put themselves in the patient's situation, how impossible to know what

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is the aspect of things to him. We are ashamed of the contrast of our sunshine and his gloom; the first blundering impulse with many is to ignore the vast difference of position, and treat it lightly; we are abashed at our prosperity in face of his long pain and blank prospects, we try to think things are better than they seem, we give him the benefit of our wildest hopes and all the extremes of our ignorance, and ten to one we talk nonsense and untruth. This the discerning, watchful nurse, following every thought; whose nerves wince and whose pulse beats with her patient, indignant when his feelings are misunderstood, has noted often and often, and now tells the world of its sins.

'"Chattering Hopes" may seem an odd heading. But I really believe there is scarcely a greater worry which invalids have to endure than the incurable hopes of their friends. There is no one practice against which I can speak more strongly from actual personal experience, wide and long, of its effects during sickness observed both upon others and upon myself. I would appeal most seriously to all friends, visitors, and attendants of the sick to leave off this practice of attempting to "cheer" the sick by making light of their danger and by exaggerating their probabilities of recovery.'—*Ibid.* p. 54.

No doubt on the near approach of death it must seem frivolous to the sick man to hear his friends talk of recovery; but in less imminent states we cannot quite believe that sickness so alters the whole man that those who enjoyed a little triviality in health are reformed to the extent of desiring only reason and good sense when their constitution is disordered.

It is impossible, however, not to feel a twinge of consciousness at some of her examples of impertinent thoughtlessness in the guise of cheerful encouragement; though the following appeals more to the experience than the conscience of the sober reader. This is really the way some people 'chatter.'

'I have heard a doctor condemned whose patient did not, alas! recover, because another doctor's patient of a *different* sex, of a *different* age, recovered from a *different* disease, in a *different* place. Yes, this is really true. If people who make these comparisons did but know (only they do not care to know) the care and preciseness with which such comparisons require to be made (and are made), in order to be of any value whatever, they would spare their tongues.'—*Ibid.* p. 55.

It is all the result of a wilful ignorance of the true state of things, that will not allow there is danger because it is an embarrassing subject to enter upon. Miss Nightingale's experience is that the sick know their own danger oftener than their friends suppose, who overwhelm them with a false strain of hope and consolation. Many people are said to die unexpectedly, when it is only that those nearest do not observe; 'there was 'every reason to expect he would die, and he knew it; but he

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'found it useless to insist upon his own knowledge to his 'friends.'

Her experience has led Miss Nightingale to take a low view of the veracity of mankind. No person can take less for granted anything that she hears or reads. Witness her estimate of the popular science of biography, which she deliberately classes amongst 'fictions.' In speaking of the degree in which persons attacked with acute disease think of death—

'In these remarks I am alluding neither to acute cases which terminate rapidly nor to "nervous" cases.

'By the first much interest in their own danger is very rarely felt. In writings of fiction, whether novels or biographies, these death-beds are generally depicted as almost seraphic in lucidity of intelligence. Sadly large has been my experience in death-beds, and I can only say that I have seldom or never seen such. Indifference, excepting with regard to bodily suffering, or to some duty the dying man desires to perform, is the far more usual state.'—*Ibid.* p. 56.

No doubt there is a tendency not alone to exaggerate, but also to report only the favourable side in biography: but the class whose lives are written are assumed to be superior in mind and character to others. Their case is exceptional, and their conduct exceptional; and Miss Nightingale's public experience may not have led her to such cases. In long chronic cases of suffering she speaks feelingly of the calm preparation for death, while her soul revolts at the frivolities to which these elect spirits are subject—

'To me these commonplaces, leaving their smear upon the cheerful, single-hearted, constant devotion to duty, which is so often seen in the decline of such sufferers, recall the slimy trail left by the snail on the sunny southern garden-wall loaded with fruit.'—*Ibid.* p. 57.

Perhaps disgust indulges in too forcible a simile in designating inane consolations as a smear. A nervous or timid person, after reading these pungent comments in the ordinary tone of visitors to the sick, will be slow to open his mouth in the presence of his sick friend. We accept the rule, however, not to talk to an invalid of his complaints unless we can relieve them. Miss Nightingale's opinion is that the really ill do not talk of themselves. Perhaps our own small means of observation hardly support this. After telling us what we are not to say—what subjects are to be avoided—it is important to learn what are suitable topics; and a large didactic sphere lies open, free so far from the ban, into which people might enter in sheer desperation. But, somehow, Miss Nightingale does not advise 'preaching' as the resource of the whole world under the difficulty. She does not say to the chance visitor, Try to do him good, but, Try to amuse him, to divert his mind from that wearisome subject—self. Regular practice in each profession is in

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accordance with the order of her nature; as every caller is not to constitute himself physician, neither need he intrude on the chaplain's office. But tell the patient something pleasant that is going on in the world from which he is shut out; tell him something that will make the heart glow; tell him of love and courtship if likely to prosper; tell him the good people are doing; 'tell him of one benevolent act which has really succeeded 'practically—it is like a day's health to him.'

'Do observe these things with the sick. Do remember how their life is to them disappointed and incomplete. You see them lying there with miserable disappointments, from which they can have no escape but death, and you can't remember to tell them of what would give them so much pleasure, or at least an hour's variety.

'They don't want you to be lachrymose and whining with them, they like you to be fresh and active and interested, but they cannot bear absence of mind, and they are so tired of the advice and preaching they receive from everybody, no matter who it is, they see.'—*Ibid.* p. 58.

Perhaps one boon to the sick, out of the many in this little work, is the removal of the taboo from their near neighbourhood. You may indeed do *them* harm by injudicious treatment, but the sick, well cared for, are safe. With a waving current of fresh air even our children get no harm. The baby is often the best companion for the invalid; or, if you think 'the air of the sick 'room bad for the baby, why it is bad for the invalid too, and, 'therefore, you will of course correct it for both.' Indulgent to the sick of all classes, full of the tenderest compassion to poor and helpless suffering, whether the patient in the ward or the soldier in the barrack hospital; loving to children and to dumb animals; all this sympathy changes to keen satire whenever our authoress turns to the healthy who do not need her aid and who frustrate her plans. With 'the well,' we think there is a want of sympathy. She expects from people in general a degree of knowledge, a quickness of perception, an accuracy of language which is really out of the question, and which if adopted would certainly not guarantee a corresponding accuracy of thought. A certain latitude of phraseology we maintain to be necessary to freedom of intercourse. We really take our stand in defence of the ordinary inquirer, when it is gravely stated 'that there is 'no more silly question asked concerning the sick than the uni-'versal one, "Is he better?"' Universal instincts, universal forms of expression, are not silly, they are the best suited to our nature. How in the world are we to know what we want to know? How is the unavoidably ignorant to inquire of the better informed, except by a vague and general formula?

'What you want are facts, not opinions—for who can have any opinion of any value as to whether the patient is better or worse, excepting the constant medical attendant, or the really observing nurse?'—*Ibid.* p. 59.

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Now, to this we demur. We do not want, primarily, facts from which, perhaps, being ignorant of medicine, we could infer nothing; but we do want the opinion of the person we address, or, through him, of some other person. Whenever we meet with this desire for bare facts, it argues mistrust, often undue mistrust, of others. It is our experience that those who betray this jealousy for facts, and facts only, stupefy those who come in close direct contact with them. We cannot be our most rational with persons who despise our reasoning powers—they, in a manner, reduce sensitive minds to the level at which they fix them. They never, therefore, see people at their best. Passages like this incline us now and then to sympathise with the assumed imbecility so keenly exposed in these pages. There may now and then have been wanting the power to elicit the best sense of others. The nurse questioned in a new way may have lost her presence of mind and not shown herself to advantage. When the poor woman is an oracle, amid respectful, deferential listeners, her 'opinions' may be worth hearing, that is, she may be guided by facts in the formation of them without having the grounds of them in her fingers' ends. The nurse who habitually replied to our inane question, 'Is he better?' in the form dictated here as the only sensible one in the present state of knowledge about sickness—

'"How can I know? I cannot tell how he was when I was not with him,"'

would be an unpopular character, and justly so; her reason would have too entirely the reins; her intellect generally would not have its proper exercise. We want *impressions*—while fully aware that they may be fallacious. We desire to know the influence of a state of things on the mind most open to them. We learn to make the necessary allowances. We cannot but think that if on Miss Nightingale's system we get truth of *form*, truth of tone and colour, half that makes truth valuable is lost. With these general remarks, which perhaps bear more on a particular turn of mind in others than on its effect on her own peculiar ground, we must say that there is much force and accuracy of observation in her statement of the difficulty of getting at the exact truth. Her experience is no doubt large and various, and it has taught her, as we see, never to believe anything but facts in their baldest form. She has had to do not with deliberate falsehood, but with lies told in good faith, which are the fruit of want of observation—a want which she attributes, indiscriminately, to all classes, and which she classifies with the following subtle distinction:—

'It is a much more difficult thing to speak the truth than people com-

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monly imagine. There is the want of observation *simple*, and the want of observation *compound*, compounded, that is, with the imaginative faculty. Both may equally intend to speak the truth. The information of the first is simply defective. That of the second is much more dangerous. The first gives, in answer to a question asked about a thing that has been before his eyes perhaps for years, information exceedingly imperfect, or says, he does not know. He has never observed. And people simply think him stupid.

'The second has observed just as little, but imagination immediately steps in, and he describes the whole thing from imagination merely, being perfectly convinced all the while that he has seen or heard it; or he will repeat a whole conversation, as if it were information which had been addressed to him; whereas it is merely what he has himself said to somebody else. This is the commonest of all. These people do not even observe that they have *not* observed, nor remember that they have forgotten. * * * * I have heard thirteen persons "concur" in declaring that a fourteenth, who had never left his bed, went to a distant chapel every morning at seven o'clock.

'I have heard persons in perfect good faith declare, that a man came to dine every day at the house where they lived, who had never dined there once; that a person had never taken the sacrament, by whose side they had twice at least knelt at Communion; that but one meal a day came out of a hospital kitchen, which for six weeks they had seen provide from three to five and six meals a day. Such instances might be multiplied *ad infinitum* if necessary.'—*Ibid.* p. 60.

To counteract this universal tendency to fill up by fancy what the eyes have failed to see, she gives rules. 'Lies intentional 'or unintentional are much seldomer told in answer to precise 'than to leading questions.' And as an instance of the precise form, she quotes with approbation the practice of a very clever physician of her acquaintance, who invariably began his examination of patients with 'Put your finger where you be bad.'

'That man would never waste his time with collecting inaccurate information from nurse or patient. Leading questions always collect inaccurate information. * * * * *

'I had rather not say how many instances I have known, where, owing to this system of leading questions, the patient has died, and the attendants have been actually unaware of the principal feature of the case.'—*Ibid.* pp. 61, 62.

Again strengthening her argument on the vital importance of close observation by enumerating the four neglects in the matter of food alone,

'any one of which will produce the same result, viz. the patient slowly starving to death from want of nutrition.'—*Ibid.* p. 62.

We cannot wonder, with such instances before her, that her advice to the woman who cannot by any means acquire observation, is that she had best give up being a nurse altogether; it is not her calling. But we are glad to find that she considers it a thing to *be* acquired; even those to whom it comes least naturally sometimes excel the most. In fact, it would seem a moral quality resulting from a due sense of responsibility.

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The singular acuteness of this quality in Miss Nightingale herself, which has given her judgment a national importance, makes the results of her own experience of paramount value. After having studied the science and practised the art of nursing wherever they are to be learnt,[1] her conclusion is, that the Anglo-Saxon woman is capable of being made the best and most observant nurse in the world, though in her untaught state peculiarly deficient in the quality; *i.e.* 'English women have great capacity of, but little practice in, close observation.' The French or Irish woman is too quick of perception to be so sound an observer. The Teuton is too slow to be so ready an observer as the English woman might be; and again, she

'honestly believes that it is impossible to learn it from any book, and, that it can only be thoroughly learnt in the wards of a hospital; and she also honestly believes that the perfection of surgical nursing may be seen practised by the old-fashioned "Sister" of a London hospital, as it can be seen nowhere else in Europe.'—*Ibid.* p. 72.

And in answer to questions by the Royal Commission, relating to points of cleanliness—

'*Can you state why the homes of the poor in the country are kept comparatively clean and healthy, on very moderate means?*

'I think that the woman is superior in skill to the man in all points of sanitary domestic economy, and more particularly in cleanliness and tidiness. I think great sanitary civil reformers will always tell us that they look to the woman to carry out practically their hygienic reforms. She has a superior aptitude in *nursing* the well quite as much as in nursing the sick. At the same time, I am bound to say that nothing can be more perfect, at least to outward appearance, than the cleanliness of a ship. But the sailor is a race *à part*.

'*Is it the peculiar skill and industry of the English labourer's wife to which this is referable in the one case, and to the incompetency of men on the other to conduct the domestic economy of a home or an hospital?*

'I think so. I think the Anglo-Saxon would be very sorry to turn women out of his own house, or out of civil hospitals, hotels, institutions of all kinds, and substitute men-housekeepers, and men-matrons. The contrast between even naval hospitals, where there are female nurses, and military hospitals, where there are none, is most striking in point of order and cleanliness.[2]'

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[1] In reply to the opening questions addressed to her by the Royal Commissioner, we read—'"Have you, for several years, devoted attention to the organization of civil and military hospitals?"—"Yes, for thirteen years." "What British and foreign hospitals have you visited?"—"I have visited all the hospitals in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh, many county hospitals, some of the naval and military hospitals in England; all the hospitals in Paris, and studied with the *sœurs de charité*; the Institution of protestant deaconesses at Kaiserswerth, on the Rhine, where I was twice in training as a nurse; the hospitals at Berlin, and many others in Germany, at Lyons, Rome, Alexandria, Constantinople, Brussels; also the war hospitals of the French and Sardinians."'

[2] 'I should perhaps state that there is a great difference, generally speaking, among the women of Great Britain and Ireland in this respect.

'I would put the Anglo-Saxon race in the southern and north-western counties

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At the same time she speaks with bitter strength of the feminine practice of tampering with medicines whose properties they do not understand, against which, till wiser times, she would seem to think homœopathy the only safeguard.

'One eminent physician told me that he had known more calomel given, both at a pinch and for a continuance, by mothers, governesses, and nurses, to children than he had ever heard of a physician prescribing in all his experience. * * * There is nothing ever seen in any professional practice, like the reckless physicking by amateur females.'—*Notes on Nursing*, p. 73.

But this she attributes to that same want of observation which lies at the root of all bad nursing, and therefore holds in the long run to be a curable infirmity.

Of the real question of nursing, of those rules which conduce to health and to the alleviation of disease, full of practical sense as they are, this has not been the place to treat, and for the same reason we have not touched on the main points of 'Notes on Hospitals,' though affording so many conclusive and important facts on hospital construction. The mental aspect of sickness, and the intellectual and moral qualities we ought to bring to its relief, have been our main object of inquiry. Every good book shows the mind of its author; and from these few, but weighty pages, treating of the most matter-of-fact details, with the most rigid adherence to the question in hand, we may gather a distinct perception of the qualities of a very remarkable mind, subjected to a training exceptional from the concentration of all its powers to one great cause. Most self-devotion has some enthusiasm on the face of it, some mental exaltation, colouring the ruling idea, with hues unborrowed from the sun. The motive which has led Miss Nightingale to devote her life and the fulness of her powers to the benefit of her fellow-creatures, amid scenes the most repulsive and dispiriting to common feeling, must be akin to enthusiasm, but it bears none of its characteristics. There are no even implied professions. She evades in her writings, as in her public course of action, every expression calculated to evoke comment on herself, or enthusiasm on her own behalf. Her plan is to treat nursing as a science.

It would seem natural to couple her books with those of some of the other many ladies devoting themselves to good works in our time; but they will not bear such companionship. One or other must suffer in the conjunction. The ordinary feminine style sounds, we must own, flighty in the contrast;

first in point of domestic management; far below these come the Danish race in the eastern counties, and the mixed race in the manufacturing counties; and last, the Irish and Highland Celt.'—*Notes on Hospitals*, pp. 54, 55.

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while the reader not alive to this effect, might consider the cool, pointed, not seldom caustic vein of the heroine of the Crimea deficient in unction, and so retire from the perusal of her pages with a sense of rebuff, however much he may reverence the force of that motive to good and great action which needs no stimulus from excited feeling or public sympathy.

Mr. Barwell, in his useful and interesting Lectures to the pupils of the Working Women's College on the Care of the Sick, containing, as they do, much valuable practical teaching, has, we observe in contrast, felt himself obliged to gild his subject with a little sentiment. He raises attractive images, and invests the duty of nursing with tender romance.

'The happiest face, I think, I ever saw, the heart most filled with gratitude and joy, was once, when a young wife had nursed her husband through a fever, and was first assured of his safety. May you never have occasion for such a nursing!—if you have, may your reward be as great!' —*Care of the Sick*, p. 124.

All this is quite fair because it is true, but perhaps the comparison between the women of our own time, and those of some fifty or a hundred years ago, is hardly as just or reasonable.

'The heroines of Fielding, Richardson, Miss Burney, even of Walter Scott and of Miss Austen, do not appear to have had many ideas beyond needlework and love-making, nor much purpose on earth, but to paint deceptively and to win at cards. Now, on the contrary, Englishwomen are working and seeking work in every direction; there rises from among them a cry for useful employment, for a wider field of activity. The tenderly nurtured lady is now hardly content elegantly to dance, like a dust-mote, through the sunbeam of her life, but strives to increase its brightness; she is desirous to make her time of value, and to be, without losing her influence and station, one of the "working-women" of the world.' —*Ibid.* p. v.

Because these writers did not think nursing and other similar occupations themes for the pen of fiction (though Scott's 'Rebecca' is a flat contradiction of the charge, as far as he is concerned), it argues nothing of what the women of the times they treat of did and thought on such a subject. Women in no period of the world, and especially in Christian times, have been blind to their duty towards the sick. It is the one sphere that has always been appropriated to them; and to assume that the women of our own day are the first that are alive to their responsibilities is a dangerous fallacy. Our despised grandmothers are the very people that Miss Nightingale regrets in the unobtrusive sphere of home. They realized what it was to be in charge. They were true mistresses of their households, guiding and teaching their servants, nursing their children as far as their light went, vigilant, energetic, and conscious of what went on about them. But these qualities were so much assumed as a matter of course,

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that neither they themselves, nor those that write about them, considered this the romantic side of their character the point for the novelist to enlarge on. It was their deportment in the drawing-room, their conduct in society, the charm they threw over it, and the 'love-making' consequent upon it, which was to be delineated. Nobody was indifferent or blind to the other—it was simply assumed. We may seem hypercritical, but we perceive that the most experienced opinion on this question is jealous of fiction taking up nursing as an element of the picturesque, and clearly thinks it bad for romance-writers to keep to those old established grounds of exciting interest, at the risk of our descendants taking for granted the ladies of the nineteenth century trifled their lives away instead of being a distinct race from all the ages that had gone before.

But because the science of health is better understood, women may undoubtedly become better nurses than they have ever been before. The old fallacy that medicine is to do everything, and that with its aid men may be healed anywhere, is being exploded. The doctor ceases to be a magical personage. We can do more for ourselves, and for each other, by a careful study and vigilant following of nature's laws, than all his art can effect without our own intelligent co-operation. We are taught, too, new truths—or old, in a new and impressive way—on the effect of mind upon mind in this paramount question of health: and in learning how the state of our mind and intellect affects the physical well-being of those around us, we acquire a new lesson in self-discipline, a new motive to the full development of our best faculties and powers; while in the mutual relations of the suffering and the healthy, we see fresh examples of the mysterious influence for good or for evil, which we exercise over one another, influences which pass from body to mind, and last through time to eternity.

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ART. VI.—1. *L'Église et l'Empire Romain au Quatrième Siècle.* Par M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE. Première Partie. (2 vols.) Paris. 1856.—Deuxième Partie. (2 vols.) Paris. 1859.

2. *Études Morales et Littéraires.* Par M. ALBERT DE BROGLIE. Paris. 1853.

EVENTS which have occurred within the limits of the three kingdoms, revivalism in Ireland, and the Eucharistic controversy in Scotland, have delayed our notice of the remarkable volumes now before us. We hasten to repair the omission, feeling half ashamed to think that the *Edinburgh Reviewers* should have anticipated us in introducing to the British public a work which they justly characterise as one which must 'take rank in the common literature of Christendom.'

So long as history is confined to the bare statement of events, we feel little interest respecting the writer. It is true that such barren expositions are very rare. As a brilliant Italian, Cesare Balbo, has observed, opinions make themselves evident behind the very dates and commas. Nevertheless, such books do exist. In the case of some mediæval chronicles, we are content to know that the author's view was that of the monastic mind of his age, and we give ourselves but little more trouble respecting his personality. In a compilation like that of the Chronological Tables, published by the late Mr. Talboys, of Oxford, we see that the editor has simply taken on trust the opinion of the most famous historian of each epoch, a Heeren, a Hume, a Gibbon; and, while we are most grateful for the care and research displayed, we are not particularly anxious to know anything more respecting the compiler.

It is far otherwise when the writer impresses himself, so to speak, upon his narrative. Without going so far as a living author, who has said, if we recollect aright, that the first aim of an historian should be to produce a work which will make his readers love him,[1] we may fairly admit the interest which we feel in the life and character of such men as Herodotus, Froissart, Thucydides, Tacitus, Clarendon. We are glad to learn, if possible, something more about them than is supplied by the volumes they have bequeathed to posterity. We wish to know who they were, and what cause impelled them to write.

It is highly probable that these questions may suggest them-

[1] The expression is, we think, that of Cesare Cantu, in his *Storia di Cent' Anni*

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selves to some of our readers, in connexion with the work now under review. We propose to give such reply as we are able, in the hope that it may enhance the interest of M. de Broglie's history.

If any care to maintain, as it may be plausibly maintained, that the deepest impress upon society is made by men from the two extremes of social condition, by the very humbly or the very highly born, the author before us may, perhaps, be placed in one of their two lists. That list will be not the one which contains most of our greatest inventors, and men of science, and physicians—most of our first advocates and judges (at least in Britain); not the one which numbers on its bead-roll such names as those of Cicero, Hildebrand, Wolsey, Adrian IV., Giotto, Luther, Möhler, Shakspeare, Canning, Napoleon, and other self-made men. But the name of Prince Albert de Broglie may, possibly, some day, be ranged in that counter-catalogue, which includes many a great captain by land and sea, many a statesman, many a one whose influence on the course of thought has been no less potent than that of the most famous self-won names; the monarchs who inherited command, the Alfreds and Charlemagnes, and S. Louis's, with Columba, Aquinas, Cimabue, Dante, Dominic, Wesley, Loyola, and others, who, though more or less great by birth, have likewise achieved greatness for themselves.

The family of De Broglie is of Italian origin.[1] But two of the branches, which trace to a common ancestor, Simon de Broglia, who died about A.D. 1394, have long been settled in France. They have had among them bishops and archbishops, and no less than three have borne the much-coveted *bâton* of a marshal of France. For the last three centuries the name has been thoroughly entwined with French history. A De Broglie defended Malta, in 1565, against the attack of the Turkish Sultan, Soliman; another, a general, has his name inscribed on the bronze tablets at Versailles; and even those readers who are content to take their views of the French Revolution from the imperfect, though brilliant, sketches of Mr. Carlyle, may remember that one of his chapters bears the title of 'Broglie, the War-god.'

Few, however, if any, of the family have achieved the amount of distinction gained by the father of our author, the Duc de Broglie. Left fatherless at the age of nine, through the dread stroke of the guillotine, he was in time protected by a step-

[1] A philologist might suspect this from the *gl*, a sound represented in purely French names, by *ll*, as in Bouillon. The older forms of Broglio, or Broglia, are now so Gallicised by the family that the final *ie* is scarcely sounded.

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father, and subsequently by the famous M. de Talleyrand. His studies were eminently calculated to form the future statesman, and, as soon as he was of age, he became a debater in the House of Peers. He took an eager part in the attempt to rescue Ney from death, and was conspicuous in discussions on the freedom of the press. Having supported the revolution of July, 1830, he was appointed by Louis Philippe to the offices of Minister of Public Instruction, and President of the Council of State. A difference with his colleagues induced him to resign within a few months, but, in 1832, he was summoned to the higher post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, an office which, under the constitutional monarchy, was equivalent to the Premiership among ourselves. As minister, he succeeded, *inter alia*, in bringing about a convention between France and Great Britain, on the subject of the slave-trade, thus carrying out in action denunciations against that unhallowed traffic which he had uttered twelve years before. He was, likewise, instrumental in procuring the recognition of the kingdom of Greece; and he proved himself, whether in or out of office (of which he was singularly careless) a firm supporter of civil and religious liberty. His premiership lasted less than two years, but his influence continued to be very great, and was thoroughly recognised abroad,[1] as well as at home. Under the Republic, in 1849, the House of Peers being abolished, he sat as one of the representatives for the department of the Eure.

About this time, if we mistake not, first appeared in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, and other periodicals, certain articles from the pen of the son and heir of the Duc de Broglie, which arrested immediate attention. The minister had, indeed, displayed great ability in the use of his pen, in contributions to the *Revue Française*, on political economy and general philosophy; and his friends may have thought that (as a speaker in Plato's *Timæus* says of Solon) his literary triumphs might have been of the highest rank, if politics had allowed sufficient leisure. But the son had enjoyed an *à priori* claim to the chance of literary distinction, by inheritance on the maternal, as well as the paternal, side. The *Duchesse de Broglie*, who died in 1838, was a daughter of the celebrated Madame de Stael. It is no derogation to the sire to admit the still greater success of the son, so far, at least, as written composition is concerned; and if

[1] The great authority with English tourists, Mr. Murray's red book, thus speaks of the village of Broglie, in Normandy:—'The large and plain *chateau* is the family residence of the Duc de Broglie, ex-minister, and one of the most virtuous, enlightened, and eminent statesmen in France.'—Handbook for France, p. 70. Ed. 1844.

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the election of the senior to the famous Academy be adduced against us, we must point to the success of M. Berryer with the Forty, as proof that the learned body in question has of late had an eye to politics as much as letters.

Whether the profound thought on political questions embodied in many of these articles would have found expression in the Chamber of Deputies, and have raised the son to the political eminence of the father, must, for the present, remain matter of conjecture. On the labours of the rising statesman comes the famous *coup d'état* of the 2d of December, 1851.

> 'And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
> Shakes all our buds from growing.

From that time both father and son have retired into private life.

It is not necessary for us at present to discuss the question, whether a constitutional monarchy was, or was not, fitted for the French nation. It has been touched upon in this review, though in a brief and cursory manner, on a former occasion.[1] Our allusion to the subject is only intended to throw light upon the antecedents of M. Albert de Broglie, that his position as an historian may be the better understood. It will readily be seen that he has, among other qualifications for his task, one that Dr. Arnold and Sir F. Palgrave agree in insisting upon, we mean a vivid and intelligent interest in the events of his own day.

In 1853 appeared the small collection of *Études*, being, with a single exception, reprints from the *Revue des deux Mondes*. We have given them the second place in our heading, because they are not now our main theme. But they come first under our consideration, as they do in order of publication.

An English reader may form some faint idea of this collection by imagining a similar gathering together, in one volume, of Mr. Gladstone's published orations on Foreign Policy, and on

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[1] *Christian Remembrancer*, for October, 1856, Art. 'Imperialism,' pp. 306—310. Mr. John Stuart Mill has, from a republican point of view, framed a heavy indictment against the July Monarchy, in his attempted apology for the Provisional Government of 1848. It is given in his recent volumes of reprints.

It is some satisfaction to think that nothing that we ventured to say in 1856, with reference to marks of unfitness for constitutionalism exhibited by our neighbours, can possibly be stronger than the candid and melancholy confessions of M. Albert de Broglie:—'From 1814 to 1848, France tried, for thirty-four years, 'the experiment of representative government. Three unfavourable tendencies 'have chiefly contributed to make this attempt twice prove a failure—a general 'and systematic spirit of opposition to authority, excessive pretensions [to place, '&c.], and the keenness of personal enmities. These three features of the national 'character, common to nearly all our politicians, have rendered government all 'but impossible with institutions whose freedom encourages resistance, excites 'ambition, and gives full play to resentment.'—*Études*, p. 305.

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the Budget, with his Letters to Lord Aberdeen on the Neapolitan question, to the late Bishop of London on the Royal Supremacy, and to the Scottish Bishops on the position of the Laity in Church Synods; and the addition of one or two literary critiques from the *Quarterly Review*. The essays now before us are similarly varied as regards their themes, though more elaborate in their character. We give a few extracts, which will, if we mistake not, interest our readers, as well as display the lofty powers of the writer with whom our critique is concerned.

It may be remembered that among the strange spectacles which accompanied the French Revolution of 1848, was that of socialist mobs, paying a kind of respect to the emblems and images of the Redeemer of the world, not as their Saviour, but as their instructor in politics; as, in fact, the first great teacher of socialism. Some good men, on both sides of the Channel, regarded this homage as a hopeful sign, as a proof that the masses, unlike their ancestors of 1789, were now imbued with the spirit of Christianity. Far more just, in our opinion, is the following judgment of M. de Broglie:—

'Hunted thus, from refuge to refuge, socialism shelters itself behind religion. It invokes the great Gospel principles; the touching reminiscences of the early Christians. Is not Christian society, it exclaims, founded upon other motives than those of interest and fear; upon the mutual love and fraternal regard of men? Has it not drawn from these motives prodigies which have renovated the world? And can we not appeal to the same sentiments, and expect the same results? This pious language is very much in vogue in all socialist schools. We might almost take them for the faithful continuation of Christianity, and the society that they imagine for the perfect expression of Christian society. In their noisy orations, they mingle the name of Christ with those of their sanguinary precursors; the name of the victim of Calvary, with those of the assassins of the temple and the abbey. *Such minglings are disgusting, and make us regret the open revolutionary impiety of another epoch. For my part, I prefer the cross thrown down, to the cross borne with sacrilegious respect in the processions of pillage and revolt.* However, subduing the indignation that such a scene excites, let us remind socialism in three words, that between Christians and itself there is nothing in common; that the Gospel and socialism are the very opposite of each other, so much so, that if the one be true the other must be false, and that if socialism were not the grossest of illusions, the Gospel would be the most impudent of lies.'—*Etudes*, &c.

Some remarks upon classic education admit of an easy separation from their context:—

'Folly alone can impertinently inquire, of what use are philosophy and literature? They are of use, amongst other benefits, in giving to the mind that activity which produces great scientific discoveries, and, consequently, the material advancement of human happiness. Of what use are the towers which rise above our cities? To defend and measure the very soil whereon

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you grovel. To come to the point most closely connected with education, the study of languages, and especially of those learned languages, the relics of an unequalled civilisation, does not appear to us to be, as it is so frequently termed, an ungrateful and useless labour. The living stamp of thought it is, man whole and entire, that we find in studying them. It is the entire faculties of man which are strengthened by this analysis. In their natural metaphors, imagination has depicted all her colours: in their learned syntax, logic has displayed all its resources. It is, then, with good cause that the study of Latin and Greek forms the basis of the education of every man who hopes to move in the higher class of society, and the day when it shall be otherwise will point to a decay in the intelligence of a nation whose reaction would be quickly felt in its manners.'—*Ibid.* pp. 135, 6.

The following passage is a fitting pendant to the above:—

'I understand by high education, as the foregoing article has endeavoured to show, that which seizes on the mind of a youth when he already possesses precise information, but cold and lifeless, when historical facts are ranged in order in his memory, when he holds the threads of the intricacies of the old languages, when he knows the management of that delicate instrument, style, and which sheds upon all those confused elements the brilliant lights of criticism and philosophy. I understand, further, by high education, that which raises the understanding to that common centre, whence we see all the sciences take their rise, and civilization be harmoniously developed by their aid, as the result of their equally balanced powers. I call that high education which illumines the history of a people by their literature, and explains their institutions by their history; that which connects the physical properties of bodies on their chemical affinities with the eternal and philosophic laws of matter; in short, that which, penetrating to the interior of the human creature, separates the spiritual from the animal feeling, and thus at once instructs the physician on the phenomena of health, and the moralist on the passions of the soul. High education, thus understood, which has for its object to establish a common link amongst all the sciences, and to fertilise the one by the other—we have seen it—it does not exist at present in France, and what is sadder still to confess, is, that it is only in France, in our day, that it does not exist. The Universities of England and Germany, even that of the little city of Geneva, are more advanced than we in this respect, and the Sorbonne, under the *ancien régime*, could teach much on this point to the Academy of Paris under the new.'—*Ibid.* pp. 188, 9.

It is well known that the success in public life of men who had been journalists or University professors in Paris, has tended to create a feverish state of mind among both these classes, ever since 1830. But it is not, perhaps, only in France that the following warning is needed. (In this and in all our extracts *we* are responsible for the italics.)

'With the exception of Paris,[1] which early showed its encroaching tendencies, none of the celebrated University towns, neither Salamanca, or

[1] It would strengthen M. de Broglie's case, if we bear in mind: 1. That at the *probable* date of the foundation of the University of Paris, that city had by no means attained to its subsequent supremacy over the other cities of France. 2. That the University enjoyed for some centuries noble grounds of its own on the south bank of the Seine, which it was at length compelled, with sorrow, to let out

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Bologna, or Louvain, were capitals of a great State: they were elected cities, where studies were the grand object, and students the chief population. Even in the midst of the wonders of the great century, the dry, but powerful, school of Port Royal created for itself, voluntarily, an imitation of the desert even at the gates of Versailles. To this day, on the other side of the Channel, where all that was healthful of ancient institutions has been preserved, the English Universities present the same features. After beholding those English Students, with graceful limbs and healthy faces, wandering in the smiling plains of Eton, or walking, with their books under their arms and clothed in academic robe, along the gothic and quiet streets of Oxford, it is impossible to avoid a sigh, as the mind reverts to our feeble youths who play for eight years in the college play-grounds, and are then thrown into I know not what seething and impure sewer of the Faubourg S. Jacques. We are the only nation which has dreamed of ensuring tranquillity of study by heaping all Students in the metropolis, and the tranquillity of our capital by covering its pavement with five or six thousand young men without households (or homes). It would almost seem as if we had wished to provide such of our professors as might desire it, with the power of transforming their professorial chairs into tribunes of clubs, and our Students with the entertainment of barricades on all great days. But if this so much preferred life in Paris is fatal to those who study, what is it not for those who teach! After the Court Prelates and Abbés, who have been so long the objects of our ridicule, conceive, if it be possible, anything more strange, than persons who by their profession have devoted their lives to learning, and who make this mental restriction, that they will nevertheless pass it wholly in the midst of all the distractions of a great centre! I know well what it is they desire to seek there, it is the facility of making themselves a name, it is a stepping-stone to high political positions. But we must be allowed to say, despite so many illustrious examples which have encouraged it, that ambition (which assuredly is not banished thence) ought not, nevertheless, to be the sole motive of a teaching corporation. Devotedness, on the contrary, should be its soul. If with a view whose greatness is undeniable, the genius who founded the University was anxious to make it a corporation and not merely a branch of hierarchical administration, it was precisely because, in a great body, the collective feeling of honour takes the place of and moderates individual ambition. *He who speaks of the instruction of youth, speaks of a sort of priesthood, and he who speaks of a priesthood, speaks of sacrifice.*'—*Ibid.* pp. 160, 1.

If we refuse ourselves the pleasure of selecting any passages of the masterly critique on Chateaubriand contained in this volume, the omission does not arise from any lack of sympathy with its tone, or of appreciation of its excellence in a literary as well as a moral and religious point of view. It does indeed strike us as just possible that M. Albert de Broglie, living in a different generation, and well acquainted with such a book as M. Nicolas' most weighty and powerful *Études Philosophiques*,

for building in consequence of a debt.—The foundation of this University is sometimes placed as late as 1206: Sismondi evidently inclines to believe 1000 to be nearer the truth.—See his *Histoire des Français*, Tom. iv. 33, 4. vi. 195; and compare Newman, 'Office and Work of Universities' (pp. 36—38) and on the lateness of the supremacy of Paris, Palgrave, 'Normandy and England,' Vol. I.

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may hardly make allowance enough for the time in which M. de Chateaubriand composed his *Génie et Beautés du Christianisme.* Weak as this latter work may be, when considered as a defence of Christianity, it may well be doubted whether the generation to whom it was addressed was ripe for anything much more profound. It was something that a man of genius should, in such a day, be found among the supporters, and not the opponents and contemners, of revealed truth. But, considered as a whole, this scourging exposure of the intense vanity, egotism, and bad faith of Chateaubriand is perhaps the most varied and acute of all these papers, and one which would alone repay the remarkably moderate cost of the volume.

We turn to our author's review of M. Nicolas. The passage we are about to give has indeed once before appeared in an English dress; but it will be new to many of our readers, and tends to exemplify a leading feature of M. de Broglie's style, namely,—*his remarkable power of lofty sarcasm, employed upon fitting objects.*

'Alliance is not confusion, and difficult as it is to trace a radical separation between reason and faith, it is as chimerical to endeavour after complete assimilation. We mistrust all attempts which profess to give reason a full explanation of the mysteries of faith, from whatever source it proceeds, whether from an ambitious philosophy, or from a speculative religion. We know that there is a certain kind of metaphysical science which has never hesitated to offer an explanation of anything, excepting of its own explanations; we know that when men set out from certain heights, from the identity of being and thought, for instance, or of the *ego,* which proposes and determines itself, the most profound scholastic theology is no longer more than child's play. S. Thomas (Aquinas) or S. Anselm, speak the vulgar tongue beside Fichte or Hegel, commented upon by a pupil of the normal school. There is not a philosophy which has any respect for itself on the east side of the Rhine, that has not two or three Trinities to choose from, and for which the incarnation of the Divine word in nature is not an every-day fact and even the permanent spring of creation. Pantheism has its arms extended over the universe; in the vast folds of its robe, all the mysteries of religion, the sacramental transmutation of substances, the responsibility of the human race, disport themselves as it were at their ease. There is also in the background of these systems, a kind of intermediate region between dreams and history, peopled with beings half-fantastic, half-real, where under the equivocal title of myths, all miraculous facts can honourably take their places. It is on these heights, and in this twilight, that metaphysics have often endeavoured to effect a marriage between faith and reason; but there are two great difficulties in the way of these arrangements, the one on the side of reason, that it is impossible to comprehend them, and the other on the side of faith, that it is impossible to believe in them. These pretended compromises between philosophy and religion, fail in the very foundations of each, namely,—good sense, and good faith. All that is gained by these artifices of logic is, to transform known mysteries, painted long since in vivid colours on the popular imagination, into veritable algebraic problems, whose abstract terms, losing all correspondence with the reality of the

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facts, escape in their rapid transformations all control of the bystanders. Ignorance can thus conceal itself longer under the apparent precision of formulæ; we like her better, to say the truth, when she modestly confesses herself to exist. The Gospel was announced to the poor, and even to the poor in spirit. If the agreement between reason and faith is to be serious, it must be the agreement of a simple faith with a common reason, and not of the faith of illuminati, with a transcendental logic. The agreement ought to exist in germ in the mind of a good Christian, who follows faithfully the law of his church, and practically, in the daily governing of his life and his family.'—*Ibid.*

The last in the collection is mainly dedicated to a refutation of the Abbé Gaume's attack upon classic education, the celebrated *Ver Rongeur*. M. Gaume's line of argument had been, to a considerable extent, anticipated in this country by an eminent quasi-republican writer of the Baptist persuasion, Mr. Forster. The opposite side of the case had found an able champion in Mr. Isaac Williams, as may be seen by a reference to his very beautiful volume, *The Christian Scholar*. But it has been left to writers of M. Gaume's own communion to afford the most complete replies to his proposals. In speaking thus we are far from denying that there is much in the *Ver Rongeur*, and in the remarks of some who think with it (as for instance Mr. Ruskin), deserving of serious attention. Far be it from us to desire that pagan atmosphere of thought which brooded over Florence under the Medici, over Paris in the days of the Republic of 1793. But if we are summoned to defend classical literature against those who would all but totally proscribe it, we shall be thankful to borrow weapons from the rejoinders which M. Gaume has elicited from Dr. Newman in his *Lectures on University Subjects*, and from M. de Broglie in the volume now before us.

We may again make some slight references to this volume of Essays before we conclude. But for the present we quit it with one or two general observations. On the versatility of their author, and on his loftiness of tone, it is unnecessary to dwell, as these merits must be obvious at a glance. Of the style we would only say, that we trust that its terseness and vigour have not wholly evaporated in the alembic of translation. But we should like, in parting, to call attention to two characteristics which cannot be gathered from the mere perusal of extracts. We allude, in the first place, to the unfeigned modesty which, notwithstanding the writer's earnest denunciation of evil, runs through the entire volume. He has a perfect right to satirise M. de Chateaubriand as '*un gentilhomme français, qui ne nous laisse rien ignorer de sa noblesse, et qui savait ses parchemins assez bien par cœur*;' for there is not, we believe, a line in any of his writings

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which could suggest the possibility of the satire being retorted. Nor do we see any signs of the pride of ability, any more than of the pride of birth. The very re-publication of these Essays in one volume was not, we have been assured on high continental authority, M. de Broglie's own idea, but a suggestion of the bookseller's. And, *secondly*, despite the serious differences which must divide an earnest member of the Gallican Church from ourselves, it is with pleasure that we perceive how capable is the Essayist of appreciating many of the best features of English institutions, English literature, and English character. On questions connected with primogeniture and constitutional government, M. de Broglie may be suspected, from his social and political position, of being a partial witness. But he is likewise favourably impressed on points where his admiration is less open to suspicion. He observes for instance, with a sigh, on the affection felt for their *Alma Mater* by the great men educated at Oxford or Cambridge, an affection all but unknown by the students of Paris. The creations of Shakspeare and Defoe are evidently familiar to him, and when he would fain reprove the unhealthy exercise of the imagination as exhibited by Chateaubriand, he contrasts it with those delightsome figures (*ces types delicieux*), such as Evandale or Flora Mac Ivor, that gem the pages of the author of Waverley. In his very latest contributions to periodical literature, the valuable account of Algeria in the *Revue des deux Mondes* for January, 1860, he paints in vivid colours the manly independence of English colonists, in opposition to the weak tendencies of his own countrymen to look for help from the Government in all their undertakings abroad, as well as at home. Such sentiments demand our grateful recognition. While reserving to ourselves all our rights of free criticism, we sincerely trust that no word of ours may give occasion to our author's friends to say that he has not received, on this side of the Channel, the courtesy and good-will which he has displayed.

It was not likely that a mind thus richly endowed should sink into utter inactivity, because the new form of government was not one which it could conscientiously serve. Our present Lord Chancellor looked around him for a theme during a season of enforced leisure, and produced biographies of his predecessors in the high offices to which he has since attained: a task which, apart from all question of literary merit, must certainly have added to his fitness for his present duties. Prince Albert de Broglie has in like manner looked around him for a subject

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whereon to exercise his powers. He has found one eminently calculated to suit the taste and abilities of a thinker who feels interest alike in those questions which concern the Church and in those which concern the State. He has found one, it must be added, which is capable of some application to the present condition of France. This fondness for writing of the distant past with a view to the living present has been justly pronounced by Sir F. Palgrave to be pre-eminently French. But our historian's defence of the practice holds good, even in cases where the success of the attempted parallel may be somewhat questionable. 'These feelings from within give him a motive 'the more. No writer can narrate impressively unless he feels 'forcibly; and there is no influence which will impel any one 'who really deserves the name of an historian, so energetically, 'as the earnest desire of propagating opinions which he believes 'it to be his duty to teach or proclaim.'[1]

All history and all science must start from certain assumptions. Even Euclid has to demand our assent to certain definitions, postulates and axioms, before he can build up the structure of his propositions. It may be well to state a few of M. de Broglie's assumptions, and to see how far we can agree with them.

With him then—as against Strauss and his precursors or followers—we assume, as a foundation for Church history, the truth and genuineness of the four-fold records of *the* Life which was manifested upon earth, of the birth and acts and death and resurrection of the Incarnate Lord. With him we assume the inspiration and authority of all the other canonical books of the New Testament. With him we assume—as against Neander and all of his school—the existence of a three-fold Christian ministry as an Apostolic institution, and no mere human invention, made for convenience, and liable to change. With him we assume the truth of that glorious confession of Nicæa which was accepted by 'the Holy Church throughout the world,' and which still in England, as in other lands, forms a part of the Eucharistic service.

Nor are we much disposed to quarrel with M. de Broglie respecting the important question of authorities. The staple sources for the history of the period of which he treats are so settled, that their overthrow would involve the destruction of the histories of Gibbon and Milman and Neander, quite as thoroughly as of those of Baronius or M. Rohrbacher. If any man chooses to refuse the testimony of Eusebius, Socrates,

[1] *History of Normandy and England*, Vol. i. p. 265.

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Sozomen, Theodoret; of the pagan writers, Zosimus and Ammianus Marcellinus; and the aid of Lactantius and S. Athanasius, he must simply be content to go without history at all for the latter half of the fourth and the first half of the fifth century. He must remain almost without information respecting an epoch for which we have that kind of witness which Mr. Grote so desiderates for the early times of Greece, and Sir G. C. Lewis for that of Rome anterior to the war with Pyrrhus—*contemporary written evidence.*

Some ten years since an able and learned writer, Mr. Shepherd, the Rector of Luddesdown, published a *History of the Church of Rome* in which this line was actually adopted. The author proved, to his own perfect satisfaction, that the letters of S. Cyprian were an entire forgery intended to support the Roman claims. Considering the use which Mr. Poole and other accomplished Anglicans have made of these letters *against* Rome, they must be pronounced to be one of the clumsiest forgeries ever attempted. Mr. Shepherd dealt out the same measure to a vast number of other writings. His arguments reminded us somewhat, we must own, of those by which Archbishop Whatley disproves the existence of Napoleon Buonaparte. Within three years after the appearance of Mr. Shepherd's volume came out the *History of Latin Christianity*, by an author not given to credulity, the Dean of S. Paul's; and lo! the rejected documents all took their places as before, and the assailant was dismissed in a single brief, but decisive, note.

A fresh reason for want of confidence in the Church historians of the period has, however, been suggested in the critique of that famous northern Review to which we referred at the commencement of this article. The writer suggests the possibility of these annalists having been overawed by the ruling spirit of the age, the great Bishop of Alexandria, insomuch that their accounts of events may after all, perhaps, be only echoes of his voice. Now we would not willingly go out of our way to do battle with a contemporary, especially when we recognise, and gladly recognise, so many gleams of earnestness as shine forth in the notice of M. de Broglie's volumes. But this is a subject more germane perhaps to our pages than those even of the *Edinburgh Review*, and our readers have a right to know whether we think that the doubt thus implied has any adequate foundation. If it has such foundation, our trust in the history of the period must be very considerably diminished.

We answer that the doubt thus implied is wholly baseless, and that it is hard to believe that it could have been suggested by an author deeply versed in these studies. The earliest

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Church historian, Eusebius, is so far from being under the influence of S. Athanasius, that he betrays decided indications of an Arianizing temper. Of Socrates it is truly observed by the highest authority on these subjects, Valesius, that he has displayed remarkable diligence and judgment, and composed his history from researches into the best sources of testimony on all sides (*conquisitis undique optimis monumentis*), as letters of bishops, acts of synods, and works of other historians. A friend who calls our attention to these words of Valesius has pursued the subject into some details which are far too valuable to be omitted, but which we venture to relegate to a foot-note as the recognised place for such discussions, at the same time earnestly commending them to the attention of the studious.[1]

[1] See Soc. i. 1. In i. 10 he quotes as his authority an eye-witness. In i. 13 he gives names of bishops, provinces, cities, date of Nicene Council, from personal investigation. I cannot but think that a mere copyist of S. Athanasius would have spoken less favourably than Socrates does of Constantine's 'liberal' letter to S. Alexander and Arius, i. 8, and also of Eusebius of Cæsarea, ii. 21, whom S. Athanasius sets down as a mere heretic (de Syn. 17). Again, I don't think such a copyist would have called the Arian controversy a *νυκτομαχία*, i. 23, or have said that Constantine when he commanded Ath. to admit Arius into the Church was actuated by a desire *τοῦ λυσιτελοῦντος*, and by a fear of disunion (i. 27). In ii. 1 he refers to letters of eminent men as well as to S. Athanasius' writings. In ii. 11 he mistakes the time of Syrianus' irruption into S. Athanasius' Church, and differs from S. Athanasius' own account of the scene. In fact he goes quite astray about Gregory and George, ii. 14. In ii. 15, 17, he judges between Athanasius' account and that of the Macedonian Sabinus, whom he censures on the ground of *suppressio veri*. In i. 36 and ii. 18 he pronounces Marcellus to be a heretic, which S. Athanasius refrained from doing, at least expressly. In ii. 20 he says that the Council of Sardica reinstated Paul of Constantinople in his throne, which S. Athanasius does not say. In ii. 22 he gives a letter of Constans, which S. Athanasius does not give. In ii. 23 he gives a passage in praise of S. Athanasius in Julius' letter to the Alexandrians, which S. Athanasius' version of that letter does not give. As to the death of Paul, Socrates and Athanasius differ. Soc. ii. 16 makes Philip the Prefect decoy him from Constantinople before A. D. 347, and says nothing about Philip's having anything to do with his final expulsion and murder at Cucusus, A. D. 350, ii. 26. But S. Athanasius (*Hist. Ar.* 7) connects Philip with this last tragedy. Similarly, Athanasius makes Constantine banish Paul the first time; Socrates ascribes this first ejection to Constantius, ii. 7. Soc. ii. 30, is wrong as to Mark of Arethusa having written the creed of the 27 Anathemas. He does not get this from Athanasius, but seems to have mistaken a passage in S. Hilary, fragm. 15, or at any rate to have made a confusion between a meeting at Sirmium in 351, and another at Sirmium in 359. Mark really wrote the creed of May 27, 359, or third Sirmian, which Socrates gives, ii. 37. In ii. 38 Socrates is wrong about Liberius, saying that he was banished for not receiving the creed of Ariminum. He could not have got this from Athanasius, for Athanasius in his Apology to Constantine, written in 356, speaks as having just then heard of the exile of Liberius. Again, in the same chapter, he says that Felix, who succeeded Liberius, or rather was put in after his exile, was an Arian, but that others say he was not, etc. Now this shows that he weighed different statements: for Athanasius (*Hist. Ar.* 75) unhesitatingly condemns Felix. In ii. 41 Socrates says that the 'council of the dedication' at Antioch promulgated *two* creeds, and see ii. 10. But Athanasius gives *four* (de Syn. 22, seq.). In ii. 46 Socrates sets down Apollinaris as an heresiarch. Athanasius did not. He seems to have been willing to think that the dogma of the Word being instead of a

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The same critic who questions the independence of the historians just referred to, has accused M. de Broglie of placing all his authorities on an equal level, and admitting into his text apocryphal anecdotes from untrustworthy sources. Now we are ourselves by no means disposed to accept unhesitatingly all the illustrations of this sort which occur in the history before us. If, however, we did so accept them, it would be our own fault, and not that of the historian. His censor must surely have entirely overlooked three very important pages (109—112) in the third volume, where M. de Broglie discusses the value of the narratives respecting the Fathers of the desert, and distinctly declines to yield to them the same kind of credence as to the grave works of a purely historic or controversial character. '*Il serait également téméraire et de croire et de rejeter indistinctement ces pieuses narrations.*' He proceeds to assert that many of the prodigies they relate are commonly external representations, under a living and sensible form, of the struggle of the Christian soul against sin and passion. He even traces points in common between these accounts and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' of John Bunyan; and cites Möhler, in a note, as supporting his views, and as avowing that many of the details inserted by S. Athanasius, in his 'Life of S. Antony,' seem written rather with a view to edify his readers, than with a scrupulous adherence to precise fact.[1]

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mind to Christ, was not really taught by his old friend. In iii. 7 Socrates greatly mistakes what was done at the Alexandrian Council of 362. Athanasius clearly sets forth in the Synodal Letter that explanations were mutually given as to the two senses of *Hypostasis*. Socrates says, absurdly enough, that *Ousia* and *Hypostasis* were both proscribed by the Synod!

So much for Socrates. I suppose one need not go much further, for if Socrates is not a mere copyist of Athanasius, Sozomen and Theodoret will not be. One may however mention the declaration of Sozomen, i. 1, that he has consulted for the remoter period embraced in his History (*i.e.* for the Athanasian trials)—1. Imperial laws; 2. Acts of Synods, Catholic and Arian; 3. Letters. He is very explicit in saying that he thinks it right to give due consideration to heterodox as well as orthodox accounts, because the historian must care for truth above all things. (One diversity between Sozomen and Athanasius may be named: Sozomen, in ii. 24, says that Constantine banished Athanasius to Treves because of the affair of Ischyras and the chalice. Athanasius (*Apol.* c. *Avi.* 87) says not a word was said about this matter by those who procured his exile.) Of Theodoret, Valesius says, that as Sozomen wrote after Socrates (in *his* view) so Theodoret after Sozomen, and that Theodoret corrected several mistakes which they had fallen into as to Athanasius and Paul, yet with much good feeling did not name them as having made such mistakes.

I have said little of Ruffinus, but I suppose it might be said, not that he simply copied Athanasius (for he tells us things which Athanasius does not say), but that he gave ear to ill-supported stories.

[1] Archdeacon Churton, in a letter to the late Joshua Watson, Esq. (London, Rivingtons, 1848), gives reasons for questioning the justice of attributing to S. Athanasius *this* life of S. Antony, though S. Athanasius probably did write *a*

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It is among our author's many merits that he is conscious of the difference between *data* and inferences. Such consciousness is more rare than might at first sight be supposed. We have heard a very distinguished judge assert his conviction that Irishmen were often supposed to be guilty of deliberate falsehood, in cases where they were simply giving their own hasty, and often untenable, inferences as facts. In order that he may show that his assumptions have not been made lightly, M. de Broglie has added some important *Appendices* to his volumes. The first of these, the one which refers to the proper course to follow in order to ascertain the truth of the Gospel facts, is particularly valuable. He exposes with much force the absurdity of those who first assume the impossibility of *any* miracles, and then proceed to discuss the authority for individual miracles recorded by the Evangelists. 'The Gospel is the supernatural 'itself. The Gospel is the birth of a Virgin's Son. The 'Gospel is the resurrection of One dead. It begins and ends in 'miracle. If therefore all facts are false, from the simple fact 'that they are miraculous, the Gospel is false: that is a thing 'decided. There is no need to learn Greek or Hebrew to 'prove that, or to verify dates, or to collate manuscripts.' It is then shown that the principles on which Strauss proceeds would just as easily prove that the Emperor Constantine was not the son of Helena, that he never reigned, never existed at all, and that the Council of Nice never took place. As, however, we must hasten on to our main subject, we merely call attention to this important *éclaircissement*. It might be read as a good introduction to that profound, though alas! unfinished reply to Strauss, which was given us by our own great deceased theologian, Dr. Mill.

The mention of assumptions in which we perfectly agree with our author, may almost seem to imply the existence of other assumptions with which we do not agree. This of course must be expected, when we are called upon to review the work of a conscientious and earnest Roman Catholic; and the only ground of surprise is not that these grounds of difference exist, but that they should not be more marked and frequent. This arises mainly from the circumstance, that M. de Broglie is

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biography. The Archdeacon maintains:—1. That internal evidence is against it, the author of the life not supposing himself to be Athanasius. 2. That S. Chrysostom, Hom. viii. in S. Matth. does not appear to allude to the Life we now have. 3. That it does not answer to the description in Nazianzen's Oration on S. Athanasius. We do not pretend to have examined the point sufficiently to form a definite opinion; but we may own, that there would be a satisfaction in seeing adjudged away from S. Athanasius a work which needs such an interpretation as that of Möhler's.

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treating of a period whereon, happily, the dissensions between our respective communions have comparatively little room for display. On the estimate of the leading actors of the age there is scarcely any controversy between us. We too, as well as he, have been brought up to regard Julian as an apostate. Even Bishop Warburton has shown us how overwhelming is the evidence of that signal and miraculous stoppage of his plans for the rebuilding of Jerusalem. We too with him, regard with suspicious glances the somewhat courtly tone of the historian Eusebius of Cæsarea. We too think with awe upon the life and death of that 'subtle-witted, and marvellous fair-spoken man,'[1] the arch-heretic Arius. And if in these volumes full justice is done to the ever-glorious memory of S. Athanasius, it may yet well be questioned, whether even the great powers of composition undoubtedly possessed by M. de Broglie, have produced an eulogy of that great saint and doctor, so free, so rapturous, so majestic, as that of our own Hooker.

With the exception of some remarks on the authority for the celibacy of the clergy, there is, we believe, only one subject treated in the present volumes, on which an Anglican divine would find room for serious controversy with M. de Broglie. That one subject is the position of the see of Rome during the epoch before us. We do not suppose that the whole amount of writing on this subject amounts to ten pages out of some 2,000. The book is not intended as a treatise on the question, nor have we the slightest intention of making this paper a counter-treatise. But the real delight which we have experienced in turning from the pages, where the *esprit malin et moqueur* of Gibbon sullies the glory of his genius, to those of a writer who approaches the subject in so Christian a temper, must not be suffered to blind us as to points of difference, and we consequently pause to make a few passing remarks.

It is obvious that critics bred up and nurtured in our own communion, may be charged with viewing the evidence on this subject through a mist of prejudice. But it is equally obvious that the charge may be just as easily retorted. A man brought up from infancy to regard Gregory the Sixteenth or Pius the Ninth as an *Episcopus episcoporum* is, to say the very least, quite as liable to read the Gospels, and acts of councils, and events of past history, through coloured glasses as we can be. To our eyes the testimonies adduced by M. de Broglie, prove at most a Primacy, not a Supremacy. We do not know whether it is his moderation on this point which has

[1] Hooker, E. P., V. 13, § 2.

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caused the dislike of his work expressed by the most extreme of his co-religionists:[1] but it would be most unjust not to recognise amidst our differences the earnest desire to be fair. Let us look at one or two points more in detail.

It is now generally allowed that the president of the great council of Nice was Hosius, (or as M. de Broglie, with many good authors, calls him, Osius,[2]) Bishop of Corduba. In the Latin copies of the *Acta* of the council, his name stands as the first. Hereupon the question arises—how came he to preside?

Now if we were to assert that he presided because of the weight of his character, and because he enjoyed the especial favour of Constantine, it would immediately be replied, and not without reason—*firstly*, that this was a pure theory; and *secondly*, that we were probably biassed, however unconsciously, by a disposition to think too highly of the power and influence of the *regale*.[3] Precisely similar is the reply which we in our turn must make to those who, allowing the fact of Hosius's presidency, proceed to assert that he *must* have sat in the character of legate from the Bishop of Rome. *They* are putting forth a pure theory, they are biassed by preconceived ideas respecting the supposed Roman supremacy.

The account in the Roman Breviary, written in an uncritical age, quietly ignores the very existence of Hosius, and simply asserts that the Roman pontiff presided by his legates. This is mere assertion without the shadow of proof. Cardinal Baronius mentions, as co-ordinate facts, first, that Hosius presided; secondly, that he was the legate of the Pope of Rome. M. de Broglie most fairly separates the all but certain *fact* of the Bishop of Corduba's presidency, from the *hypothesis*, that he did so as the representative of the Roman Bishop Julius. As a Roman Catholic he accepts the hypothesis, and even tries to support it by some arguments, inferences drawn from what took place at the subsequent (non-œcumenical)[4] council of Sardica.

[1] The *Dublin Review*, though not enthusiastic, treated M. de Broglie's volumes, if we remember rightly, with courtesy and respect; but we understand that the ultramontane press in France is in arms against them.

[2] We rather prefer to retain the aspirate. The bishop was either a Spaniard or an Egyptian by birth. But this does not militate against those who would derive his name from the Greek word Ὅσιος, *Holy*. Remembering, however, the forms Hosea and Osee, Habakkuk and Ambakoum, Hannibal and Annibal, we will not presume to dogmatise. But Spaniards, unlike Frenchmen and Italians, are given to retain initial aspirates. Consequently we claim the right to call a Spanish prelate Hosius.

[3] Since writing the above we observe that Dean Milman (Lat. Chr. I. p. 60) asserts, that if Hosius presided it was as the Court divine. There are arguments, no doubt, for such a view, but it still seems to us no more than an hypothesis. Mr. Neale (Eastern Church, vol. i. p. 189) contends that S. Eustathius of Antioch presided.

[4] Mr. Allies, in his somewhat rhapsodical reply to his own book on the Supre-

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There Hosius most probably presided again, and Sozomen speaks of the orthodox bishops as his followers, *οἱ ἀμφὶ τὸν Ὅσιον*. The Italian prelates (three in number, according to Dean Milman), representing the Roman pontiff, signed immediately after him. But as this council, held within the Roman Patriarchate, undeniably showed marked respect to the Roman See, and allowed of appeals to Rome,[1] *therefore*, says M. de Broglie, *it is evident* that Hosius *could* only have been allowed the precedence in virtue of his representing the Bishop of Rome. We must leave it to impartial judges, if such can by any possibility be found, to say which of us is the most prejudiced; M. de Broglie, in thus unhesitatingly adopting a conclusion, or we, in not being able to perceive that it is evident. Why might not an historian, who believed that estimable prelate to have presided through his own merits and the imperial favour at Nice, assume, with just as much appearance of probability, that the defenders of the orthodox faith proclaimed at that council, were only too thankful to range themselves once again under the chairmanship of the same justly honoured prelate.

With one more observation we quit this subject, though we shall have occasion to allude, *en passant*, to the real and lofty merits of many of the Roman bishops of that epoch. If we were discussing this question as our main subject, instead of incidentally, it would be necessary to compare the language employed by the fathers, with respect to S. Peter, with that applied to S. Paul and other Apostles; to compare the titles given to the Roman pontiff, with those applied to other Patriarchs and to temporal rulers; to take into account, not only the appeals made to Rome, but likewise those made to the Archbishops of Constantinople and Carthage; and lastly, to place in juxtaposition the very strongest claims made in early ages with those put forward by Bellarmine.

Of the question of celibacy, it is enough to remark for the present, 1, that it is allowed on all hands to be one of discipline and not of doctrine; 2, that it cannot be discussed without any reference to the Pauline *dictum* in 1 Timothy iii. 2;[2]

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macy, states, as if it were a matter generally acknowledged, and quite undisputed, that the council of Sardica was an œcumenical one. M. de Broglie, not being a convert, and not writing in a state of wild excitement, speaks very differently. 'The council of Sardica, despite its venerable (*respectable*) authority, is *not* reckoned among the œcumenical councils. *The great majority of canonists have decided against its claim.*'—Partie II. Tome i. p. 81.

[1] Dr. Pusey (Councils of the Church, p. 144) observes, that the ninth Canon of the (œcumenical) Council of Chalcedon confers greater powers on the see of Constantinople.

[2] One of the ablest Roman Catholic commentators, Estius, maintains that the

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and 3, that we must thank M. de Broglie for so far using his independent judgment, as not to reject the speech in favour of allowing the married clergy to retain their wives, reported by Socrates and Sozomen to have been made at Nice, by S. Paphnutius (himself an aged celibate), bishop of the Thebaid, in Egypt.

But, after all, it is not (as we have already implied) as a polemical work against other Christian communities, that these volumes come before the public. They are a new reading of old authorities, addressed for a special purpose to a special audience. We say *old* authorities, for the bulk of the evidence is not greatly altered since the days of Gibbon. The catacombs, unknown to that great investigator and exhauster of evidence, have indeed been laid open; Cardinal Mai, and Mr. Cureton have recovered some letters of S. Athanasius; Dom Pitra has exhumed some buried fragments of much worth; but though additional light has consequently been thrown upon particular points, it may safely be asserted that the history of the times has not been revolutionised. The leading characters of the times stand much as they did. Constantine and Constantius, Athanasius and Arius, Julian and Libanius,—the verdicts to be delivered respecting their respective characters depend, not upon the evidence, so to speak, before the court, but upon the ability of the counsel who plead, and the temper and education of those who judge.

For even M. Albert de Broglie, though earnestly, and we think upon the whole most successfully, endeavouring to be fair, is yet in some sense the advocate of a cause. In his mind's eye, he sees before him, while he writes, the audience whom he addresses—the intellect of educated Europe, but principally and nearest to his desk, the intellect of educated France. What, though here and there he may catch sight of a Lutheran of the school of Neander, of a pious Huguenot such as he has known in childhood, of Anglicans like ourselves; they, though each in turn may have a word which is intended for their special benefit, are not *the* persons whose attention he primarily demands. Two classes among his countrymen are first in his thoughts; the one, that knot of eager and extreme spirits, such as the Abbé Gaume and the Abbé Ventura, who would

permission hereby granted, was not meant to be permanent—surely a very rationalising mode of interpretation! With this reservation, he says, 'Fatendum quidem est apostolum permittere ut in episcopum eligatur qui uxorem habeat.'

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fain deal with the nineteenth century as if it were the thirteenth; the other, that France which, in his own words, has 'everywhere eradicated from her institutions and from her 'monuments the insignia and, as it were, the forms (*étiquette*) of 'Christianity;' which 'has rendered itself, so far as it is possible, 'a nation purely philosophical.' To the first of these classes he virtually exclaims: 'Do not mistake the times, and treat as 'wholly Christian a generation not brought up to believe in 'Christ; read the lessons of history; see how tenderly, with 'what caution, what wisdom and moderation, the early Church 'employed its victories, how it sought to sanctify, not to an-'nihilate, the arts, the literature, the laws of paganism.' To the members of the other class, whom he bears in mind even more assiduously throughout his work, his prayer is, that they would not believe Christianity to be the narrow, anti-social, anti-civilizing influence that they have been taught to suppose it; that they would study its records, as it rose into being, as it came into union with the state, and mark how (despite all the hindrances of human perversity) it achieved a work which even for man's lower destiny was grand, beneficent, and enduring.

There never yet was speaker or writer wholly uninfluenced by the character of the audience whom he addressed. He may be warmed by the consciousness of an assured sympathy, rendered cautious by the fear of its absence, stung into defiance by the evidences of opposition, but wholly unmoved he will hardly, by any possibility, remain. One form of such influence was once alluded to by the celebrated Daniel O'Connell. Explaining to an Irish assembly his reasons for refusing a proffered judgeship, he said, 'I was afraid of being partial to my friends, 'or else of being guilty of that worst of all partiality, injustice 'to my friends for fear of seeming partial.' Whether this be the worst of all partiality may well be questioned, for it is at any rate the fault of a sensitive and generous mind. M. de Broglie is a person of such a mind, and we are not sure that he has wholly escaped the influence of this temptation. He seems to have gazed in thought upon the hearers whom he most wished to attract, and—if we may without presumption or discourtesy attempt to detect an under-current of thought in another's brain—to have reasoned with himself somewhat as follows:—'You, denizens of that France which claims to itself as 'of sole right the title of *philosophic*,—you think that you know 'beforehand the course of my narrative and the tenor of my 'judgments. You expect, as a matter of course, the most 'unqualified condemnation of the persecuting heathen emperors, 'the canonization of Constantine as a faultless sovereign, and

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'the denunciation of Julian as an unredeemed prodigy of 'wickedness. Read and judge for yourselves; whatever else 'you find, most assuredly you *shall not* find this.'

No! they will not find this, but will they not meet with almost too much allowance, an allowance beyond the bounds of strict justice, in the direction of their own tendencies of thought? With sincere diffidence be it said, we incline to think that they will. Far be it from us to wish that any should imitate the silence of the somewhat courtly biographer of Constantine, respecting the great tragedy in his household. Far from us be that blind enmity, which is unable to recognise, in such an one as Julian, those endowments which extorted the eulogy of the 'great and grave' Christian poet, Prudentius. Not in these pages shall the theory be upheld, which would represent every pagan emperor who abstained from persecution as thereby of necessity proven to be better than any of those who adopted it. But still we *do* think that for Constantine, a word more might be said than is uttered in these volumes, not (*μὴ γένοιτο*) in palliation of crime, but with respect to his own condition and the general tone of society around him: the image of the apostate casts before our (very possibly over-prejudiced) eyes, a still darker shadow than that which is limned in the page now open before us; and as for some of the language employed with reference to the early persecutions, M. de Broglie's French critic, M. Ampère, will support us in saying, that it needs all our knowledge of the sincerity of the author's convictions, to enable us to give his phrases a favourable interpretation.

We have other general remarks to make, but they shall be interposed as we proceed, or postponed to the conclusion. For the present, we turn to the task, more pleasant for ourselves, and doubtless more interesting to the reader, of giving a rapid and broken epitome of the four extant volumes of *The Church and Roman Empire in the Fourth Century.*

A preliminary survey occupies considerably more than a third part of the first volume. M. de Broglie begins by comparing the unity of the nascent Church with the unity of the rapidly declining Empire. The one he likens to the majestic but artificial unity of a building raised by man, which is ever tending to relapse into the dust; the other, to that of a plant which aspires heavenward, and extends itself in space by its own organic force.

And, firstly, of the Empire. We are reminded of Augustus, uniting in his own person those offices of consul, tribune, præfect, and *pontifex maximus*, which used to be a check upon

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each other, together with the command of an army of nearly 400,000 men; of the rapid degradation of a people no longer free, which tolerated and even admired such monsters as Caligula and Nero; of the lingering respect still paid to the authority of the senate, as exhibited in the very management of that body by crafty rulers like Tiberius, in the deference shown by the Flavians and Antonines. But the struggle between the senate and the army ended for a season in the victory of the soldiers, who chose their own favourites, until in A.D. 285 a more oriental cast was imparted to the monarchy by the abilities of Diocletian. During all this period, if the city had lost, the provinces had gained. Under the republic they had suffered from the struggles of contending factions and the avarice of magistrates, without enjoying the glories of the capital of the world. The Emperors placed them more on a level with the citizens at home, and eminent men from Gaul obtained entrance into the senate even in the days of Julius Cæsar. 'Piquant witticisms, that consolation of vanquished aristocra-'cies,[1] did not spare the new *Patres Conscripti*, who did not 'know the way to the Senate-house, and who had changed their 'trowsers for the broad stripe on the toga,'—the badge of their new rank. Successive Emperors played, so to speak, the provinces against the city. Seneca and Lucan from Spain, Plutarch from Greece, Fronto from Africa, were intimate with Emperors; and the great lawyers of this epoch—Salvius, Papinian, Ulpian—were all of foreign extraction.

'It was they who paved the way for the famous edict by which, at last, Caracalla granted the *jus civitatis* to all free inhabitants of the Empire (A.D. 213). Dishonoured by the name of its author, and by the motives of fiscal interest which suggested it, this act does nevertheless mark a grave moment in the world's history. The providential destiny of Rome was accomplished on that day: her work of assimilation and conquest was consummated. From the rape of the Sabines to the edict of Caracalla nearly a thousand years had elapsed; no less a period of time could suffice to this great star to accomplish its entire orbit.'—Tom. i. p. 25.

We must pass onwards, at the risk of some omissions, and fix our eyes upon that gathering cloud of barbaric hosts, which, as our author truly remarks, bore down upon the empire, as with the invincible regularity of a physical law. Between A.D. 250 and 260, the Goths advance from the Borysthenes to the Euxine, through Bithynia to Greece and Italy. The Franks rush through Spain and cross to Africa. The king of Parthia reaches Antioch, and the captive Emperor, Valerian, is put to a

[1] The reader will see the passing allusion to the Faubourg St. Germain.

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cruel and insulting death. It is one of the glories of the low-born Diocletian to have arrested for a time, on every side, the fury of the lowering storm.

And, meanwhile, the ancient creed which (at least in a political and external point of view) Augustus had sought to inspire with new life, was failing under the introduction of new gods and new rites from every land, allegorical personifications from Greece, magic mysteries from Egypt and the East.

'Thus, in that eclecticism, in that confluence (if one may venture so to describe it) of all religions, the various dispositions of the soul were at ease. No restraint weighed upon action: no well-defined belief was inflexibly imposed on the mind. Amid the infinite number of traditions which varied from place to place, and from poet to poet, no one could succeed in believing them all, but no one was ill-mannered enough to deny them all: people took them or left them, prayed to their gods, or jested on them at will, according to the fancy or interest of the day. Enough of faith was left to support vacillating human reason a little in its hours of weakness, not enough to subdue it to a law and make it walk in a straight path; a situation marvellously adapted to an enervated race who possessed neither the energy of a living faith, nor the boldness of a systematised reasoning doubt.'—Tom. i. p. 49.

In the loftier order of minds there was a yearning for unity. Apuleius, perhaps Apollonius of Tyana, certainly Plutarch, try to interpret, to turn into moral lessons, to allegorize, the perishing fables of polytheism.

Rome had wished to be more practical than Greece, to discard the quasi-theological speculations contained in the metaphysics of Aristotle, in such dialogues of Plato as the Timæus, the Phædo, the Parmenides, and to confine her attention to the sort of questions discussed in Cicero's *De Officiis*. The following remarks on this attempt deserve, we think, our deepest attention.

'The result of this apparent simplification of philosophy, is one which has ever attended on every system of morality that professed to stand alone, devoid of all religious influences. It is a natural and frequent illusion to imagine that the separation of morality from the often obscure problems of religious metaphysics, renders it clearer and easier. It is really only rendered insupportable and inapplicable. Fulfilment of duty is only possible, and can only become dear to men, when it appears to them imposed by a divine hand, which holds out in prospect before them punishment or reward, when the powers of their soul are thus doubled by the combined incitements of hope, love, and fear. Left to itself, saying nothing to the imagination, attaching itself to no divine inspiration, leading to no prospective felicity, holding out but small hopes to repentance, stoic morality was without attraction as it was without support. It imposed sacrifices without compensation, it demanded efforts excited by no hope. Itself early recognised this; it proclaimed itself the belief of the minority, of the small number of the chosen *par excellence*, of the sage as distinguished from the simple men (ἰδιῶται). It was a solitary religion. Man

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was bound to look into himself, himself alone, abstracting himself from every outward influence, to seek all his power in his own will, all his light in his own conscience.'—Tom. i. p. 59.

Stoicism perished on a throne with Marcus Aurelius. Epicureanism, in its most degraded form, survived it for a while. About A.D. 250 Plotinus succeeds in attracting crowds to listen to the new Platonic teaching. They come, impelled by a yearning to hear the answer to the question once put by Pilate; and even amidst the professed heathenism of the teacher there may be traced (it is no uncommon case) some influence of another form of doctrine which the philosopher was unconsciously swayed by, even while he vainly strove to thwart it. To the consideration of that other teaching M. de Broglie now summons our thoughts.

The first notice of Christianity in these pages is that it is at once a fact and a doctrine. Of its Divine founder we have his life and his addresses; of S. Paul, dogmatic epistles commented on by his toils and sufferings. Both these characteristics must be seized.

These remarks are perfectly just. Canon Stanley truly remarks of Neander, that his history is rather the history of opinions than of men. This is one extreme. There are those who would be inclined to say, on the contrary, that the starry writing of the learned Oxford Professor errs in attributing too much to individual men, too little to the influence of abstract but living and dominant ideas.

Assuming, as we have said, with our author, the authenticity of the Gospel records, we can afford also with him to admit the human elements which God's Providence has employed for the attainment of his designs. But it may be well before alluding to the earthen vessels which were entrusted with the treasure, to consider how vast was the gulf to be crossed by those professors of polytheism from whom we have just parted. Accustomed as we are from childhood to receive instruction in the loftiest problems concerning the Divine nature, insomuch that (to illustrate M. de Broglie by the *Christian Year*) we see

> 'What sages would have died to learn
> Now taught by cottage dames,'

we can hardly imagine the difficulty which even the wisest heathen felt with respect to the worship of an infinite God. We pity believers in polytheism, feel indignant at the worshippers of the golden Calf, smile at the allegories of Plato, the puzzles of Cicero.

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'Let us not, however, be so severe upon the first masters of religion and thought. The heart of man is not so changed by the lapse of time that a little introspection will not enable us to discover an explanation of its strangest weaknesses. For instance, it is certain that, even to us, the idea of God, when it comes to us from pure reason, only appears surrounded by inextricable problems which involve as their consequences threatening maledictions. Contradictory notions, difficulties insoluble but still unavoidable, which defy intellect, spring from prolonged reflection on the idea of God. Unable to stand on such heights in a just point of equilibrium, we form, alternately, ideas of the Divine Essence too elevated for ourselves, or too unworthy of it. Sometimes we lower it to our own standard whilst we strive to comprehend it: sometimes we cease to comprehend ourselves, whilst we endeavour to enlarge our thoughts in order to attain to it.'—Tom. i., p. 78.

The pages in the same strain, which follow this extract, are well worthy of the attention of the students who feel an interest in the problems discussed in Mr. Mansel's Bampton Lectures. Their main drift is to show how the God of whom reason told men was a freezing abstraction, while yet any departure from such ideas at once sunk down into the grossness of anthropomorphic polytheism with all its train of earthly passions. One fact—one doctrine—alone can save us from the cold abstraction of Pantheism, from the impure defilements of polytheism, the mystery of the Holy Incarnation.

Again are we tempted to cite, in illustration of these reflections (happily not new to English readers), the words of one of our own poets—

> 'The very God! think, Abib; dost thou think?
> So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
> So, through the thunder comes a human voice
> Saying, "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
> Face my hands fashioned, see it in myself.
> Thou hast no power, nor may'st conceive of mine,
> But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
> And thou must love Me who have died for thee!"
> The madman saith He said so: it is strange.'[1]

But an institution was founded, as well as a dogma taught. While as yet not a single book of the New Testament was in existence, Apostles were on all sides extending the faith. Of the three leading members of the College, S. Peter, S. Paul, and S. John, we are presented with sketches, which may recall some pages of Dr. Stanley's *Apostolic Age*, and of Dean Ramsay's *Diversities of Christian Characters*. M. de Broglie is perfectly justified in asserting that, left to themselves, S. Paul and S. John would have founded distinct and even hostile sects; that they worked for a common end is one of the many

[1] Robert Browning. Men and Women. Vol. i. pp. 105, 6.

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thousand incidental proofs of the nature of Him who called them and sent them forth.

But in the course of time not only the poor, not only the believers in gross superstitions, not only pagan priests but too conscious of imposture, came to sit beneath the rising and spreading branches of the tree springing from the mustard-seed. Philosophy likewise sought a place there, sometimes indeed, with a Justin Martyr or a Clement, humble and docile, but sometimes, and more especially at Alexandria, tincturing the simplicity of the Gospel with disfigured Judaism—witness Cerinthus and Ebion; or with modified Magianism—witness Basilides and Valentinian.[1]

But we shall not dwell on Gnosticism (on which so much may be learnt from Gibbon and Neander) further than to observe, with our author, how completely it explained away the leading features of Christianity, and how signal was the victory obtained over it by the writers of the second age of the Church, such as S. Irenæus, by the twofold weapon of the tradition from the Apostles and of the four Gospels. Still the very fact of such a contest with such a foe affected, as must always happen, the character of the victorious body. 'It transformed Bishops into Doctors, and believers into *savans*' (p. 116). S. Clement and his disciple Origen exhibit the new phase of Christian teaching, making use of Greek philosophy, a use which proved of inestimable service to the Church, though not without accompanying dangers; dangers which the Latin Fathers always dreaded, and in the recoil rushed to the opposite extreme of strict, and sometimes harsh and narrow dogmatism.

M. de Broglie appears to have been much struck (as we, too, have always been) with the exhibition of these opposite tendencies in the two greatest geniuses of that epoch, Origen and Tertullian. It is a subject to which we may have occasion to recur, *Deo volente*, at a future day. At present we can only remark, in passing, the melancholy fact that neither the stern dogmatist Tertullian, nor the philosophic inquirer Origen, bears before his name the honoured title of *Saint;* and also that, just as Coleridge declares that all men are born Aristotelians or Platonists, so most divines may be said to have an inclination towards Origenism or Tertullianism.

Of the pre-eminence of Baptism and the Holy Eucharist over

[1] At this point M. de Broglie recommends the study of M. Villemain's volume, *Essais sur l'Eloquence Chrétienne au Quatrième Siècle.* We have taken the advice, and found ourselves well repaid. Lady readers who care for Church history would find much to interest them in the patristic specimens of eloquence. The preliminary essay on polytheism *need* not be read as a condition of understanding what follows.

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all other ordinances of a sacramental character M. de Broglie speaks in terms not very far removed from those of our English Homilies. Of the position of a Christian in that age our author writes:—

'A Christian was a man who was tranquil amidst a society that was alternately frivolous and alarmed, plunged in pleasures or distresses. A Christian had his conscience free amidst a society alternately servile and rebellious. A Christian marched straight to his point in the midst of a society that was wandering it knew not whither. A Christian was full of hope amidst a society deeply discouraged at its own condition. When laws were perishing, when thirty competitors were disputing for the sovereignty, and a hundred barbarian tribes for the very soil of the Empire, a Christian knew where to find his government and his law. He alone made part of a compact organization with chiefs and ministers of its own; he alone felt himself protected, restrained, commanded; he alone, amidst the general deluge, did not expect to see the sky come down upon his head, the earth fail beneath his feet. This feeling of calmness in the midst of the quaking all around oftentimes burst forth with all the ecstasy of a triumphal song. "The Church," cried the Christians, "is in the world like a ship on the high seas. She is swayed at the will of the waves, but does not sink, for she is guided by a skilful pilot, by Jesus Christ. She, too, bears on board her trophy; the one by which she has been snatched from death, the Cross of her Lord. . . . . The wind is the spirit of heaven by which the faithful receive the seal of God." '[1]—*Ibid.* tom. i. pp. 149, 150.

And, meanwhile, with what eyes did the Roman world gaze upon this spectacle? There are probably only three attitudes which the human mind can adopt towards truth for the first time placed before it; those, namely, of contemptuous indifference, deep hatred, or yearning affection. The Roman world *began* with the first-named of these sentiments, contempt; 'certain questions of their own superstition, and of one Jesus, 'which was dead, whom Paul affirmed to be alive.' 'But, then, 'the Apostles were Jews, and the Jews were accused of a 'hatred of the human race; let these Jews, like their brethren, 'suffer the just retaliation. Worse than other Jews, they proselytise, they insult our temples and ceremonies, they come 'across our daily life at every turn.' Thus thought, before long, the mass of the citizens of the Empire; but in the two extremes of social condition there were to be found most striking exceptions. Often, as it is here observed, has this phenomenon been witnessed in the history of Christianity: the poor who feel the bitterness of existence, and the rich who become conscious of the unsatisfying nature of its joys, are the most accessible to spiritual influences; while those of the middle classes seem more immersed in the cares of earth, more drawn downward by the lure of gain. Soon in the most miserable

[1] The quotation is from S. Hippolytus.

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suburbs of great cities, and in the household of Cæsar, was known the name of Christ. But each day witnessed fresh collisions of thought and action. In the honour paid to celibacy, in the strictness and purity of Christian marriage, in the charity displayed towards the poor—what can be more annoying than good deeds that make us feel ashamed, especially if wrought by those whom we would fain despise? The Pagan saw with uneasiness a new code of ethics, a formidable source of rising power that could no longer be merely contemned or ignored. The notion, too, that an unenfranchised slave could, in any point of view, be considered equal to his master, could once in the week sit by him and join in the same worship on the same terms, was in direct opposition to the habits of a people which often indeed gave liberty, but had no conception of any possible exaltation of a slave while still remaining a slave.

And besides all this, the Roman state had ever felt the keenest jealousy and suspicion of any association that threatened to become an *imperium in imperio*. Trajan disliked the establishment even of a society formed to extinguish fires, and of any unusually large family reunion. What was likely to be the sentiment of such rulers towards a society which had its ramifications everywhere? The refusal to swear 'by the fortune of Cæsar,' and by similar forms of adjuration, the unwillingness to take part in any military ceremonies of an idolatrous character, were fresh insults to the state. Moreover the very persecutions, which compelled the Christians to celebrate divine worship in caverns and secret places, gave a handle to those who represented them as engaged in scandalous and even murderous mysteries.

The famous letters of Pliny to Trajan exhibit the perplexed state of mind among the more fair and reasonable Pagans. Yet Trajan is responsible for the martyrdom of S. Ignatius. We must not pause to recount how, in the succeeding age, the very love of Christians, not for their countrymen alone, but for Christians everywhere, induced fresh suspicions of sympathy on the part of believers with the barbarian invaders: nor how, under Decius, a fearful edict was fearfully carried into execution, revealing the numbers of those who bore the name, revealing, too (shall we who live at ease presume to judge it?) the weakness of some who, like S. Peter before the day of Pentecost, denied their Lord.

Diocletian, though at last seduced into persecution, was at the commencement of his reign surrounded by Christian chamberlains, who did not despair of succeeding with their imperial master as they did with many in his place. The following letter is new to us, and will probably be new to our readers. It

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is addressed by S. Theonas, Bishop of Alexandria, to one of these chamberlains. As we might expect in an epistle from Alexandria, it breathes what we venture to term the Origenist, rather than the Tertullianist, spirit.

'I do not think that you are in any danger of vain-glory from the happiness you enjoy of causing several in the prince's palace to hear the truth through your means: rather that you return thanks to God, who has made of you a good instrument for a good work . . . . For since the prince, not being as yet engaged in our religion, has nevertheless confided the guardianship of his life and person to Christians as to the most faithful servants he could select, you ought to show yourselves the more vigilant and active in acquitting yourselves of this task, that the name of Christ may be glorified in you . . . . One of you, it is said, has received the private monies of the prince into his charge, another the imperial vestments and ornaments, another the precious vases, another the books. . . . . This last ought to be the most diligent of all. . . . . Let him not neglect to inform himself of secular literature, and to study the works of genius among the Gentiles, which may please the prince. Let him in his conversations with him, extol the poets for their grandeur of invention, for the interest of their fables: let him praise the orators for their propriety of expression and their great eloquence. Let him also admire the philosophers for their special merit: let him praise the historians who relate to us the series and connexion of events, the manners of our ancestors, and the origin of our laws. . . . . Sometimes let him endeavour to introduce the praise of the Holy Scriptures, translated with so much care, and so much cost, into our language by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus: and occasionally let him cite the Gospels and the Apostles, depositaries of the Divine Oracles. The name of Christ may thus be insinuated into his discourse, and he may find some opportunity of showing that Deity resides in Him alone: with Christ's help all these things may succeed.'—Tom. i. pp. 175, 6.[1]

Attempts were now made to parody, and (if we may so speak) to travestie Christianity. Eusebius (ix. 5)[2] relates how false accounts of the life and passion of Christ were taught in schools and committed to memory. Lives of would-be rivals, especially of that singular person, Apollonius of Tyana, were freely circulated. (For, as Paley has justly remarked, no early opponents of Christianity ever denied the historic truth of our Lord's miracles: they admitted them, and ascribed them to magic. Celsus, for example, declares that Christ learnt the art of sorcery in Egypt.) Maximin went so far as to try to establish a kind of rival hierarchy among the heathen.

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[1] M. de Broglie refers us to Galandi, *Bibliotheca veterum Patrum*, tom. iii., for the original.

[2] We may here mention, once for all, that we have verified a large number of M. de Broglie's references to Tacitus, Suetonius, Eusebius, Socrates, S. Augustine and the *Spicilegium Solesmense*, as also to Gibbon, Neander, &c. We have been so much struck with the accuracy and fairness shown in the use of these authorities, that we feel the fullest confidence in those we have not yet examined. Whenever, as in this case, we give a reference in the text, it has been verified and the resultant statement is often as much ours as M. de Broglie's.

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The successor of Diocletian, Galerius, who had urged, we might almost say goaded, that great Emperor to the sanguinary task of persecution, was struck by a terrible disease, and published on his death-bed (A. D. 311) that singular edict of toleration which Eusebius and Lactantius have preserved for us, and which even Gibbon (chap. xvi.) has thought it well to reproduce. 'He seems,' says M. de Broglie, 'to feel that the 'hands of the God of the Christians has fallen upon him. It 'is a singular document, half insolent, half suppliant, beginning 'with insults to the Christians, and ending with a request for 'their prayers.' The following comments strike us as being amongst the very grandest, even in volumes so replete with noble thoughts as those before us.

'This cry of grief seems to have been wrung from the very heart of pagan society. Sick, like its aged tyrant, exhausted by a last convulsion of rage, extended on its bed of pain, it was about to call to its assistance a God long detested and still unknown. It was about to resort to that mysterious protection whose power whilst it cursed it, it still had felt, with its soul stained with murder and its members gnawed by leprosy. It gave itself wholly to this God with its riches, its goods, and its works. It was about to entrust to Him the skilful, but already decaying, labour of a brilliant and prosperous civilization, strong laws undermined by anarchy, treasures coveted by the cupidity of barbarians, arts corrupted by voluptuousness. Christianity advanced under the banner of Constantine to gather together all these wrecks, to imprint her mark upon them, and whilst preparing for the world a new life, to retain still for a few days on the lips of the imperial corpse the breath of life that was just about to quit it.'—Tom. i. pp. 182, 3.

From a state of persecution to one of toleration, from toleration to supremacy, is the natural course of truth. This preliminary survey has exhibited Christianity under the two first conditions; we have now to see it advancing to its triumph.

At the moment when Galerius put forth his memorable edict, there were no less than six Emperors. Diocletian, in his state of voluntary retirement, witnessed the frustration of the plan he had formed; that, namely, of having two Emperors (*Augusti*) with two heirs presumptive and associated in powers, known as *Cæsars*. Among the six, one was already conspicuously pre-eminent. Courage, ability, and (as a heathen panegyrist observes) the strictest purity of life distinguished Constantine, son of Constantius Chlorus, by heritage from his father, Emperor of the West.

That father had been associated in Empire by Diocletian, Through claiming some connexion with the Emperor Claudius, Constantius the First was indebted for his elevation far less to

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his birth than to his services, as an able, though not a fortunate, general. Constantine was the son of his first wife[1] Helena, whom he repudiated that he might wed the daughter-in-law of Maximin. When Constantius and Galerius were elevated to the rank of *Augusti*, Galerius contrived to thwart the expected advancement of the young Constantine to the rank of Cæsar. The father, the son, and the army were all indignant at the introduction of such nobodies as Flavius Severus and Maximin Daia to this high position. But Constantius was busy in Gaul and could not help his son. Galerius kept Constantine by him, and though not daring to attempt his life, exposed him to the greatest perils; till at length Constantius Chlorus found his health declining, and desired that his son should join him in Gaul. Galerius gave consent, and then repented; but the repentance happily came too late, Constantine had already started.

Constantius, to his great honour, had eluded obedience to the commands of Diocletian in the matter of the persecution; partly from natural humanity, partly, it may be, from a half-unconscious inclination to the faith of the Cross. Gaul was already producing great Doctors of the Church and founding schools for instruction in theology. Constantine was most favourably received in Gaul. He found his father at Boulogne, just ready to start for Britain. But the fatigues of the expedition were too great for a frame enfeebled by age and illness, and Constantius Chlorus died at York, recommending his sole surviving son to the soldiers, who were already well inclined to the brave and popular prince.

We agree with the present Professor of Modern History at Oxford, 'that the succession to the Roman empire was practi-'cally hereditary, though the hereditary principle was modified 'by domestic intrigue, by domestic assassination, and by the 'childlessness which so often resulted from Roman morals.'[2] It was no novelty to the army which Constantius had led, to give effect to the dying wishes of their late commander. Constantine was immediately and unanimously proclaimed emperor. Galerius was furious on receiving the formal intimation of this election, but not daring to oppose it openly, consented to recognise Constantine as Cæsar, but not as Augustus, to which latter rank Severus was exalted. Constantine acquiesced; he could afford 'to bide his time.'

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[1] We say *wife* advisedly; for though her marriage was something short of the highest known to Roman law, yet (as Gibbon forcibly remarks) no repudiation of a mere concubine would have been needed.

[2] Oxford Essays for 1856, p. 307.

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We are not disposed to dwell upon the details of a period which, though narrated with much spirit in these volumes, is not one of their peculiar features. With one exception,[1] Gibbon has done justice to this portion of Constantine's career. The vigour and equity with which he administered the government of Gaul, the prudence of his political combinations with the rival rulers, the military talent he displayed, all tend to give us a very lofty idea of his natural powers. Those powers were about to be dedicated to a new service, which, humanly speaking, effected a revolution in the entire frame-work of society.

Maxentius, ruling tyrannically at Rome, has declared war against Constantine; and Constantine is meditating the chances of taking the initiative, and instead of waiting to be crushed, advancing boldly into Italy. It is a step (as Gibbon admits) full of hazard; he resolves to entreat a God to enlighten him; but the question arises—*what God?* Three of those who had shared with him the supreme power, Maximian, Severus, Galerius, have perished by terrible deaths. They were *all* worshippers of many gods. His own father, Constantius Chlorus, had so far caught the echoes of the truth that were circling round him, as to pray, in whatever ignorance, to *One supreme God;* and he died in peace, beloved by all who knew him, bequeathing the empire to his son. The two latest expeditions against Rome, believed to be under polytheistic patronage, had failed. Was it possible that in that Monotheism of his sire, the son might find the key to the difficulties that oppressed him?

From this date (A.D. 312) Constantine made solemn prayer and appeal to THE GOD of the Christians. We shall not pause to examine the evidence for some outward vision proving the turning-point amidst his perplexities. But if even the cautious and reticent Neander admits, that 'we ought not, without weighty reasons, to reject the legend altogether,' *we* may at once declare that we see no such weighty reasons, no sufficient grounds, for doubting Constantine's own account, as given by Eusebius. Edmund Burke and Dr. Arnold have avowed their belief in some of the miracles narrated by Venerable Bede; the reasons they give tend, *à fortiori*, to make us accept the marvel said to have been witnessed by the first Christian emperor.

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[1] The exception is the death of Maximian; Gibbon admits that 'he deserved his fate,' but thinks that Constantine should have spared his own father-in-law. Certainly, if that father-in-law had not first tried to assassinate him. Gibbon chooses to doubt the accounts of Maximian's prior treachery; the weight of evidence seems to us against him, even if Lactantius has been too favourable to Constantine.

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True, indeed, it is that man has no right to presume on any *à priori* reasonings in such a case; to our earthly eyes neither the loss of an axe-head nor the deficiency of wine at a marriage feast would seem to call for any special interposition. Nevertheless, such is the constitution of the human mind that it cannot *wholly* free itself from such prepossessions; and surely, if ever a mighty change deserved to be heralded, and in some degree brought about, by marvels in the sky, this was one of them. We repeat, we see no ground for disbelieving that Constantine was permitted on a certain day to behold above the setting sun a cross of light, with the words *ἐν τούτῳ νίκα.*

Rapid and brilliant was the march into Italy. On the 28th of October, at *Saxa Rubra*, about nine miles from Rome, amidst noble scenery, the contending armies met. Both as general and as soldier, Constantine proved himself thoroughly deserving of the confidence of the gallant troops he led. The charge of cavalry which he headed in person, conspicuous by the splendour of arms, carried all before it. The Milvian bridge broke down under the weight of the retreating foe, and Maxentius was drowned in the Tiber. The pagan priests whom he had consulted had given him what proved a true, as indeed it was a safe reply, 'That the enemy of the Romans would perish—*illo die hostem Romanorum esse periturum.*'

And if, on his entry into Rome, the conqueror did not openly profess, in the still pagan city, his gratitude to the God who had so wondrously shielded him in youth and led him on to the victory now won, let it be remembered how completely all the traditions of the capital, all the forms of government, all the signs of triumph, were entwined with the creed of paganism. It was much that no sacrifice to false gods, no visit to the Capitol, the essentials of a Roman ovation, falsified the new convictions of his heart. The inscription of this date on his statue was indeed a sign of the times.

'The statue was placed in an open and well-frequented situation. It held in its hand, Eusebius informs us, a lance in the form of a cross. Beneath it, this inscription was engraved: "By this salutary sign of true courage, I have delivered your city from the yoke of tyrannical rule. I set free the senate and the people of Rome, and I restored to them the splendour of their former dignity." The cross was not named, still less the Crucified. It is, however, impossible not to perceive there the timid homage of a sincere conscience anxious to do right before God, without too openly braving men.'—P. 237.

The new year (313) commenced with the famous edict of toleration published by Constantine and Licinius at Milan; an example unwillingly followed by Maximin.

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Deep and fervent was the joy of the Christians. On all sides arose noble *basilicas*, instead of humble and often ruined chapels. That at Tyre was especially distinguished by its magnificence, and the solemnity of its dedication.

It is melancholy to think how soon this joy was in some degree overcast by the breaking out of the schism of the Donatists in Africa. That stern spirit of Tertullian breathed in the heart of many a one among his countrymen. Flight from persecution was deemed cowardice, even prudent reserve was frowned upon. A disposition, which has again and again proved the parent of schism, was being manifested; the wish, that is, to make the Church militant at once into the Church triumphant; to gather up the tares in this life instead of waiting for the harvest.[1] No wonder that Constantine was disappointed, though happily the influence of Hosius led him to lay the blame in the right quarter. A small council held in Rome, at Constantine's desire, under the presidency of its Bishop, Miltiades, condemned the Donatists and acquitted the Bishop accused by them, Cæcilian. By a curious conjunction, the famous heathen *ludi sæculares* were due this year, but the pagans did not venture to celebrate them.

Meanwhile, as Constantine in the West, so in the East Licinius had become sole master, by the overthrow of Maximin Daia. This was another addition to the violent deaths which overtook so many of the pagan persecutors of Christianity. A famous treatise, generally assigned to Lactantius, entitled *De morte persecutorum*, called the public attention to these facts. Can we marvel, if, after all that the Christians had undergone, the spirit of perfect charity should not always reign supreme amidst the vivid colouring of one who had before his conversion been by profession a rhetorician?

Whatever had been the deserts of Maximin, the victory of Licinius was most barbarously employed. And now the world was once more divided, as of yore between Antony and Augustus. It was destined that Licinius should be the Antony.[2] He seems to have brought his destruction on himself, as Gibbon grants, by his own perfidy. The first civil war between the two ended in a treaty of peace purchased by the Eastern Emperor at the price of vast cessions to Constantine, no less than the provinces of Pannonia, Dalmatia, Dacia, Macedonia and Greece. Harmony remained unbroken for eight years, from A. D. 315 to 323.

[1] Cf. Dean Trench *On the Parables* for many excellent comments on the ἦθος of Donatism.

[2] As Antony had married Octavia, the sister of Augustus, so had Licinius married Constantia, the sister of Constantine.

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In the second civil war between the two, Constantine is made by Gibbon the aggressor. Without directly controverting Gibbon, M. de Broglie proves, we think, the existence of another element than any mere ambition on the part of Constantine. Licinius had joined, as we have seen, in the edict of toleration. But he was still a heathen, and soon began to vex and harass the Christians in his part of the empire. He forbade meetings of bishops; and, though himself a notorious libertine, affected to share the scruples of those who pretended to see in the freedom of Christian assemblies, in churches and for instruction, a danger to morality. Disobedience to his commands induced savage persecution. What degree of personal ambition may have been mingled with the complaints of Constantine is known to One alone; but his honour was at stake as well as his convictions. The joint edict would soon become a dead letter, if it was ignominiously set at nought in one half of the empire. In warding off some inroads of the Goths, Constantine was not over particular (was he called upon to be so?) in preserving, amidst marches and counter-marches, the exact limits of his own domains. Licinius sent half-imploring, half-insulting protests; —'*cum variâsset*,' says an anonymous chronicler of the time, '*inter supplicantia ac superba mandata, iram Constantini meritò* '*excitavit*.' Constantine recriminated, complaining bitterly of his colleague's bad faith towards his Christian subjects. The matter soon passed beyond words; the appeal lay to the God of battles. Licinius openly threw his lot with heathendom, his rival bore the Cross upon the diadem.

We have spoken of an interval of eight years between these two civil wars. During that time Constantine had not been idle. He had been called upon to allay religious dissensions in Africa, he had made his first appearance as a legislator. A word on each of these points may be fitly interposed before we return to the issue of the struggle with Licinius.

The Donatists were dissatisfied with the decision of the small council held at Rome. They affirmed that their case had been mistaken, that Cæcilian was not the person mainly in fault, but Felix, Bishop of Aptonga, who had ordained him. According to them, Felix had during the last persecution given up precious manuscripts to the magistrates, and such conduct, they maintained, rendered all his official acts null and void.

'The Emperor, anxious to end the conflict, allowed himself to be shaken by these complaints, and as the point in dispute was a matter of fact which might be proved by witnesses before a civil magistrate, he wrote to the successor of Anulinus, the proconsul Ælian, to proceed immediately, all other business being given up (*remotis necessitatibus publicis*), to an inquiry concerning the life of Felix of Aptonga.

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'It was assuredly a very singular and very significant spectacle for the whole world, this examination of a bishop by a magistrate for a fact altogether religious, and of which the Church alone could judge, and which, but the day before, was not only permitted but commanded by the civil law. The question was whether, during the persecution, the Bishop Felix had done wrong and obeyed the Imperial edict, and in yielding to the threats of the magistrates. Submission was now imputed to him as a crime before the very tribunal where but a short time before it had been exacted with violence. Nothing could more clearly show the complete victory of the Church over the acknowledged impotence of the State. The civil power itself undertook to declare that resistance to itself had been right, and the *fasces* only raised themselves to bow before the Cross. That nothing might be wanting to this profound and striking contrast, officers of the public forces were cited and bore witness to the honour of Felix that he had had the courage to resist them.'—I. p. 277.

Felix was acquitted; but Constantine, so imperious in civil affairs, was really full of scruples, caution, and hesitation in all matters that concerned the Church. He convoked a new Council at Arles, and we regret that our space does not admit of a comparison between the letter written to Africa, which has reached us through Optatus, with that addressed on this same subject to Chrestus, Bishop of Syracuse, which is preserved by Eusebius. The similarity of tone and language between documents coming through such very different and independent channels is, as our author observes, a proof of the trustworthy character of our materials for the history of these times. The general purport of each is, that the Emperor bewails the division and the scandal given to bystanders by such differences. Though obliged to quit Gaul for Thrace at the time of the Council, he left behind him written arrangements extending to the minutest details of the externals of the gathering. The Bishops (both Catholic and Donatist) were each to be allowed the attendance of two priests and three servants, and to have their travelling expenses paid. This δημόσιον ὄχημα (Euseb. H. E. x. 5) became in after times a serious laic means of influencing the action of the Church. (It is on this occasion that Eusebius employs that remarkable expression respecting the second order of the ministry, δύο γέ τινας τῶν ἐκ δευτέρου θρόνου).

The Council, despite the authority of S. Cyprian (who had argued against the validity of heretical baptism), arrived at the important decision which is brought before English clergy in that Article which treats 'Of the Unworthiness of Ministers, which hinders not the effect of the Sacrament;' it pronounced, however, sentence of deposition from the ministry against those who gave up the Scriptures or the Church vessels, or who denounced their brethren to the heathen; and it ruled (a curious proof of the new union betwixt Church and State) that deserters from the army in time of peace should be excommunicated; and, moreover,

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discussed (another sign of the change) the discipline of Bishops in regard to Christians elevated to public offices. The unwillingness of some of the Donatists to submit, put the Emperor into a thorough passion. It is, however, remarkable that his letters of this date present a more explicit declaration than he had yet published of his faith, not in bare Monotheism, but in Christianity. The following is an extract from one—

'What fury!—what do these people want?—true instruments of Satan! They demand judgment from me—from me who await the judgment of Christ! They bring forward an appeal, as in civil causes. They leave heavenly things for things of this world; but I say it in truth, the judgment of priests ought to be received, as if God was seated on their tribunal to judge. For it is not permitted to them to think and judge otherwise than they have learnt by the teaching of Christ.'—I. p. 289.

On the third of July—perhaps the day of the month on which the reader may be glancing at these pages—in the year of grace 323, the battle of Adrianople proved the ruin of Licinius and of the cause of heathenism. It was followed by the reduction of Byzantium (soon about to change its name), and by another battle at Chalcedon, which placed the life of Licinius at the mercy of the conqueror. It is a deep blot upon the good faith of Constantine, that in about a year he had his rival strangled. True it is that (as a writer by no means favourable to Constantine remarks[1]) Licinius had ever manifested rancour to all who were in any way distinguished by intellectual acquirements; had been always totally indifferent to human life and suffering, and regardless of any principle of law or justice. Brave and skilful as a general, he was systematically treacherous and cruel, and the murders he had committed among the relatives even of his friends (to say nothing of his *foes*) 'form a climax of ingratitude and cold-blooded ferocity to which few parallels can be found.'[2] He may *possibly* have attempted conspiracies in his prison; and the death of such a monster could be no loss to mankind. Nevertheless, we thoroughly coincide with the following observations of M. de Broglie on the circumstances of his death.

'An event so common in the annals of the empire did, however, excite very powerfully the passions of all historians. Pagan authors, such as Zosimus and Victor, point triumphantly to this betrayal of his word in a Christian Emperor. Eusebius envelops this whole catastrophe in a cloud of confused and embarrassed rhetoric. Socrates, Zonaras, and Nicephorus, exhaust every effort to discover vain pretexts and impossible disguises. Alone, amongst the Christian writers, S. Jerome relates the fact in his Chronicle without excuse or circumlocution. This is the only language worthy of a sincere narrator. It must be freely confessed that Constantine,

[1] Smith's *Dict. of Greek and Roman Biography*, Art. Licinius. [2] *Ibid.*

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who fought with the faith of a Christian, who governed frequently according to the light of the Gospel, nevertheless did still avenge his own private wrongs with the rigour, and often with the cunning, of a Roman Emperor of the old religion. History is right to point out in him, with astonishment and severity, vices which were familiar to his predecessors. *This is another homage she pays to his character and to his faith.*'—I. p. 327.

At the age of forty-nine, at the close of the year 323, we behold Constantine sole master of the world, in so far as the empire deserves the name. His position in the two divisions was, however, by no means identical. In the Western Empire the ruling spirit of the age was essentially Roman; in the Eastern it was essentially Asiatic. From this time we see Constantine more in the East; and he is much under the influence of Eusebius of Cæsarea and Eusebius of Nicomedia. We share in our author's dislike of both these persons; but our want of affection must not induce us to forget the deep debt of gratitude we owe to the former. He is the very father of Church history; the blank that would have been caused by the loss of his works would be irreparable, and it may well be questioned whether Socrates and several other writers are not, in a literary sense, his descendants.

Niebuhr, and some other critics, seem astonished at Constantine's not managing to preserve, either as man or ruler, a perfectly clear and consistent course. We are profoundly astonished at their astonishment. If even a saintly monarch, such as Louis IX. of France, felt obliged to make some compromises with the spirit of feudalism; if statesmen the most sincere in their religious convictions find it impossible to leaven a modern cabinet with their principles; how was it to be expected that in the face of a paganism, in which he had been nurtured, and which had only just been defeated by force of arms, Constantine, yet unbaptized, should carry everything with a high hand? Ought it to surprise any one above the age of a school-boy to find the Emperor still granting a theoretic toleration to paganism, and yet unable to repress the ardour of his friends, when they claimed in the interests of morality to overthrow this and that pagan sanctuary? They were, though Christians, still men, and they had long arrears to repay.

'This reckoning once opened with paganism was not likely to be soon settled. In fact, there was hardly a pagan temple which did not conceal in its mysterious recesses some immodest or sanguinary disorder. In truth, paganism only offered everywhere one vast picture of systematic and consecrated immorality, in regard of which religious prestige alone had been able to lull to sleep the public conscience. From the moment when this prestige disappeared, the scandal remained alone. From the day when men no longer approached the altars of Venus, Priapus, or

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Cybele with downcast eyes, it was no longer possible to gaze upon them without blushes and indignation. The Gospel, like a rising sun, pierced with its rays the veils of the temples and the recesses of the sacred woods, and laid bare to the open sky the unclean idols, and the obscure ceremonies, a complete school of crimes and debauchery, which a regulated society was astonished at having borne so long.'—I. p. 348.

It would detain us too much to show the difficulties and the indecision of the Emperor; and his partial and temporary use of the civil arm, though it was not solicited by the Church. This temporary use of force was against the Donatists in Africa.

'But it is the duty of history to acknowledge that the Church was altogether unconnected with this first invasion of her province by the secular power. The first appeal made to the Emperor in a religious cause proceeded from an heretical sect. The first interposition of civil authority came from the zeal of an Emperor who was not yet a catechumen.'—I. p. 295.

In turning to the action of Christianity upon Roman law, we may observe that in no portions of his work has M. de Broglie exhibited a more strict and conscientious study than in those which relate to this very curious subject. That the Gospel did affect the famous code known as the Theodosian, has indeed been truly asserted in other works;[1] but unless our ignorance misleads us, nowhere, before the appearance of these volumes, with equal minuteness of investigation.

This may appear to many a dry and repulsive subject. But before they hastily turn away from it, let them reflect for a moment on its importance. That importance seems to us, in the present state of the public mind, much greater than is usually suspected. There is a spirit abroad which, with more or less frankness, speaks on this wise—'Say what you will, after 'all, Christ is not the great and exclusive teacher that divines 'would fain represent Him to be. Greek philosophy, Roman 'legislation, these marvellous influences still train the human 'mind, as much as Evangelists and Apostles.' There is a sense in which this assertion is partly true; there is a sense in which it becomes all but entirely false.

Christianity never for a moment pretended to be *only* a new revelation of our relations to the Triune God. It is besides this (as Bishop Butler and other apologists have often said) *a republication of natural religion.* It never maintained that every work of fallen man was of necessity a mere mass of pollution, retaining no traces of that better nature which he erst received in Paradise. In the words of its Divine Founder, it

[1] *e.g.* In Mr. Sandars' Introduction to his edition of *The Institutes of Justinian*, and therefore probably in the works of some of the great foreign jurists to whom he acknowledges his obligations. Dean Milman treats only of a later time.

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taught men 'to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;' it acknowledged, with S. Paul, 'the powers that be;' it made use of its rights of citizenship; it rebuked the lawlessness of the magistrates at Philippi; it gladly availed itself of the fair and noble maxims of that great nation, which demanded definite charges, and brought accused and accusers face to face. And when it had triumphed over pagan persecutions, and the Cross surmounted the Crown, it did not attempt the foolish and useless task of undoing all that existed before that epoch. No! whatsoever things were true, whatsoever things were honest, whatsoever things were just, whatsoever things were pure;—these, wherever it found them, it gathered under its sheltering wing. It recognised—to take the instance before us—the spirit of majesty and uprightness that breathed, in the main, throughout the Roman law. But it inserted by degrees into each new code both principles and details which could never have occurred to a heathen mind, and it weeded out many and many a blemish which, in the eyes of the Stoic philosophers and jurists, was deemed no demerit, perhaps a positive good.

In speaking thus we by no means intend to insinuate that Christian reformers *never* made mistakes in their alterations. They may have made many; Constantine himself was far from felicitous in some of his first legal reforms. But the mistakes of individuals no more prejudice the general beneficent action of Christianity on legislation than the venal temper of Felix the general spirit of Roman rule. If latitudinarian thinkers will urge that we may learn lessons of wisdom, justice, moderation, from the famous codes of imperial Rome, we do not for a moment deny the fact. In so far as Roman laws were good, they were from God; what was evil has been in great measure exorcised by the religion of the Cross. The stately basilica is not now the less a Christian church because its original founders may have dedicated it to Jupiter or Pallas.

The student who would examine this question in detail is referred to M. de Broglie's volumes. We can only make room for a few headings of the changes wrought by Constantine which will *not* be found in Gibbon, though he *has* exposed the Emperor's mistakes in this department of government. Abolition of branding on the brow, *because man is made in the image of God* (A.D. 318); *abolition of crucifixion and of breaking of the legs of criminals* (318); relief to be given to needy parents[1] in Africa, to restrain them from exposure of children (A.D. 315); appeal to Rome from provinces forbidden in case of extortion or rape, *whatever the rank of the culprit;* warnings to be mer-

[1] Gibbon does mention this with some (rather faint) praise.

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ciful to the accused, and to abstain from acts of torture, of imprisonment without light, &c.; abolition of penalties for celibacy or childlessness (319); encouragement to affranchise slaves, especially with the aid and sanction of the Christian priests and bishops; liberty given (A.D. 321) to all Christian soldiers to be present at Divine service on Sundays; repression of all but necessary field-labour on that day, and of every civil act except the emancipation of a slave.

As we shall not be able to return to the subject, at least in the present article, we may just mention, that succeeding alterations in the same direction were *constantly* being made after the empire became Christian. The following is the most solid defence which we have anywhere seen of the wisdom of the Church in gradually effacing slavery instead of denouncing it wholesale from the first.

'The sudden abolition of slavery would have caused a famine in ancient society, which only lived on the produce of servile labour. It would have thrown on to the soil whole populations, without guide, without resources, incapable of governing themselves, living beings equally devoid of animal instinct and human intelligence. More than a day was required to create and mature that respect for themselves and others, that esteem for labour, those sentiments of dignity and independence which render societies capable of subsisting by the efforts of *free* exertion. The Church, in that solemn moment, accepted from God and from Constantine the task of emancipating the world without overturning it. It is for modern nations to say whether she has kept her word.'—I. p. 306.

But a new enemy to the Church was now raising its head. 'From a little spark,' says Socrates (i. 6.), 'is kindled a mighty 'fire. The evil began from the Church of Alexandria.'[1]

And here, as we wish to make no secret of our own prepossessions, we must own to feeling a peculiar awe and horror at the very name of Arius. For Apollinaris, for Eutyches, for Pelagius, we can feel compassion, while we condemn their errors. But Arius foisting earthly logic upon the relations between the Persons of the Godhead,—Arius publishing songs for the many, that he might instil into their minds his deadly heresy,—Arius, by turns insolent and courtly, coarse and subtle; to his own Master he standeth or falleth, to Him who knows the difficulties and temptations of each one of us,—but if there be such a thing as indignation which is righteous, as denunciation which is just, we know not in truth in what direction such sentiments and voices may be fitly turned, if it be not on the memory of that arch troubler of the fold for long ages and in many a clime.[2]

[1] Ἀρξάμενόν τε τὸ κακὸν ἀπὸ τῆς Ἀλεξανδρέων ἐκκλησίας, κ.τ.λ. Our own copy of Socrates has a mark here referring to the counter statement in Newman's *Arians*, that the mischief began at Antioch. M. de Broglie follows Socrates, whose statement is certainly explicit enough.

[2] M. de Broglie (i. p. 378) gives the commencement of the poem published by

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With the true, and all but infallible, instinct of impiety, Arius detected at an early period of his career the presence of that champion whom God in his mercy raised up to confront, and in his own good time to triumph over, the false teaching. He complained of the harshness of his Bishop, Alexander, but 'more particularly of a young secretary, a wrong-headed man 'of haughty temper, who carried away the good old prelate.' His epithets were false, but his recognition of his real opponent was perfectly correct. Even then shone forth the great and rising powers of that royal-hearted spirit whose genius in after years 'would have qualified him far better than the degenerate sons of Constantine, for the government of a great monarchy;'[1] whose very name bore with it an augury of hope, the master-mind of his era, Athanasius.

The first news of the dissension between Alexander and Arius caused, as was to be expected, much annoyance to the Emperor. Hastily snatching up his pen, he wrote that celebrated 'liberal letter,' of which M. de Broglie observes that it commingles, in a strange contrast, 'the haughtiness of the master, 'the submission of the believer, and the contempt of the states-'man.' He at first supposed that the disputants were contending about extremely small questions (*ὑπὲρ μικρῶν καὶ λίαν ἐλαχίστων*. Socr. i. 7), and recommended mutual charity and reconciliation. He sent Hosius to inquire; and that simple-minded and upright prelate at once saw through the novel subtleties of the Arian creed. But Alexandria was a turbulent city, and the heresiarch had now won many partisans. In an imprudent moment, when Constantine was annoyed at the disobedience that was rife, Arius boasted of his influence. Constantine, thoroughly roused, sent for Arius. The Emperor was no match for the clever dialectician, but still he was not satisfied. A truly imperial idea occurred to him. He would convoke the bishops of all the habitable globe.

The second volume of the work before us contains in its opening chapter an account of the great council at Nice. We do not know of any book which gives, in the same number of pages, an account equally clear and graphic and reverent of 'one of the most sublime epochs in human history.'[2] But as

Arius under the title of the *Thalia*. 'In the company of the elect of God, of the holy children, of the orthodox, of those who have received the Holy Spirit, I learnt what follows . . . . . I have walked in their footsteps, in harmony with them, I, Arius, the celebrated one, who have suffered for the glory of God.' What a revelation of himself lies in that one epithet, the *celebrated!*

[1] Gibbon.

[2] We have much pleasure in quoting these words from the *Edinburgh Review*. How different from its tone at its first origin, how different from the tone of its popular writers of the eighteenth century, who, as M. de Broglie observes, blamed

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our limits will not allow us to follow M. de Broglie into many details, we shall venture to insert a few reflections gathered from our own humble studies upon the questions at issue. These reflections will not be uncoloured by our recent perusal of the work under review, and might be supported by many extracts from it; but M. de Broglie must not be considered as in anywise responsible for them.

Some of the leading truths taught by Doctors of the Church concerning the Nature of the Godhead may perhaps be stated thus. God is One; and forasmuch as He has existed from all eternity, and nothing else can exist without his good pleasure, matter cannot be co-eternal with Him; for this would destroy one of his primary attributes, namely, Omnipotence. Consequently, a time there was, when created things were not. For ages upon ages, endlessly reaching back, God was alone. Yet though alone, without worlds, or men, or angels, not in solitude—*solus, non solitarius,*—for that, from all eternity, there was intercommunion between the several Persons in the Godhead. In the perfect Unity of that Nature, there was yet a threefold Personality; a doctrine not more hard for the reason to conceive, than that an infinite absolute Being should be a Person at all. There never was a time when the eternal Father had not with Him, his image, the eternal Son; just as a twig growing by the water side is born with its own reflected image ever by it. There never was a time when there did not proceed, from the Father immediately, from the Son mediately, the Holy Ghost. And though without any incompleteness, yet is the generation of the Son in some sense eternal and unceasing, as in the past, so in the present; and likewise the procession of the Holy Ghost. *Natus est Filius, et nascitur Filius; processit Spiritus sanctus, procedit Spiritus sanctus.* The Father is the One God, the Son is the One God, the Holy Ghost is the One God; and yet the Father is not the Son, nor the Son the Holy Ghost, nor the Holy Ghost the Father. And though all three Persons be of one substance, power and eternity, yet is a certain priority of dignity conceived to reside in the Father; for that He is ministered to, but ministereth not; sendeth, but is not sent; is begotten of none, proceedeth from none, being the fountain and origin of Godhead.

We have already spoken of the manner in which the Incarnation of the Eternal Son satisfies the longings of the human heart. Whatsoever has been wrought by the God the Holy Trinity, for the salvation of mankind, has been effected through the Humanity of the Son. And either in the actual Godhead,

with disdainful severity the way in which Constantine lowered himself, as sovereign and statesman, by meddling with such puerilities!

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or in the Incarnate Lord, all earthly functions find the reality of which they are only the resemblance.[1] It is not that men are fathers, and He so called by analogy; He is the Eternal Father, and earthly paternity is the shadow. It is not that men who are kings bear a title which we may apply to his all ruling sovereignty, but that He is the King of kings, and they his faint and temporary representatives. Somewhat similarly may we speak of the priesthood of men as related to the Priesthood of Christ; and precisely in the same way of the Sonship of the second Person of the Holy Trinity as compared with earthly sonship.

It was the misery of Arius that he viewed these relations, so to speak, from the wrong end. His gross and earthly dialectic urged, 'if the Father begat the Son, the begotten has a 'beginning of existence; whence it is plain, that there was a 'time when the Son did not exist; and from this it necessarily 'follows that He is formed (or has his substance) from what 'once was not.'[2] His partisans are accused of having gone to public places and asked the passers-by, especially women, 'Had you a son before you gave him birth?' adding, when they received a negative reply, 'No more could the Almighty.'

We have ventured, at the risk of seeming to state what is trite and well known, to re-state these principles, because upon their importance or non-importance must turn our verdict upon the entire character and career of Athanasius. If the difference between him and Arius was only a verbal subtlety, a discussion on the mere outworks of the faith, then the long and unwearied labours, the flight, and sufferings of the Primate of Egypt (for such he became), must be regarded, at the very best, as so much needless obstinacy. The sneer of Gibbon is well known, that the distinction between the rival watchwords, *homoousios* and *homoiousios* turned upon a single letter. Well and wisely has it been replied by a great living divine of the English Church, that the word *Creatour* (spelt in the old way) differs but by a single letter from *creature*. In that seemingly slight difference lies the gulf that can never be passed; for man, though made in Christ a partaker of the Divine Nature, can never become of one substance with Him who created him. The Arian creed made our Lord a mere creature; the first, highest, best, purest, of all creatures, it is true; but a creature still, and therefore far less widely separated from us than from God. Has the Church Universal been suffered to fall for cen-

[1] This has been well put by Dean Trench, but we cannot at the moment refer to the passage.

[2] εἰ ὁ πατὴρ ἐγέννησε τὸν υἱὸν, ἀρχὴν ὑπάρξεως ἔχει ὁ γεννηθείς· καὶ ἐκ τούτου δῆλον, ὅτι ἦν ὅτε οὐκ ἦν ὁ υἱός· ἀκολουθεῖ τε ἐξ ἀνάγκης, ἐξ οὐκ ὄντων ἔχειν αὐτὸν τὴν ὑπόστασιν. Socrates, I. 5.

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turies into the worst and deepest idolatry, giving to One who is only somewhat higher than an archangel the homage due to God alone? The answer must be, 'Yes! it has,' if Arianism be the truth of God.

It is not in our power to give our author's vivid sketch of that wonderful meeting at Nice, where Paphnutius, Bishop of the Thebaid, came dragging his leg, its muscles having been severed whilst he worked in the mines, and turned on the spectators the orb of an eye of which heathen persecutors had quenched the light; where Paul, Bishop of Neo-Cæsarea on the Euphrates, gave his blessing with a hand mutilated by fire; where holy anchorites, like James of Nisibis, represented that unworldly element which was now so much needed as a counterpoise to the dangers of courtly religion. It is also highly remarkable, and we do not remember to have seen the feature brought out before in modern histories of the time, that several pagan philosophers were present. Naturally enough they inclined to think that Arius was the more logical; perhaps, if the πρῶτον ψεῦδος of his system, the application of earthly senses to Divine terms, be once admitted, he really was so. These by-standers did not enter into the spirit of a remark made by a father, *àpropos* of these very discussions: 'Oh, my friend, we 'have already warned you once for all, that when divine mysteries are concerned, we must never ask the *why* and the *how*.'[1] Yet it has come down to us on the highest authority, that one eloquent and gifted pagan was utterly silenced and abashed by some simple questions of an aged, unlearned Christian, who had been a confessor during the days of peril; and overcome (as he himself proclaimed) by an irresistible impulse, muttered in reply the all important syllables, 'I believe.'

The question at Nice was—'What has the Church from the first held and taught?'[2] When Arius, standing before the council, threw aside those modifications which each Eusebius was (we fear) but too inclined to grant, and openly declared that our Lord was not God, but only a partaker of the Divinity in the sense in which all men are, according to Holy Scripture, his doctrines carried with them to the ears of all, but a mere fraction of the assembly, their own plain condemnation.

Eusebius, the historian, would have preferred a creed composed by himself, in which was simply applied to the Eternal Word the Pauline expression, *the first-born of every creature*, πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως.[3] But that master-mind, who, though

[1] Gelasius of Cyzicum, cit ap. de Broglie, ii. p. 23.

[2] We have again much satisfaction in adopting the words of the *Edinburgh Review*.

[3] M. de Broglie asks in his preface for corrections. Seldom indeed is it that

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not yet upon an episcopal throne, was (at the age of twenty-seven) guiding the sense of the assembly, saw that such language, however true and divine, was not to the point, and that there needed some term not new in substance, though partially perhaps new in form. That word, as is well known, was ὁμοούσιος. It may be lamentable to have to coin new terms at all. But this was justified by the necessity of meeting the inventions of the heretics, who declared that our Lord was of a different substance or essence (ἐξ ἑτέρας ὑποστάσεως ἢ οὐσίας), that He was convertible or changeable (τρεπτὸς, ἢ ἀλλοιωτὸς); it was justified by the blessing shed upon it from on high, for it became a very touchstone of true belief, and never since has the Church Universal dared to discard, or in anywise to alter it. Like the word *Trinity*, though not in Holy Scripture, it expresses the sense of Holy Scripture.

The semi-Arian creed involved perhaps a more utter confusion of thought than the professions of Arius himself when most extreme. Among the semi-Arians were some who were able courtiers and politicians. But there were others of a far higher and holier stamp; men of a class which will always probably exist. Glad indeed should we be if we might, in all humility, suggest to any such minds that their course is not *always* free from danger.

There are among good men, as well as men of very questionable character, those who shrink from extremes of *any* kind. They are frequently admirable and useful persons; and in quiet times, and so long as their dread is confined to plans, as distinct from principles, they are very often in the right. But in days of trouble they cannot always be followed so implicitly; they accept and act upon that Aristotelian definition, which makes

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we have an opportunity of offering any, but he has here made what seems to us, in one so well acquainted with Holy Scripture, a strange oversight. He calls the expression proposed by Eusebius *ambiguous;* and so it was, just as any text would be which did not touch the real point at issue. But he has apparently quite forgotten that the phrase comes from the Epistle to the Colossians (i. 15), besides being almost anticipated by the author of Ecclesiasticus (xxiv. 9), in his sublime description of the uncreated Wisdom. The phrase *was* inconclusive, *because* the Arians maintained that, by implication, it taught that our Lord himself was a mere creature. Our English authorized version might possibly lend itself to such a view, as also the Vulgate, *Primogenitus omnis creaturæ.* 'Born before all creation,' and therefore *not* a part of creation, is the true and catholic interpretation of the Apostle's words.

We should not make so much ado about a single slip, were it not that a mistake in so accurate a writer is a serious affair. His French critic, M. Ampère, a pleasant and generally well-informed writer, thinking himself quite safe under such guidance, plunges headlong into an unconscious attack upon the orthodoxy of S. Paul! He says of the Eusebians, that in their creed 'parmi des expressions très orthodoxes, ils en glissèrent une *qui ne l'etait point du tout*.....le premier né de la création.' (Rév. des deux Mondes, 1 Août, 1859.)

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the being in *a mean*, part of the essence of virtue, instead of its accident. Forgetting the rule of a safer teacher than the Stagyrite, Bishop Butler, that 'truth or right is somewhat real 'in itself, and so not to be judged of by its liableness to abuse, 'or by its supposed distance from, or nearness to, error,' they shift their standard according to the tone of those around them; they delight to think and say that they are not extreme men, even when they are holding firmly many things that they would have considered most extreme some twenty years earlier. And when such men, not being cast in an heroic mould, come across those who are heroic, those but for whom, humanly speaking, truth would be crushed out, they are but too apt to think them troublesome, unconciliatory, incautious, and the like. Such we cannot but think was the secret of much of the distrust of the great S. Athanasius, which was felt by some of his contemporaries. Are there not but too many whom that great doctor has been the earthly instrument, under God, of saving from fundamental error; who, if they had lived in his days, would, from timidity, caution, and fear of extremes, have been found among the semi-Arians?

It is no wonder that the popular imagination, impressed by the sublimity of the spectacle, invented some stories bearing on the great event; marvellous stories which will not bear any critical examination, but which serve to attest the vivid impression created on the mind of the Christendom of that day. Men told, for example, how the signatures of Chrysantius and Musonius, two bishops who died during the session of the council, were found appended to the creed, their names and seals being affixed by no mortal hand: or how amongst *the three hundred and eighteen*,[1] as they were familiarly called, another figure, adding one to the number, mysteriously took the form, now of one, now of another prelate, the Holy Spirit Himself thus deigning to aid in the establishment of the true faith.

'These pious anecdotes, devoid of all historical value, nevertheless bear testimony to the artless admiration of the people for the work of the Nicæan Fathers. In fact, the Holy Spirit had accomplished, through their means, a greater marvel than all the prodigies that were related. That Asia Minor, where the Christian Church had just held her grand assizes, had been for many centuries the birthplace of all superstitions, and of all systems. Philosophy and fable had alike their favoured abode there. The southern coast of that same land was strewn with the ruins of Troy, the brilliant country of the gods of Homer. There was not one of all the flourishing cities along the margin of the Ionian Sea, not one of the islands of her Archipelago, which could not at the same time boast of the protection of a god and the birth of a sage. Samos had

[1] They are often compared by ancient writers to the three hundred and eighteen trained servants of Abraham (Genesis xiv. 14).

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the temple of Neptune and the cradle of Pythagoras. The Apollo of Claros and the Diana of Ephesus were adored on the same shores where Thales and Anaximander had taught, and where Heraclitus first saw the light. But this long labour of the same people, to conceive the thought or image of God, had only produced, till that day, dreams, idols, and monsters. And in less than six weeks, three hundred men, unknown to one another, arriving from opposite ends of the world, speaking in different tongues, had been able to give a nervous and concise formula of the Divine Nature, destined to traverse all oceans and all ages! And at this day, after fifteen centuries have passed away, from one extremity of the civilized world to the other, in the lonely hamlets of the Alps, in unknown isles of ocean discovered by modern science, when the solemnity of the Sunday lifts towards heaven brows bent earthward by labour, is heard a concert of rustic voices repeating in one and the same tone, the hymn of the Divine Unity:

'"I believe in one God the Father Almighty, Maker of all things visible and invisible: and in one Lord Jesus Christ the only begotten Son of God, Begotten of his Father before all worlds, God of God, Light of Light, Very God of very God, Begotten not made, Being of one substance with the Father, By whom all things were made, Who for us men and for our salvation came down from heaven, And was incarnate, and was made man. He suffered and rose again on the third day; and ascended into heaven, and shall come again to judge both the quick and the dead.

'"And I believe in the Holy Ghost."[1]—Pp. 68, 69.

The work before us is divided into chapters, of which each one bears a single title. We will own to a slight sentiment of suspicion respecting the merits of this plan. In several instances it answers well enough; and it lends itself to that fondness for grouping and neat arrangement and drawing of *tableaux* which has so great, and sometimes so perilous, an attraction for French historians. But unless a book be a mere set of dissertations on history, instead of a history, we (perhaps from a spirit of John Bullism) prefer the kind of headings used by Gibbon. The chapter at which we are now arrived, the fifth, is full of interesting topics, such as (to name only a few) the legal abolition of gladiatorship—the persistence of the city of Rome in heathenism—the dislike felt there against the Emperor as in heart a Christian—the disproval of the legend that he was baptized there[2]—the visit of Constantine's mother S. Helena to

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[1] We follow M. de Broglie in giving the original Creed, as it emanated from the Fathers of Nice. The Latin form, in which he gives it, differs from that in Dr. Routh's *Opuscula* (tom. i. p. 368): 1. In the omission of the words *propter nos homines;* 2. In the insertion of the word *credo* in the final clause. As neither difference is of the slightest practical or essential importance, we have followed Dr. Routh in point 1, and M. de Broglie (for clearness' sake) in point 2.

The Greek form, in the Acts of the Council of Chalcedon, favours Dr. Routh in both respects.

[2] This story is now thoroughly given up. Even M. Rohrbacher, who usually follows Baronius, forsakes him here. So natural, however, is it to connect particular scenes and buildings with events, that the writer is himself conscious of a

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Jerusalem (the subject so well discussed by Mr. G. Williams in his *Holy City*), her discoveries there, her buildings, and her death. But the title of this chapter, running along the top for no less than sixty pages, is the somewhat appalling one of *Murder of Crispus and Fausta.* At any rate, our author cannot be accused of following in the footsteps of Constantine's courtly biographer, Eusebius, and concealing the very existence of this deplorable domestic tragedy.

The secrets of that history must for ever remain unknown. That it was not, as it is often represented, a repetition of the legend of Hippolytus and Phædra, M. de Broglie has, we think, sufficiently disproved. Fausta was not of an age likely to involve any criminal attachment to her step-son. Nor can we think, with Gibbon, that Fausta escaped; though it may not be easy to fix the precise date when she followed the step-son, of whose death she had been partially the instrument. No doubt these events tend to prove, as M. de Broglie observes, that the heart of Constantine, hardened in youth by the scenes he had passed through, had not been thoroughly reformed by the profession, however sincere, of Christianity; and it is quite right to adduce the unfavourable judgments of S. Jerome and S. Chrysostom. But though, we must repeat, we do not wish to say one word in palliation of crime, yet the arguments of Niebuhr, assuredly no flatterer of Constantine, seem to us to deserve more attention than they have received, and we therefore give them in a foot-note.[1]

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shade of regret, when he thinks that the Baptistery shown to him and others in Rome is not really, as alleged, the place of Constantine's baptism. The people of Rome will of course cling to it.

[1] 'Every one knows the miserable death of Constantine's son, Crispus, who was sent into exile to Pola, and then put to death. If, however, people will make a tragedy of this event, I must confess that I do not see how it can be proved that Crispus was innocent. When I read of so many insurrections of sons against their fathers, I do not see why Crispus, who was Cæsar, and demanded the rank of Augustus, which his father refused him, should not have thought—"Well, if I do not make anything of myself, my father will not, for he will certainly prefer the sons of Fausta to me, the son of a repudiated woman." Such a thought, if it did occur to Crispus, must have stung him to the quick. That a father should order his own son to be put to death is certainly repulsive to our feelings, but it is rash and inconsiderate to assert that Crispus was innocent. It is to me highly probable that Constantine himself was quite convinced of his son's guilt: I infer this from his conduct towards the three step-brothers of Crispus, whom he always treated with the highest respect, and his unity and harmony with his sons is truly exemplary. It is related that Fausta was suffocated, by Constantine's command, by the steam of a bath; but Gibbon has raised some weighty doubts about this incredible and unaccountable fact, and I cannot therefore attach any importance to the story.'

It must be owned that our inability to reject (with Gibbon and Niebuhr) the subsequent execution of Fausta, introduces a weak point into the above chain of reasoning. The death of that imperial beauty seems to have been caused by the conviction on the part of Constantine that Crispus had been innocent; and that

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The next chapter is at least free from the objection which we feel to the selection of a single title. It is dedicated, with the exception of a page or two on the ecclesiology of that age, solely and exclusively to the subject of its heading, *The Foundation of Constantinople.* It is—shall we confess it?—the one and sole chapter in these volumes in which we have caught ourselves looking onward, to see when it would come to an end. But perhaps this was the fault of our own impatience; for, on a second reference, we must own it to be a very wonderful political study. It shows how much can, and how much cannot, be achieved by the efforts of one man in the attempt to create in two years a new capital of the world.

More than two thousand years have passed away since a Persian general, Megabazus, pronounced that the settlers who founded Chalcedon must have been blind, for they would never have chosen such a site, when a far finer one lay exactly opposite.[1] The verdict of after ages has ratified the judgment of the gallant soldier. Byzantium still remains *the* prize city of the world. On the raft at Tilsit, Napoleon and Alexander by mutual consent avoided all allusion to its very name, because each knew that the very mention of it would prevent the possibility of a peaceful settlement; and since then England and France, Sardinia and Turkey, have withstood the supposed designs of Russia on that wondrous capital.

Constantine, whose name, despite Turkish influence, still clings to it, founded it partly (as M. de Broglie remarks) as a follower in the steps of Diocletian, partly because he believed that he could never make Rome a Christian capital. The entire social system introduced by Constantine marks the epoch of a revolution. On the whole, this attempt to arrest the decline of the sinking Empire is generally pronounced to have been a failure.

The great Florentine, writing after the event, gives, in accordance with the spirit of his age, an astrological reason why the success of Constantine was less brilliant than that of Æneas. Æneas, he reminds us, in sailing from Troy to Italy, went *with* the course of the sun from east to west; but in this case with evil augury,—

Constantin l'Aquila volse
Contra il corso del ciel.[2]

Fausta and her friends had misled him. But if Constantine was seduced by artful representations into believing Crispus really guilty, he may so far have been 'more sinned against than sinning.' The death of Fausta was, we fear, as M. de Broglie says, but too much like a pagan offering to the manes of his son. Only let us remember that Constantine was still unbaptized, and had been brought up amidst scenes of this kind.

[1] Herodotus, iv. 144.

[2] Dante, Paradiso, vi. 1.

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M. de Broglie, who does not deny the partial failure of the attempt, attributes the evil to much more sublunary causes. He traces it, if we understand him aright, to the ignorance of the age respecting the true principles of political economy. He is probably right, though the admirers of the existing *régime* in France will now have an opportunity of twitting him with his allusion to events of the day, as being hardly prophetic or felicitous. To political economists and to statesmen we leave the question, whether the event of the commercial Treaty between France and England is, or is not, fatal to the assertion that the principles of Free Trade are among those, '*que les 'peuples libres seuls savent mettre en pratique, et que tout despote 'méconnaît tot ou tard.*'[1]

But against the conclusion that Constantinople achieved *nothing*, our author protests with his usual force and dignity. 'That which endures has a place in the designs of the God;' and Constantinople has been the means of preserving for us that Roman Law, 'which was the fairest ideal of justice that human reason, before the Gospel came, had ever dreamt of.'

We find, too late, that we have undertaken somewhat more than we can accomplish in proposing to epitomise these four volumes within our present limits of time and space. The last of the four must be left untouched until, *Deo favente*, the appearance of M. de Broglie's concluding chapters shall give us an opportunity of returning to the subject. Already have we passed by many important topics of which he treats; we must omit many more in our account of what remains. But one thing we really trust that we shall have accomplished: we shall have given our readers an idea which, though still very incomplete, is fuller, and we hope fairer, than they can obtain elsewhere, of the amount of mental wealth which is enshrined in M. de Broglie's pages.

Passing by Constantine's victories over the Goths and the Sarmatians, we again turn our attention to Alexandria. There, in A.D. 328, Athanasius had been elected to the episcopal throne, vacated by the death of Alexander, and from that time he occupies a space in history greater than even that of the successive masters of the empire. The events consequent upon this election are told with much life and spirit in the work before us, and we agree with M. Ampère that the author's acquaintance with the discussions of actual life have tended to fit him

[1] II. p. 230.

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for entering into the debates and recriminations of parties.[1] But at present we are unable to enter upon the scenes at the Council of Tyre, the series of manœuvres by which Arius obtained the ear of Constantine, and the banishment of S. Athanasius to Trèves. Arius, as is well known, presented himself at Constantinople with ambiguous formularies, until the Emperor, externally satisfied, and yet not wholly free from suspicion, on a Saturday in A.D. 336, commanded the Bishop of Constantinople to administer to the heresiarch on the day following the Holy Communion. Throwing himself on the floor of a neighbouring church, Alexander, with tears, was heard to pray: 'O God, if Arius must to-morrow enter into thy sanctuary, 'take thy servant to thyself, and destroy not the just with the 'unjust. But if thou carest for thine heritage, stop Arius, 'that error enter not with him into thy Church.'

A few minutes after Arius came by, with every mark of triumph, surrounded by friends, to whom he was talking so loudly, that passers-by were attracted to the sight. As he crossed the forum, he was seized with sudden indisposition, and stept aside to a place of retirement. A servant, wondering at the length of his delay, sought the cause. To Him who sent that sudden and unlooked-for death we leave the interpretation of its meaning; but the fact remains for ever branded, to our own infinite awe, upon the page of history. Arius, the great impugner of the Godhead of Him who died for us, perished in the very hour of his triumph, like the Apostle who betrayed that same Master with a kiss, 'he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out.'

'His very doctrine is difficult to define, and his name has only preserved the miserable celebrity of serving from age to age as the symbol to all those who, in a world renewed by Christianity, would rob humanity of its chief title to glory, and its sole hope of salvation.'—II. p. 362.

In the year following, A.D. 337, on Whitsunday, died the great Emperor whose life is such an epoch in Church history; having at his own request at length received the sacrament of baptism, which (strange as it seems) he had deferred till then.[2]

Until his reign, it had required almost heroic virtue to be a Christian, and it is hard for us even to imagine how very fearful must have been such a condition of things. That the *establishment* of the religion of the cross brought with it, according to the lot of all sublunary changes, very serious temptations

[1] Compare Dr. Arnold's encomium of Sir Walter Raleigh's historic powers, on similar grounds. (Lectures on Mod. Hist.)

[2] This delay was, however, by no means rare at that epoch, and had been approved even by Tertullian. The dread of lack of courage under persecution often suggested it.

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of a different kind, is not for one moment to be questioned. But that without being established it could ever have leavened society, and accomplished what it really has with all drawbacks accomplished, we do not for a moment believe.

The gratitude of the East has spoken of Constantine as a saint. Other judgments on the contrary, at least equally hasty and prejudiced, have viewed all his acts, including his conversion, in the most unfavourable light, and attributed the change to mere motives of earthly policy. The verdict of Niebuhr, in this respect, which an English biographer pronounces to be 'perfectly just,' seems to us exceedingly unfair, and we can hardly believe that it could have been either formed or adopted by any writer who was as well acquainted with the Christian as with the pagan literature of the time. We think that we could show, if we had space, that many of Niebuhr's assumed facts are apocryphal, and his inferences untenable. But as nothing tends so much to free the mind from unworthy conclusions as the presence of those which are just and noble, we gladly turn to the best statement of the case that we have ever met. (As in other instances, we have ventured to italicise clauses that seem to us remarkable alike for the loftiness of the thought and the felicity of the expression.)

'It has been frequently asked whether, in his celebrated conversion, Constantine was influenced by a feeling of true faith or by a shrewd political calculation. Now all this depends upon the sense which persons attach to, and the conditions which they impose upon, sincerity and faith. If they recognise no other kind of faith than that penitent compunction which reforms the vices of the heart, detaches it from the prizes of earth, and purifies it from human passions; such a faith did not enter, until his death-bed sickness, the ambitious and often cruel soul of the son of Constantius. But if belief in the doctrines revealed by the Gospel, reverence for the supernatural power of Christ and the infallible authority of His Church, firm resolution to remain in submission to these, and even to brave for that obedience serious political embarrassments and dangers, the vivid and profound admiration for truth,—if all these sentiments, insufficient for the eternal salvation of a soul, nevertheless deserve in man's sight to be considered as the pledges of a conscientious conviction, it is quite impossible to doubt the sincerity of Constantine. No interested motive impelled him to alienate from himself, by the sudden profession of a new religion, more than half of his subjects, to break with all the reminiscences and all the traditions of his empire. Once settled in the Christian ranks, if he had only brought thither the sentiments of a sovereign jealous of absolute power, we should never have seen him take part in the internal discussions of the Church with a blind mixture of ardour and indecision; he would have issued commands without debating. In a monarch endued with great firmness of character, and master of an irresistible force, hesitation, which can only arise from scrupulousness, is the sure proof of good faith.

'The glory of men is for the most part increased by the importance of the events with which they are mixed up, and more than one famous name has thus owed its celebrity to a fortuitous combination. But the destiny

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of Constantine has been precisely the reverse of this. In his case, on the contrary, it is the greatness of the work which dims the reputation of the workman. Between the results of his reign and his personal merit there is by no means the ordinary proportion between cause and effect. To be worthy of attaching his name to the conversion of the world, he needed to have joined to the genius of heroes the virtues of saints. Constantine was neither great enough nor pure enough for his task. The contrast, but too manifest to all eyes, has justly shocked posterity. *Nevertheless, history has seen so few sovereigns devote to the service of a noble cause their power, and even their ambition, that it has a right, when it meets with such, to demand for them the justice of men, and to hope for the mercy of God.*'—II. p. 330.

We have reached at length the second part of M. de Broglie's history. It opens with Athanasius at Rome. And here let us remark that it is a good sign of our own age and country, that its controversialists do not think it necessary to attribute the spiritual power obtained by the Rome of that day to nothing but unworthy arts and earthly ambition. 'Rome' (says the late Professor Hussey in his able little work *against* the Supremacy) 'at this time, and for some time afterwards, had earned the prece-'dence in honour always allowed to the imperial See, not only by 'her martyred Bishops and her munificence to poorer Churches, 'but also by her orthodoxy, and by the courage and ability with 'which she undertook the championship of the truth against 'various shapes of error.' Or, as another writer of very different temperament puts it: 'The Bishop of Rome . . . had a special, 'most awful, most responsible stewardship entrusted to him, in 'the discharge of which it is mere arrogance, party spirit, 'and contempt of history to say he was not often in the main 'faithful.'[1]

But if Julius showed the good side of the office, and nobly defended the cause of S. Athanasius, his successor Liberius as unfortunately failed, and signed a more or less Arianizing creed. Far be it from us to speak harshly of one so severely tried; but the reconciliation of this now unquestioned fact with the ultramontane view, so prevalent among modern Roman Catholics, is surely extremely difficult. De Maistre, followed by many others (and apparently by M. de Broglie himself), says that Liberius only acted as a private doctor; thereby, of course, implying that, had he acted officially, the Church universal would have been implicated in his fall. Now we by no means wish to represent the distinction between a man's public and private acts as mere hair-splitting; for it is one which is constantly being acted upon in official life. There is not anywhere an ambassador who does not every day perform actions, which are thoroughly understood to be his individual deeds, and in no wise to compromise

[1] Mr. Maurice in reply to Dr. Newman's Theory of Development, Preface to Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews, p. xli.

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his country. Some of our readers may recollect how, when Espartero, Duke of Vittoria, came as a refugee to England, the late Duke of Wellington (at that time in the Cabinet) took care to write upon his calling card '*Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo; Capitan-general,*' just to show that it was the visit of one Spanish grandee upon another, and was not to be regarded as in any way pledging the Government to any particular line of conduct. When, however, it is sought to apply this distinction to the sad fall of Liberius, we cannot help remarking, *firstly*, that it is not easy to understand how such an act as that of putting a signature to a creed can be considered to be of a *private* nature on the part of any Bishop, least of all a primatial Bishop; and *secondly*, that the supposition that the public act of a Primate, whether of Rome or Carthage, would in any way compromise the Church at large, never seems to have occurred to the great Christian teachers of that age. Controversy has elicited a passage bearing on this question from S. Augustine's tractate *De Unico Baptismo* (cap. xvi.), to which we have never seen any reply. 'Prorsus qualescumque fuerint Marcellinus, Marcellus, Silvester, Melchiades [Bishops of Rome], Mensurius, Cæcilianus [Bishops of Carthage], atque alii quibus objiciunt pro suâ dissensione quod volunt, *nihil præjudicat Ecclesiæ Catholicæ toto terrarum orbe diffusæ: nullo modo eorum innocentiâ coro-'namur, nullo modo eorum iniquitate damnamur.*'[1] There is surely here no hint of any distinction between private and public acts; let the Primate of Libya or the Primate of Italy do what he will, the Church universal is not to suffer thereby.

It is not in our power at present to follow, with our author, the fortunes of S. Athanasius. This is a great pity; for nowhere have we seen an account of that great confessor (and we are acquainted with a good many) which so happily combined extracts from his writings with the narrative of his sufferings under persecution. The impression left by M. de Broglie's picture will, no doubt, be different upon different minds, the primary and underlying question being, as we have already intimated, Was or was not the cause, for which Athanasius endured so much, worth the toil and turmoil of a long life? Assuming, as we have a right to assume, the answer to that question which arises on the lips and from the hearts of English Churchmen, we may remark that the present narrative entirely confirms in detail the summary given by Hooker. Others showed want of acuteness, or gave way under the influence of fear or flattery, or else in maintaining

[1] Tom. ix. pp. 542, 3. (Ed. Ben.) The treatise is one of S. Augustine's many anti-Donatist compositions.

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the truth became embittered, harsh to their friends, almost disloyal to their Sovereign. 'Only in Athanasius there was 'nothing observed throughout the course of that long tragedy, 'other than such as very well became a wise man to do and a 'righteous to suffer. So that this was the plain condition of 'those times: the whole world against Athanasius, and Athana-'sius against it: half a hundred years spent in doubtful trial 'which of the two in the end would prevail, the side which had 'all, or else the part which had no friend but God and death, the 'one a defender of his innocency, the other a finisher of all his 'troubles.'

Gladly too would we dwell upon that most curious and novel phase of paganism after its overthrow by the arms and policy of Constantine. While Constantius the Second was reigning (for he soon become sole master), paganism made one more struggle to regain its lost ascendancy. It had its own schools of literature, in which it was now the fashion to *allegorize* all the mythology of ancient poets;[1] it had its own professors of magic; it had, in the worship of Mithra, a rising and marvellous system, bearing many points of external resemblance to Christianity; it had, in the Neo-Platonic school of Alexandria, a kind of quasi-theology of its own. Well, indeed, might S. Gregory Nazianzen speak of the need of science in religion at such a time, and say that 'the 'priesthood is likewise a philosophy, and that philosophy has 'need of a priesthood to inculcate it.'

This last effort of heathen sages was not fruitless: heathenism *was* permitted, in the mysterious wisdom of God's Providence, once more for a season to sit upon a throne, once more to persecute,[2] and then to sink it may be for ever. We must conclude for the present with one parting picture, rather formed from than actually given in these volumes, which will, we trust, so interpret itself as to form no unfitting termination now, and a starting point, should we be able at any future time to recur to the subject.

The scene is at Athens in the spring of A.D. 355; Athens, no longer, indeed, the home of statesmen of extended rule, no longer the mistress of the seas, but still the home of art, of philosophy, of poetry and eloquence, still the *Academia* of the world.

And there where Cicero had studied and sent his son; there where Horace had learnt such philosophy as he had; where Cleanthes the Stoic had indited that sublime hymn to the

[1] Cf. Dr. Sewell *On the Dialogues of Plato.* (Last chapter. Rise of Alexandrian Platonism.)—Whatever be thought of Mr. Kingsley's pictures of S. Cyril and of the Church of his time, he has certainly caught extremely well, in his *Hypatia*, some of the characteristics of this phase of Heathenism.

[2] Cit. ap. de Broglie, III. p. 332.

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Supreme Being, which S. Paul himself did not disdain to quote; there where Aurelius Antoninus had gained the noblest lesson heathenism could ever impart; there are now, amidst the crowd of learners from all parts of the civilized world, three students peculiarly conspicuous; two of them are affectionately intimate, the third, though not their friend, yet knows them well. All three are eagerly engaged in the studies of the place; grammar, history, poesy, astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, even medicine; all three make great progress in mastery of thought and expression; but how different is the use to be made of their gifts: the one will be known to posterity as the gentle S. Gregory of Nazianzum; the other the lofty and eloquent S. Basil of Cappadocia; the third will live to assume the purple, but he will return, alas! to the errors of his pagan forefathers, and be known as—Julian the Apostate.

Certainly, if for him paganism had put on its most alluring forms, Christianity had shown whatever in those who professed it could make it least attractive. The Arian Constantius had cut off all the descendants of Constantius Chlorus by his second wife Theodora, excepting Julian and his brother Gallus. At a later period Gallus, a weak and foolish prince, had also been put to death. Thus Julian, who had met with able Alexandrian sophists, and secretly imbibed from them the love of paganism, learnt to associate the idea of Christianity with a cousin who, while as an Arian he persecuted the great S. Athanasius, likewise persecuted paganism, and kept Julian himself from day to day in doubt whether he should be cast into a dungeon, or have his rank acknowledged and power bestowed on him. Our consideration of the history of Julian's rise to that power, and the use he made of it, must be deferred to another opportunity, for it is high time to turn to those few general remarks which, as we promised, should be deferred to the conclusion.

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It would require a deeper and wider range of learning than we possess, a loftier intellectual pedestal than we pretend to stand upon, to warrant us in presuming to pass judgment upon the mental stature evidenced in the volumes to which we have been endeavouring to draw attention. Yet it may be possible to indicate some points of comparison between M. de Broglie and other writers, rather in the way of suggestion than with anything like dogmatic assertion.

It was much to be desired that this portion of history should be closely examined by one who is not, like Gibbon, an unbeliever; not, like Tillemont, a recluse; not, like Neander, so immersed in the enquiry into systems of opinions as to forget

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the living men; by one who has seen enough of political life to enter into the difficulties of statesmen, such as Constantine, and whose religious earnestness renders him at the same time capable of sympathising with an Antony and an Athanasius. But it is of course quite possible that one thus worthily endowed may be pronounced by those who are best qualified to judge, somewhat inferior in other gifts to several of his compeers.

With all his grievous faults of tone and temper, the English historian of the *Decline and Fall* must be admitted to have achieved a task which cannot be performed a second time. He first, out of materials the most confused, erected that lofty edifice, which may indeed be justly stigmatized as having no chapel or oratory attached to its walls, which may here and there be shown to be faulty in some minor detail, but which can hardly be overthrown until literature itself shall be no more. M. de Broglie may often be successful in his occasional attacks upon Gibbon; yet after all at the most, how comparatively few are the blemishes that can be detected, when we consider the enormous magnitude of the work. As an original inquirer, the author of *L'Eglise et L'Empire Romain*, must, we suppose, be ranked after one who has aided him even more perhaps than he is aware, without whom he might never have been cheered onward to the prosecution of his own admirable labours.

It is for Frenchmen to say where, in a land famous for leading the van in history and biography,—the land of Joinville, Froissart, S. Simon, Lacretelle, Sismondi, Tillemont, Fleury, Dupin, the Thierrys, Michelet, Thiers, de Barante,—they will place, in respect of matter and of style, the new aspirant to a seat in the halls of Clio. One of their living thinkers, whom we have not mentioned, will perhaps, though below M. Albert de Broglie in vigour of narrative, be considered his superior in the previously untrodden character of the path where his investigations have lain. The son and heir of the Duc de Broglie will not be disposed to grudge any mark of respect to one who, if we are not mistaken, was his father's sometime colleague, M. Guizot. As regards style, the terseness and brilliancy which have been so justly eulogized in these volumes may possibly be pronounced in Paris to be somewhat less conjoined with the ease and richness which are conspicuous in such French as that of M. Amedée Thierry or M. Victor Cousin. But our author's language is characterised by marked individuality; like Lord Macaulay, he exhibits a bold disregard of tautology, never shrinking from a repetition of the same word, when the idea to be enforced is identical. From causes which we do not pretend to analyse, it appears to us, however, a style more difficult to render into English than that of most of the distinguished authors whom we have just named.

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Occasional references to investigators on the east bank of the Rhine occur in the course of this work. In lucidity of arrangement, in power of compression, in picturesque description, in eloquence of narrative and reflection, the German historians and biographers must, we imagine, be ranked far below their Gallican compeers. Thus, for example, even the co-religionists and greatest admirers of Möhler are compelled to admit that his profound work on S. Athanasius is rendered irksome by constant interruptions of doctrinal dissertations, and analyses of writings to which he refers. But despite the tendency to become absorbed in abstract speculation, which is often injurious to the historian, there does appear to us to be a hardihood of speculation, a power of insight, in the kings of thought in Germany, such as Goethe, Kant, Möhler, we may perhaps add Dr. Döllinger, which if it too often leads some of them astray into those wild speculations so justly satirized by M. de Broglie, does yet in their best moments elevate them, in their respective lines of inquiry, above the thinkers of France or England. In comparing him with those of his own communion, M. de Broglie certainly seems to us a less hardy thinker than either Möhler or Döllinger.

But after all those comparisons, so proverbially invidious, have been made; after all points of difference between our views, or the views of others of different communions, have been stated; it will remain a work of admirable fairness, of deep and conscientious research, the result of high powers of industry, of thought, of skilful composition and of eloquence rightfully employed. It is not too much to say that many of the themes handled in the work before us have never yet by any modern pen been treated more fittingly, more worthily. Great indeed might be the service rendered to the sceptical and latitudinarian minds of France, if they could learn from such a book how compatible is faith in Christ with large views, equity towards opponents, and admission of the faults inherent, not in Christianity itself, but in that fallen human nature which accepts at best so imperfectly its Master's yoke. There is a spirit abroad which persuades, or at least tries to persuade itself, that though unbelieving in its present age and country, it *would* have believed in an earlier age. It sees the faults incidental to those who are religious men among the living, it recalls only the virtues of the dead. We could name at least two English authors of celebrity who appear to reason thus with themselves; but the saddest and most powerful representative of such a miserable state of mind is to be found in a French poet not long since deceased. M. Alfred de Musset avowedly mourned that he had been born in an age when Voltaire had destroyed all

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faith.[1] Vain delusion! had he lived in that mediæval epoch which appears to attract his regards, he would have found enough and more than enough to disenchant him, and have sighed, we fear, for the days of S. Athanasius; as again in the days of Athanasius he would have looked back longingly to the Church of the Catacombs. But to minds not wholly led astray, such works as that under review may be permitted to render signal benefit. They may penetrate where works of direct controversy would not reach, and suggest how much of sanctity, how much of evil and difficulty has existed in almost every age of the Church.

To one of our own most popular writers the name on the title-page of these volumes seems to suggest no other idea than that of a very incarnation of material force.[1] It may have been so once; but the family is not one of those *qui n'ont rien oublié, n'ont rien appris*, and the present heir of the house stands somewhat in the same relation to his ancestors that one of our own most gifted and exemplary nobles does to the progenitors whose lives he has sketched so well and gracefully in the *Lives of the Lindsays*. Whether Prince Albert de Broglie, and his brother-in-law Count d'Haussonville, may live to take part in such a free government as they believe France to be fitted for, is hidden behind the veil of the future. In such a case the studies requisite to produce such volumes as M. de Broglie's can never be thrown away. But if such be not our author's destiny, we might venture, if it be not impertinent, to remind him of one or two among many just grounds of consolation. It is true that

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[1] 'Je ne crois pas, ô Christ! à ta parole sainte;
Je suis venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux.
D'un siècle sans espoir nait un siècle sans crainte
Les comètes du nôtre ont dépeuple les cieux.
* * * * *
Dors-tu content, Voltaire, et ton hideux sourire
Voltige-t-il encor sur tes os décharnés?
Ton siècle était, dit on, trop jeune pour te lire;
Le nôtre doit te plaire et tes hommes sont nés.
Il est tombé sur nous, cet édifice immense
Que de tes larges mains tu sapais nuit et jour.'
ROLLA I.—IV.

We cite these appalling verses, from an objectionable composition of a great poet, to show the sad possibility of a state of feeling that to many must seem simply incredible. A masterly review of De Musset's writings, by Mr. F. T. Palgrave, may be found in the *Oxford Essays* for 1855.

[1] See Mr. Carlyle's chapter (already referred to) on the attempt of the Maréchal de Broglie to put down the Revolution by the aid of the soldiery; and compare the *Chronological Summary* at the end of the later editions of the same work. '1789. *June, July.* Court terrors and plans: old Maréchal Broglio,—this is the Broglio who was young in the Seven-Years' War; son of a Marshal Broglio, and grandson of another who much filled the newspapers in their time.'

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Englishmen who retire from the world of politics to that of literature do so knowing that they can at any time return, and as the French proverb has it, 'It is always easy to walk when one is leading a horse by the bridle.' Yet one of our most brilliant if not one of our most profound thinkers, who had known what office was under a constitutional government, declared of a politician who had betaken himself to literature—'We heartily 'congratulate him on having been driven by events to make an 'exchange which, advantageous as it is, few people make while 'they can avoid it. He has little reason, in our opinion, to envy 'any of those who are still engaged in a pursuit from which, at 'most, they can only expect that, by relinquishing liberal studies 'and social pleasures, by passing nights without sleep and sum-'mers without one glimpse of the beauty of nature, they may 'attain that laborious, that invidious, that closely watched slavery 'which is mocked with the name of power.'[1]

To influence a chamber of peers or deputies, to carry out schemes of government into action, and leave laws which continue to influence the career and character of a great people, has indeed a directness and open evidence of usefulness which strongly impresses the imagination. An author, for the most part, must be content to live without any such immediate proofs of the services he has rendered to his fellow-men. He does not see the hearts that feel gratitude to him for his toils. He does not know how noble sentiments have been awakened in other minds by volumes in which there breathes no thought that is mean or little. And yet, if we may speak so solemnly, it is a profound problem which no mortal eye can pierce, whether for his own soul and the souls of many besides it may not prove more salutary than any conceivable political achievement, to have shown how great and how beneficent are the changes which have been wrought in society by the operation of the faith of the Cross, to have inspired in other minds a larger and more charitable view of the characters of departed sovereigns and statesmen, and to have added one ray more to the brightness of the aureole that beams around the brows of saints.

[1] Lord Macaulay, in reference to Mr. Peregrine Courtenay.—(Essays, Sir W. Temple, *ad init.*)

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ART. VII.—1. *Evening Communions—a Tract.*
2. *Guide to the Church Services in London and its Suburbs.* London: Rivingtons. 1858.

How should we have felt and acted if we had lived during the Arian struggle in Alexandria, or at Constantinople when Nestorius was patriarch, or in Africa while Donatism was eating out the heart of the Church, or in Nuremberg or Augsburg during the second or third decade of the sixteenth century? Such questions the student of sacred history cannot but put to himself when the momentous character of the Church's past struggles rises importunately before him. But if he raises the question, he does not answer it. He feels that he reads the destinies of the successive champions and generations of the Catholic Church by a light which they never themselves enjoyed. It is not that he sees more clearly than they into the Revelation which was given in its entirety once for all. He is not foolish enough to suppose that theology can be improved upon Baconian principles, or, indeed, can ever be anything but a strictly deductive science, whose major-premises are the utterances of God. But he knows that no age ever comprehends itself; it must be seen in its results. We are accustomed, in this age of telegrams and newspapers, to the phrase contemporary history. Strictly speaking, the thing is an impossibility. We may, indeed, chronicle contemporary facts; but the combination, the judgment, the analysis of cause and effect, the philosophical treatment, in short, which constitutes history, may be exercised on any era of which we have sufficient records—except our own. History can deal only with the past. The press, indeed, perpetually endeavours to set aside this law, and to anticipate the verdict of another generation upon the events of the passing hour. This attempt belongs to its pseudo-prophetical claims; and it has, of course, and not unfrequently, to submit to rude disappointments. But just as we cannot at once enjoy life and anatomize the body which actually lives; so we cannot at once drink into the life of our day and map out its relation to the past and the future. Real prophecy is always a supernatural gift; it is not a happy quick-sightedness of the natural eye. Even in secular history, there is little chance of successful prediction. In the kingdom of grace, where there are so many forces at work which distance calculation, it is

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certain that we cannot even philosophise upon the present. We cannot say how we of this day shall appear in the eyes of the next generation of Christians. We cannot calculate the influences, the tone, the moral and spiritual inheritance which we shall bequeath to them. We humbly trust that we shall leave to them entire the faith of the Catholic Church; but that is all. We may, indeed, feel that we live in a time which may hereafter be seen to have been pregnant with momentous results. Of this we cannot indulge anything beyond conjecture; but we *can* note the symptoms of our day—and we shall note them with the greater care as we learn how little we can do beyond. In Church history especially is it true that ages perpetually hang upon that which to the superficial eye is a triviality. It may be that many of the material efforts of this active age are destined to exercise the least possible influence upon the future of the Church. It may be, that upon some of the least observed changes in her practice and discipline, there depend results which will change the face of Western Christendom. We do not prophecy; but the possibilities of the present may be argued from the facts of the past.

With these reflections, we invite the attention of our readers to a practice which has only of late appeared among us, but which already threatens in some dioceses to become general. To an ancient Christian, Evening Communions would have looked, to say the least, very startling, and even shocking. The practice, in its modern dress, would have violated some of the deepest instincts of early Christianity. The intense and fervid conservativism, so loyal to that past in which confessors and martyrs had lived and died, and the deep inwrought reverence for Christ's Spiritual Presence traversing the length and breadth of the Church's organism, and centering in the Eucharist as its highest expression and channel, would have been equally set aside by it. That such a practice should have arisen upon the horizon of the Church, backed, too, by episcopal encouragement, would have seemed to the ancients antecedently impossible, or a sure mark of heretical depravity. Yet we, who breathe a religious atmosphere so different from that of the early ages, have lived to witness the upgrowth of this reversal of Catholic tradition, almost without protest or even recognition. In 1850, it was feeling its way, here and there, warily and stealthily; in 1860, it is the acknowledged practice of at least fifty churches in the metropolitan diocese. Nor is it advocated only by extreme Low Churchmen. Of course such a practice has particular recommendations for the spirit of Puritanism. Ever wayward and undisciplined, popular Protestantism rejoices to make lawlessness and disorder a prime condition of its activity.

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When there is a tradition to be set aside, a time-honoured custom to be trampled on, Puritanism is at its post, stimulated to extraordinary exertions, clamorous, contemptuous, defiant,—we had almost said, but it would be scarcely true of Puritanism, —original. And in this matter of Evening Communions, it finds allies in quarters, alien enough from its characteristic temper, yet not unwilling to join it in an onset upon Ecclesiastical Toryism. Men who would shrink from Exeter Hall and its grotesque platitudes, and whose sense of decency would keep them out of the suburban theatres, have a great opinion, nevertheless, of the superior insight of our day into the needs of the Church, and are glad to have a hand in setting aside prescription, for the mere sake of doing so. And there are others, —to whom we would especially address ourselves,—who are profoundly impressed by the grave responsibilities which Providence has imposed upon the Church of England, and by the unsatisfactory and inadequate response to those responsibilities which our Church-system actually attempts. They are touched with compassion at the sight of the perishing masses; they contrast the select few who kneel before their altars with the multitudes who might be 'compelled to come in.' They do not wish to be neglectful of antiquity, but they are not altogether anxious to scan its real mind too narrowly. Is not apostolical antiquity in favour of Evening Communions? Does Church history yield no precedents? Is there not, further, in the best sense of the term, a practical and utilitarian basis for the practice, which might dispose us to make the most of weak evidence, and to strain a point if necessary? Now, it is to these persons, thus arguing, that the following remarks will be addressed. It is our conviction that Scripture not merely affords no real countenance, but implicitly condemns the practice in question; that the ultimate mind of Scripture is to be discovered in sub-apostolical antiquity; and that antiquity is as clearly condemnatory of the practice, as it is utterly at issue with the doctrinal tone which could permanently acquiesce in it.

I. It is of course unquestionable that our Lord and Saviour instituted the blessed Sacrament of His Body and Blood after supper, and in the evening. Mr. Greswell and others descend to particulars, into which we will not follow them, as to the exact hour.[1] Now this general fact is continually appealed to, as forming a serious argument for the new practice. And it is insinuated that the early Church forgot the example of her Lord, in her zeal for the precepts and traditions of His first servants and disciples. Nothing can be less true. In contem-

[1] Cf. Greswell, Disputations, vol. iii. Diss. 41, pp. 170—172.

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plating our Lord's life, the early Church saw plainly that while, in some respects, His actions were to be imitated closely, literally, and for ever, in others they were peculiar to, and a part of, His redemptive and incommunicable relation to the human race. To take an example. It is well known that there was in the fourth century a general disposition on the part of converts to Christianity to defer baptism, with a view to escaping the guilt and responsibility of post-baptismal sin. On the 7th of January, A.D. 381, S. Gregory of Nazianzum directed one of the greatest of his great orations against this tendency in the Metropolitan Church of Constantinople. We see in that discourse the many and ingenious arguments which were advanced by those who wished to delay baptism as long as possible. Among others, they urged the example of our blessed Lord. Now how does S. Gregory reply? Our Lord is not, he says, to be closely followed by Christians in every particular. We fast, as He did. But our Lenten fast differs from His, in its occasion and in its object. He then instances the Eucharist. 'Christ instituted it, in a 'supper-room, and after supper, and on the day before His 'Passion. We celebrate it in Christian temples, and before 'taking supper, and *after His resurrection.*'[1] He then enunciates this principle: *οὔτε ἀπέῤῥηκται τῶν ἐκείνου τὰ ἡμέτερα, οὔτε συνέζευκται χρονικῶς· ἀλλ' ὅσον τύπος τις εἶναι τῶν ἡμετέρων παραδοθέντα, τὸ πάντῃ παραπλήσιον διαπέφυγεν.*[2] His divinity and His redemptive relations to man would suggest the principle of the inevitable discrepancies between the model and the imitation. The Church alone could rule the details of such discrepancy: and the Holy Ghost sent down upon her for a purpose no less high than that of guiding her into all truth, would enable her to discharge these lower functions with confidence and accuracy.

This principle has, in fact, been admitted by all Christians; by none more completely than by those who would fiercely denounce it when stated in terms. If the Church 'has authority in controversies of faith,' much more has she power 'to decree rites and ceremonies.' But she did not at once determine the time of day at which the Eucharist was to be celebrated. SS. Cyprian and Augustine, as we shall see, give reasons for the determination actually and ultimately adopted, and these reasons would have been valid from the first. In point of fact, however, for some few years, the point was not ruled. If with S. Jerome and S. Augustine[3] we see an Eucharistic celebration

[1] This expression probably refers to the fact of the celebration being *in the morning, after* the hour at which our Lord rose from the grave.

[2] S. Greg. Naz. Orat. 40. Opp. Tom. i. p. 715, ed. Bened.

[3] Hieron. in Epitaph. Paulæ ad Eust. S. August. Libr. 3. de cons. Evang. c. 25.

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at Emmaus, our Lord Himself celebrated in the afternoon of the first Easter day. There is no ground for supposing that the apostles consecrated the Eucharist previous to Pentecost. Our Lord's words to S. Mary Magdalene imply that only *after* the ascension, the closer intimacy of communion, the Eucharistic touch, would succeed to that not less awful but more distant reverence due throughout the great forty days to His risen humanity. Pass we on then to the Eucharistic passages in the Acts of the Apostles. These passages, it must be admitted, help us in no material degree towards a solution of the question. The first Christians, we know, assembled daily in the temple, and celebrated the Eucharist at home (*κατ' οἶκον*, Acts ii. 46.) This celebration was daily (*καθ' ἡμέραν*). But we have no grounds for saying, with Neander, that it was probably held in the evening, as we can as little conclude positively that it was in the morning. Again, we know nothing of the time of that solemn oblation of the Eucharist (*λειτουργούντων δὲ αὐτῶν*, Acts xiii. 2) in the Church of Antioch, at which the Divine will respecting SS. Paul and Barnabas was supernaturally disclosed, except that we are expressly told that those engaged in the Service were 'fasting' at the time. Again, the horology of the celebration at Troas is peculiarly embarrassed. It is very possible that the apostle's discourse was continued until midnight on Saturday: the *μία τῶν σαββάτων* having begun at six o'clock in the evening of that day. In this case the Eucharist was celebrated early on Sunday morning, like the *cœtus antelucani* of Tertullian. But S. Luke's account admits of other constructions; and the celebration in question *may* have taken place before the sermon on Saturday or Sunday evening, or even—as some would say—after it on Monday morning.[1] Further, it seems too doubtful whether the action recorded of S. Paul during his shipwreck was properly sacramental to insist on it for purposes of argument. It, however, did certainly take place while the distressed crew were anxiously expecting daylight. (Compare ver. 33 and 39, Acts xxvii.) But there is one passage in the New Testament which seems to guide us towards that solution of the point which was ultimately accepted by the Catholic Church.

The Church of Corinth would seem in its Eucharistic observance to have adhered with more accuracy than the Churches of the Proconsular Asia to the literal reproduction of the order of events on the night of institution. First came the Agapè—the representative of the Paschal supper—the natural symbol, as the Eucharist was the supernatural aliment of the charity of

[1] Acts xx. 7.

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the faithful. S. Chrysostom, indeed, expresses his opinion that the Eucharist preceded the Agapè; and he is followed by writers like Cardinal Bona, who too eagerly assume an absolute correspondence between the earliest apostolical Church and the Western Christendom of later centuries.[1] But S. Augustine, in his letter to Januarius, intimates the opinion stated in the text, and he is followed by commentators like A Lapide and Estius, whose aim was exegetical, and not liturgical. The unscriptural and irreverent error which, in his commentary on this passage of the Corinthians, Dr. Stanley has subserviently borrowed from the rationalizing Lutherans of modern times, whereby the Agapè is actually identified with the Eucharistic oblation, has been already exposed in the pages of this Review.[2] It is certain that from the first they were entirely distinct; and it is observable that in no one of the celebrations recorded in the Acts of the Apostles is there any trace of the Agapè as linked to the Eucharistic service. The question of priority it is difficult to decide upon. If the actual traditions of the Catholic Church be held to settle the question, we must infer that the Eucharist preceded the Agapè. If, with Lightfoot and Schöttgen in our hands, we examine the question as illustrated by Jewish precedents, and our Lord's actual form of procedure, we must say that the Agapè preceded the Eucharist. And to this latter conclusion we decidedly incline. The selfishness and sensuality which S. Paul condemns, was exhibited at the Agapè; and it must have rendered communion most painfully sacrilegious, whether we suppose such conduct to have preceded or followed upon the reception of the sacramental species. But at the moment of writing, the apostle was anxious only to bring home to the conscience of the Corinthian Church the sum of its overwhelming guilt. The wealthier members prepared a banquet, which ministered to their appetites, and which they refused to share with their poorer brethren. They thus sacrificed the idea of the Agapè—the fraternity and equality of the brethren before God—to [illegible] gratifications of sense. The 'hungry' poor [illegible] the sated rich left the common table 'drunken,' and [illegible] altar of their Lord and Saviour. S. Paul [illegible] the rising consciousness of their guilt. The [illegible] were not to be satisfied at the Agapè. If any [illegible] might eat at home. But this regulation was [illegible]icient to meet the evil. And accordingly, the [illegible] with the pregnant words, '*The rest* will I set in [illegible] come.'

[illegible]. How much ground does that promise

[1] [illegible] in loc. Bona de Reb. Liturg. vol. i. v. Ed. Turin.

[2] [illegible], *Remembrancer*, No. 92, April 1857, pp. 457, 458.

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actually cover? We can only judge by the event. From the era of the apostles, if not before, the Agapè was dissevered from the Eucharist. It lived on indeed; it had its uses; it is described at length by Tertullian; its memory is still preserved in the 'pain béni' which is distributed at solemn masses in the Church of France. But another apostle speaks of the Agapè in words which echoed the judgment of S. Paul. The sensual professors of Christianity, whom S. Jude rebukes, are characterized as *ἐν ταῖς ἀγάπαις σπιλάδες, συνευωχούμενοι ἀφόβως* (Jude 12). A second result of S. Paul's 'visitation' of the Church of Corinth, would seem to have been the ultimate prevalence of morning celebrations of the Holy Communion throughout the Church. Nothing less than the authority of apostles will adequately account for the universality of morning celebrations in all the widely-separated branches of the Church. Nothing less than the fearful scandals of the Corinthian practice—which combined the ordinary physical excitement of a late hour with the evils of indulgence at a previous meal—would most naturally account for the universal abandonment of a traditional usage, which at least might plead literal correspondence with the formal action of our Lord when instituting the sacrament. Is it too much to say, that we are asked by the partisans of the modern innovation to ignore the experience, and to reverse the decision, of the apostles themselves?

II. No independent witness to the existence and character of apostolic Christianity has attracted more notice than that afforded by the Epistle of Pliny to the Emperor Trajan. Familiar as we may be with it as quoted by Gibbon or by Paley, we probably are less than fully alive to the exceeding value of this document. Mr. Clinton places it in A.C. 104.[1] It was penned then at a date when as yet the voice of the Beloved Apostle had scarcely died away in the churches of the Lesser Asia. It exhibits the Bride of Christ as she had grown up under that Apostle's eye, and had received his parting blessing. The words are too precious to be forgotten: our readers will pardon us for quoting them at length. Pliny has been telling his master that he found particular difficulties in dealing with the Christians, who were at that time brought into the Courts of his Proconsulate. He declined the investigation of such cases whenever it was possible to do so. But he held that obstinate and inflexible adherence to opinion was of itself a punishable offence. Christians who were also Roman citizens were to be sent to Rome. With the others the proconsul dealt mainly by threats, and on the spot. He tells us that he put two deaconesses to the torture: he felt that

[1] Fasti Romani, vol. i. p. 91, ad ann. 104.

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something must be done, as already the masses of the people were in particular districts of his province embracing the new religion, and the worship of the gods was generally neglected. Where conversions had been so general, the repressive measures of the Roman authorities, although not singularly severe, naturally produced several apostacies; and it is to the depositions of the unhappy apostates that we are indebted for one of our clearest insights into the practice of the sub-apostolic Church.

'Adfirmabant autem hanc fuisse summam vel culpæ suæ vel erroris, quod essent soliti *stato die ante lucem convenire* carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum invicem, seque *sacramento* non in scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne furta, ne latrocinia, ne adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellati abnegarent: quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse, rursusque ad capiendum cibum, promiscuum tamen et innoxium,' &c.—*Plin. Epist. Lib. ad. Traj. ep.* 96 *p.* 231, *ed. Keil.*

Such was the statement. From friends and foes it has attracted an attention which has been denied to the gymnasium and theatre at Nicæa, or to the cost and construction of the aqueduct at Nicomedia, or to the rising importance of commercial Byzantium, or to the reports of the doings of the Parthian or other frontier-powers, which formed the staple of the correspondence to which it belongs. To us, this famous passage appears conclusive as to the separation of the Holy Eucharist, alluded to under the word 'sacramentum,' and celebrated 'ante lucem,' from the Agapè—the 'cibus promiscuus et innoxius'—which was held later in the day. Mosheim indeed, Neander, and others, think that 'probably' the[1] Lord's Supper (by which term they mean the Eucharist) was celebrated together with the 'social meal' in the evening.[2] The question turns partly upon the meaning of the word 'sacramentum.' Did the apostates use this word in the ordinary and classical, or in the ecclesiastical sense? We think the latter. What other word *could* they have employed in speaking of the Eucharist to a heathen Roman magistrate? Its spiritual, mystical value he would have been unable even to comprehend: he characterises the statements of the tortured deaconesses as 'superstitio prava immodica.' As a Roman he would be familiar with the idea of obligation, and that one aspect of the Eucharist accordingly it was which was intelligible to the Latin world, that thus early appropriated to it the name 'sacramentum.' Whatever else it might be, it was to the Christian Church what their oath of fidelity was to the legionaries of the empire. This conclusion is fortified by a

[1] The Coptic Canons certainly identify the 'supper' with the Agapè—a noticeable point for those who, like Baron Bunsen, imagine these canons to witness in favour of modern theories. (Cf. Apostolical Constitutions in Coptic, ed. by Archdeacon Tattam, pp. 68—70. London, 1848.)

[2] Church Hist. i, p. 443.

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consideration to which Neander himself shall bear his testimony. For he observed that 'in Justin Martyr we find the celebra-'tion of the Supper entirely separated from those feasts of 'brotherly love, if, indeed, the latter still continued to exist in the 'churches which Justin had in view.'[1] Nothing is more certain. In S. Justin the Eucharist is spoken of in terms which show what was the real mind of the sub-apostolic Church. 'We do 'not receive it,' he says, 'as common bread, or common wine; . '. . . we have been taught that the Food, over which thanks-'giving has been made by the prayer of the word which is from 'Him, ... is the Flesh and Blood of Him, the Incarnate 'Jesus.' S. Justin, then, does not agree with Dr. Stanley and Neander in regarding the most awful service of the Church as part of an 'evening social meal.' With him it follows, upon reading 'the memoirs of the Apostles, and the writings of the Prophets,' and upon a sermon from 'him who presides,' and upon 'prayers and thanksgivings.' Our readers will remember that more might be quoted from S. Justin to the same effect. Neander, and such as he, are compelled to suppose a total revolution in the mind of the Church on the subject of the Eucharist between 100 A.D. and 133 A.D. For S. Justin was converted in A. D. 133, and martyred in A. D. 165. He tells us that he exactly repeated what he had been taught. In less than thirty years, then, according to Neander, the adjunct of an evening meal had been transformed into a separated, awful Mystery. It had become the highest and most emphatic act of Christian worship—so utterly dissociated from the Agapè, that the latter is never once alluded to in the pages of Justin. Is this conceivable? Conceivable, indeed, it is, if the more destructive rationalism of the Tübingen School be true; and the Divinity of our Saviour, together with the Gospel which so conspicuously enshrines it, was elaborated in the middle of the second century of our era. From this conclusion Neander would recoil; but his own method of dealing with the doctrine of the Eucharist is not less violent than that of those who apply the self-same principle to the doctrine of our Lord's Godhead.

The truth is that Pliny records the time, as S. Justin records the circumstances and rationale of the Eucharistic Oblation. While S. John yet lived and wrote, it would seem to have been the great morning service of the Church—and distinct from the later Agapè. Indirect testimony to the same effect might be inferred from what we know respecting the practice of the heretic Marcus, who, as described by S. Irenæus, appears to have parodied the practice and doctrine of the Catholic Church.

[1] Church Hist. ut supr.

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This is confirmed by testimonies taken from the close of the second century. According to Cave, Tertullian was converted in A.D. 185; the Oxford translators of his works are probably right in placing that event ten years later—in 196 A.D. Now there are at least three passages in his writings which go to prove that the practice of the Church was in his days what it had been in Pliny's. In his well-known allusion to the 'Stations' —a military term, by the bye, which, like 'sacramentum,' had passed into the metaphorical phraseology of the Church,[1]—he contends that the scruple—'quod statio solvenda sit accepto corpore Domini'—was unnecessary.[2] Of this more hereafter: suffice it to observe that, with Tertullian, a late Eucharist is an exceptional practice, and implies a long previous fast, if partaken of. In another treatise[3] he is discussing the practical daily difficulties of a Christian lady who is married to a heathen husband—as must have been in his day the case in thousands of families throughout the empire. He inquires whether the husband will not accuse his wife of magical practices when she crosses herself, or when she rises to pray at midnight. He adds,—'Non sciet maritus quid secretò antè omnem cibum gustes?'[4] Now Gieseler and Oehler quote De Orat. c. xiv. as proving the unquestioned practice of Eucharistic reservation, and *imply* that 'ante omnem cibum' must be taken in the sense of 'before every meal.' Is it conceivable that the Church would have allowed a lay member to carry home enough of the Consecrated Species for such very frequent reception? Is there any ancient authority which affords serious support to such a translation? We have observed other instances of the endeavour to represent the practice of the ancient Church as absolutely removed from possibility of imitation, when, in fact, it coincides with that of religious people among ourselves. Those who have found difficulty in attending an early celebration while staying at the house of unsympathising or irreligious acquaintances, will best understand and construe the phrase of Tertullian, who witnesses emphatically to the practice of the Church to receive the Eucharist fasting, and, as a general consequence, to receive it *early*. The words simply mean that she received the Eucharist 'before all other food'—it may be before leaving her chamber, when her husband would take note of the practice. Lastly, in his treatise De Coronâ, Tertullian is arguing very characteristically for the necessity and force of ecclesiastical tradition. After enlarging on the elements which it had contributed to the Baptismal Service of the Church of the second century, he adds,—'Eucharistiæ

[1] I. 13, 2, qu. by Dr. Pusey, R.P. p. 325.
[2] Cf. Lactant. Div. Inst. vii. 27. [3] De Orat. c. xix. [4] Ad. Ux. c. 5.

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'sacramentum, et in tempore victûs, et omnibus mandatum a 'domino *etiam antelucanis cœtibus*, nec de aliorum manu quam 'præsidentium sumimus.'[1] What is the force of 'etiam' in this passage? Does it mean that the Eucharist was received 'horis etiam extra antelucanas,' as in his note on the passage Oehler appears to intimate? or does it not, in accordance with the genius and direction of the entire argument, merely point to the apparent contrast between the practice of our Lord and that of the Church of the second century, without implying anything whatever as to celebrations of the Eucharist at other times? That this last is Tertullian's real meaning we shall show from S. Cyprian, just as we have already illustrated Pliny from S. Justin Martyr. S. Cyprian was converted in A.D. 246, consecrated Bishop of Carthage in A.D. 248, and martyred in 258. During his whole episcopate he seems to have been favoured with revelations of the Divine will; but he is not less remembered as the strenuous champion and assertor of ecclesiastical tradition. S. Cyprian may be fairly taken to represent the generation which inherited the traditions of the generation of Tertullian. Let us open his Epistle to Cœcilius. In that Epistle he is arguing against the Aquarii, who, as our readers will remember, and as the name implies, 'offered' only water, instead of the mixed chalice, at their celebration of the Eucharist. S. Cyprian insinuates that they dreaded discovery in the bitter persecution which, under Decius, desolated the Church of Africa. If a man communicated in the morning from a mixed chalice, it was possible that 'per saporem vini redoleat sanguinis Christi.' What was this but to be ashamed of the Son of Man before men? How could they anticipate martyrdom, who shrunk from confessing themselves communicants? The Aquarii seem to have met these grave considerations by a very questionable expedient. If they used only water in the morning, they 'offered the mixed chalice after supper.' They pleaded our Lord's practice in justification of this custom.

In reply, S. Cyprian observed that there were obvious reasons for the time selected by our Lord, which do not generally apply. It was right, in His case, 'ut horâ ipsâ sacrificii ostenderet occasum et vesperam mundi.' Even as the Paschal Lamb was slain in the evening, the Redeemer of the world was, in instituting the blessed Eucharist, to lift up His hands for an evening sacrifice. But His resurrection obliges His disciples to a different observance: they celebrate it in the early morning. The Aquarii, then, could not make the practice of the Church in respect of the time of the celebration, a valid pretext for mutilating the

[1] De Cor. c. 3.

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matter of the sacrament. The practice of the Church was justified by the difference between Christ and Christians. The Aquarii were breaking a positive and very plain command. S. Cyprian's language implies that their irregular manner of celebrating after supper was utterly unsupported by authority; and there are no traces of any such irregularity elsewhere. They probably proceeded upon some private interpretation of our Lord's words. Their evening celebrations were necessarily private. 'Cum cœnamus, ad convivium nostrum plebem con-'vocare non possumus, ut Sacramenti veritatem, fraternitate 'omni præsente celebremus.[1] What can be plainer from such language than *this*,—that the only public celebrations of the Eucharist in the Church of the Cyprianic age were in the morning? Not even the bitter persecution of the Decian era could induce her bishops to adopt an evening celebration, although it would have provided in no small degree for the security of her members. Morning celebrations were the rule, from which Catholic instinct and prescription alike forbade departure. And this surely proves that Tertullian's language is equally assertory of the self-same practice, unless, indeed, we are to resort to the violent, gratuitous, and utterly unproved hypothesis of a 'development'—in plain English, of a revolution in ecclesiastical practice—between the first and the forty-eighth year of the third century of the Christian era.

There remains the classical passage of S. Augustine, with which our readers will be more or less acquainted. About the year 400 A. D., Januarius—of whom we know little, except that he is not to be confounded with either the Catholic or Donatist prelates of that name, who are familiar to the student of S. Augustine—seems to have applied to the great Bishop of Hippo for a solution of several questions touching ecclesiastical usage. Januarius seems to have been distressed by the prevalence of different usages in different portions of the Catholic world—such as would be encountered by a Christian traveller who was loyally attached to the traditions of his native place. Before descending to particulars, S. Augustine lays down some principles as preliminaries, which would rule his decisions. He notes, on the one hand, the simplicity which characterizes the Sacramental Institutions of our Lord and Saviour; on the other, he contends that unwritten traditions, which are observed throughout the Catholic world, must be traced either to the Apostles or to Councils with plenary and world-wide authority (Ep. 54. c. 1). The varying customs of different Churches rest on a basis essentially different. At Rome they kept Saturday as a fast: S. Ambrose

[1] S. Cypr. Opp. p. 109. Ed. Bened.

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had to allay S. Monica's scruples on the score of the opposition of Milan. In some churches there was a practice of communicating daily; in others only on stated days. S. Augustine accepts, in a large sense, the principle of our article on Church Traditions, as not necessarily in all places one or utterly like; and holds that 'the grave and prudent Christian' will invariably accommodate himself 'to the usages of the church which he may happen to visit' (c. 2). Now it would seem that a particular practice of the African Churches must have shocked some of the ecclesiological travellers of the fourth century. On Maunday Thursday those churches received the Holy Communion only after eating food, and in the evening. S. Augustine remarks almost severely upon the traveller—perhaps Januarius himself—who should contrast this practice of his native church disparagingly with the different customs that prevailed elsewhere. It was at least an open question—the practice to be observed on that one day. Scripture had left it so. The Church had not then ruled against the African practice. And there was a literal correspondence between that practice and the scene in the Supper-room. 'Liquido apparet,' he says, 'quando primum 'acceperunt discipuli Corpus et Sanguinem Domini, non eos 'accepisse jejunos.'

It was, then, in no forgetfulness of what is urged upon us by those who discuss these subjects at the present day, that the great Bishop of Hippo guarded himself in the following terms against the supposition that, in pleading for the liberties of Africa, he forgot what was due, as a rule, to Catholic consent: —'Numquid tamen propterea calumniandum est universæ 'Ecclesiæ quod *a jejunis semper accipitur?* Ex hoc enim 'placuit Spiritui sancto, ut in honorem tanti Sacramenti, in os 'Christiani priùs Dominicum Corpus intraret, quam cæteri cibi; 'nam *ideo per universum orbem mos iste servatur.*'[1]

The startling exception proves the rule. The rational peculiarity of Africa on one single day is thrown out into the clearest relief by the otherwise invariable practice of the Church of Christ. Like S. Cyprian, S. Augustine contends that our Lord's practice was not in the matter of time to be imitated by His disciples. He left that point to be regulated by His apostles. He desired to impress upon them the lofty majesty of the mystery, by instituting it upon the very eve of His Passion. Had He said one word to imply that the evening was ever to be the hour of celebration, it is inconceivable that the Christian world should have, with one consent, set His injunction aside. 'Si hoc ille monuisset ut post cibos alios semper acciperetur, credo quod eum morem nemo variasset.'

[1] S. Aug. Ep. 54 ad. Jan. vol. ii. p. 126. Ed. Bened.

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The universal practice is probably to be traced to the unwritten regulations of S. Paul, who, after the scandal which arose from the union of the Agapè with the Eucharist in the Church of Corinth, 'set things in order,' by dissociating them, and by introducing the new order of things, which we have already seen to be that described by Pliny as prevalent in the year of grace 104.

Such is S. Augustine's remarkable statement. Let its full significance be well weighed. We have heard it remarked that S. Augustine is himself responsible for the practice of communicating fasting, and that that practice obtained chiefly through the deference so generally yielded to his great authority. Such a statement is obviously at issue with the facts of the case. Augustine does not recommend an observance: he records one, as already nothing less than œcumenical. And his own famous canon, so tellingly urged in his controversy with the Donatists, that, where there were so many causes calculated to produce diversity, the absolute agreement of the Catholic world in a doctrine or practice should be accepted as witnessing to its apostolicity, must here be borne carefully in mind. His words may be aptly illustrated by the terms of the twenty-ninth canon of the Third Council of Carthage, which had been passed three years before (in A.D. 397). At that council S. Augustine himself was present; he subscribed its decrees. His language to Januarius is an expansion and justification of the language of the Council. The latter runs thus:—

'Ut Sacramenta altaris non nisi a jejunis hominibus cele-
'brentur, excepto uno die anniversario, quo cœna Domini
'celebratur' (Conc. Carth. III. can. 29. Labbè, vol. ii. p. 1171).

But this exceptional practice on Maunday Thursday had been already disallowed in the rest of Christendom. In the Council of Laodicea,[1] which was held in the Nicene period, probably about 341—though this is uncertain (cf. Conc. Laod. can. 20). And in A.D. 692, we find the Trullan Council referring expressly to the Carthaginian canon, and generally prohibiting that exception to Catholic rule, which was permitted on Maunday Thursday in Africa (Conc. Trull. can. 29, apud Labbè, tom. vi. p. 1155).

If then S. Ambrose, when expounding Psalm xix. alludes to evening celebrations of the Eucharist, he must be understood to refer either to the late celebrations on the days of the Stations, common in the Latin Churches, and alluded to in Tertullian; or, possibly, more remotely, to the African custom on Maunday Thursday. And from S. Chrysostom's first letter to Innocent, in which he describes the various outrages which

[1] S. Ambros. Opp. ed. Ben. i. 1073. in p. 118, Exposit.

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preceded that second exile of his, from which he never returned, it would appear probable that at Constantinople—at least in A.D. 404—there was a late celebration on Easter Eve.[1] But S. Ambrose specially, and without making any exception, enjoins a strict fast upon the consciences of those who communicated late at Milan: just as the Eastern canons would have enforced it at Constantinople. The Constantinopolitan practice on Easter Eve, and that of the Latin Church on the Station days, cannot be quoted by those who have so far departed from the spirit and language even of our old Anglican writers as to scout the practice of communicating only when fasting as a superstitious form. *They* cannot quote the practice of the African Churches on one single day in the year; since this practice proves the general absoluteness of the rule which they are anxious so consistently to violate. *They* cannot altogether even appeal to the Egyptian Christians; for the historians who record their irregularity use language concerning it which sufficiently expresses the profound disgust which it excited in the Christian world. The Egyptians in the neighbourhood of Alexandria, and those in the Thebaid, celebrated the Eucharist on Saturday evening. 'But they do not,' observes Socrates, 'partake of the 'mysteries, as is the custom for Christians. For after feasting, 'and being filled with every description of eatable (*παντοίων 'ἐδεσμάτων ἐμφορηθῆναι*), when they come to even-tide they 'partake of the mysteries.'[2] If the supposition be correct that Sozomen generally borrows his materials from Socrates, and quietly tones down expressions of opinion, without openly professing to criticise, it is observable that he here rivals Socrates in the strength of his condemnation of the Egyptian practice. He, like Socrates, alludes to it in a chapter which is a perfect repertorium of Church usages. The Egyptians, he says, *ἠριστήκοτες ἤδη, μυστηρίων μετέχουσι.* He does not enlarge upon the fulness of bread which Socrates so eagerly describes. Even if no such excess be presupposed, they acted *παρὰ τὸ κοινῇ πᾶσι νενομισμένον*[3]—contrary to the universal rule. That was enough.

It may be said that the dislike to Evening Communions is at bottom connected with the desire to restore the ancient practice of fasting before communion. If this were so, we should, after all, only be treading in the steps of Bishop Sparrow and many other great English names who might be quoted. But here, we will only ask, is nothing to be conceded to the practice and instinct of the ancient and universal Church of God? Are we to fashion our rule by exceptions which she barely tolerated or

[1] S. Chrys. Opp. iii. p. 619, ed. Gaume. Ep. ad Inn. I.
[2] Socrates, Hist. Eccl. v. 22, ed. Hussey, vol. ii. p. 632.
[3] Sozom. Hist. Eccl. vii. 19, ed. Hussey, vol. ii. p. 744.

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energetically repudiated? Are we English of the nineteenth century, so much wiser and more comprehensive, and deeper, and holier, and more jealous for God's glory and for His truth than they, that we may safely cast to the winds what was treasured up and has been handed down by the saints and doctors of antiquity—a portion of that body of faith and practice which is the heritage of Christendom—as if it were a foolish enactment suited to the stinted and cramped intelligence of a darkened age? The Bishop of London may think it consistent with his high position to speak contemptuously of these, the only authorities upon whom he can ultimately rely for a proof of the canon of Sacred Scripture. But the general sense of churchmen will recoil from such extremes, so condemnatory of the only great school of English divinity; so fatal, if viewed as a concession to the destructive rationalism of the day. And if the Ancient Church is to be taken into account, if we are to concede anything, we will not say to its authority, but to its sense of propriety, we shall hold our hand ere we be persuaded to abandon our own traditions for the practices of the Protestant Nonconformists, and to adopt or attend, as the case may be, Evening Communions.

III. It will of course be urged, that the real recommendations of the practice lie in its practical utility. This is a practical age. It wants men who feel its wants and can meet them. It can dispense with theorists, even with those whose theories are to them convictions. It will not be hampered by archæology,—no, not by Christian archæology. It is bent upon progress and improvement. Religion must be practical, like everything else, if it is to hold its own. If what savours of the past be merely ornamental, let it stand: at least, it does no harm. If it cramps or numbs the energies of the living present, it is a cobweb or a fungus: sweep it away. This is the temper of our day; the temper of not a few clergymen, for example, in the diocese of London. We describe what we have not time to criticise on moral ground, although something, we apprehend, might be said to it on that score. But a clergyman thus minded looks out into his parish. There is the small inner circle of a few communicants; there is the larger circle of church-goers, who do not communicate; there is the zone of dissent, which never enters the walls of the church, or only occasionally; there is the outer circle of all the irreligious, unpraying, unlistening multitude. Towards all of these he has duties. But his chief duty lies towards Church people,—his strength is the number of his communicants. This is true in a supernatural sense, which he may be slow to apprehend. But it is true in a moral and social sense, patent and obvious to

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friend and foe. To increase his communicants—that is the question. It may be that, unhappily, he regards the Holy Sacrament from a Zwinglian or Calvinistic point of view. To the intelligent churchman, it is the channel of grace—the certain, awful point of contact with the Most Holy. Such a clergyman may view it as the symbol of a certain stratum of Christian attainment, rather than as the well-spring of Christian life. Still he will, if possible, increase his communicants; they represent his central strength, his actual reliable flock; they are the expression of his ministerial success; their inward sanctification, he may think, is a question for their Maker and for themselves; their number is his concern—pre-eminently his. He will, before all things else, increase that number. He finds that the people have habits and necessities which interfere with their submission to the actual tradition of the Church, as to the time at which the Holy Sacrament may be celebrated. Without hesitation, he will alter the time of celebration. Why should he not do so? He will probably have learnt to consider Scripture as at least doubtful on this point. Antiquity he holds to be purely irrelevant. So forthwith he gives notice that, on the second and fourth Sundays of every month, there will be afternoon or Evening Communions.

In this statistical age, the temptation to measure spiritual growth by the numbers who attend the ordinances of religion has, it is to be feared, greatly increased upon us. Men live in fear of educational Blue-books and Census-reports. Publication is inevitable; it must be met with the best figures at command. But this process is very deadening both to pastor and people, if unchecked by a keen perception of those supernatural truths and laws which alone afford any true criterion of the real conquests of our Lord in the wide waste of human hearts. Great risk there is of putting forward religious privileges in such a way as to lead to the impression that the great end is only their being accepted, no matter in what spirit. Put them forward, nay, press them on others by all means; but insist, at the same time, upon the abiding guilt of past sin, which is not really repented of; insist upon the necessity for personal strictness and austerity, or at least for a practical self-denying rule of conduct; do not fondle the luxuries and privileges of the religion of Christ, and forget its severities. Years ago this was felt by one (who, alas! has given his talents and his heart to another communion) so keenly, that, while to him beyond all others the Church of England owes her revived loyalty to sacramental truth, he hesitated to advise the immediate and general restora-

[1] Cf. Sermons on Subjects of the Day, by J. H. Newman. Sermon ix. pp. 133, 134. London: Rivingtons, 2d edition.

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tion of weekly communions. Dr. Newman would doubtless admit that *early* celebrations are more or less free from the dangers he apprehends, since they impose an accompanying act of self-denial: they are out of the reach of mere habit or fashion, and, generally speaking, they attract only the earnest and the devout. But of the principle of his caution we have great and abiding need to be reminded. Evening Communions are a repudiation of that principle; they offer the highest religious privilege divested of any accompanying self-denial or inconvenience; they offer it to surfeited bodies and to wearied and jaded faculties; they offer it to the excitement of an evening meeting, where the activity of the sensuous organs is apt to be mistaken for spiritual keenness. They may, for a time, augment the number of communicants, at the altar of the Church of England. That they will save and sanctify more souls is a position of the truth of which we are absolutely incredulous.

If, then, a clergyman's object is indeed purely and solely to increase the number of his communicants, we are fairly unable to argue with him. He is out of our reach, and, sad as it is, must go on his way. But if he is careful for the separate souls committed to his charge, he will stay his hand, while we bid him consider whether Evening Communions do not oppose serious barriers to the sanctification of individual Christians, and even whether numbers might not be increased without such a serious departure from the tradition of the Church.

Now the experience of the Christian world is in favour of *early* devotion. 'O God, Thou art my God, early will I seek Thee.' This is familiar to the experimental Christian,—so familiar that we shall not insist upon it. The soul is clear, fresh, vigorous, and keen in the early morning, unsoiled as yet by the dust and toil, unbroken by the burden and heat of the coming day. The morning is the time which will be chosen for the strongest resolutions and the most persevering intercessions. There are physical reasons doubtless for this; such as recent sleep, and possibly atmospheric conditions which invigorate the powers of the mind through those of the body. There is a sensible sympathy with awakening nature, such as is recognized in the ancient hymnology of the Catholic Church. At any rate, memory, imagination, will, are all more active in the morning than at other times; and it is but reasonable, or—as vulgar writers would say—'common sense,' to devote these quickened powers to the one religious action which outweighs all others in importance and in effect.

It will be said that this may be admitted; and yet those who cannot attend an early communion must be provided for. The one class who seem to engage the sympathies of certain clergy-

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men are the servant-maids. They, it is, whose care demands a reversal of the tradition of the Catholic Church. Now we have every sympathy with an unaffected charity towards the souls of this too-often neglected class. We are well aware that they are unprovided for in many a parish, otherwise well-administered. The clergyman cannot interfere with the household arrangements of his wealthier parishioner; and the lady of the house considers the religious training of her servants to be pre-eminently the work of the clergyman.

And there is too often a complete absence of Christian feeling as to the nobleness of service—of such, we mean, as is felt by those who learn their ethics at Bethlehem and on Calvary. Some of our readers may recollect a striking passage of Père Lacordaire, in which that great preacher contrasts the condition of the English household servant with that of the 'homme de 'la maison, le veillard qui nous avait autrefois tenu sur ses 'genoux'—the honoured nurse who lived and died in the feudal chateau of the as yet unrevolutionized and most Christian kingdom.[1] There is an element of truth in this, though there is also an element of unhistorical exaggeration; but if we English are becoming more alive to the fact that 'Jésus Christ a été le premier domestique du monde,' and to its practical consequences, this is no reason for 'Evening Communions.' There are matters in which the Church may rightly defer to national and domestic habits. Wherever it is barely possible, she will naturally do so, that she may better economize her resources for the unequal struggle which she carries on against the dominant maxims, temper and mind of the world. But there are maxims which she *cannot* accept. There are matters in which she *must* mould the national habit at any cost. Now we are disposed to think that the English habit of lying in bed on Sunday morning is an evil with which the clergy ought to wage unceasing war, as being fatal to the growth of spiritual life. Religious dissenters feel the truth of this; and we know of English towns where there are prayer-meetings in more than one dissenting meeting-house at six and seven o'clock A. M., while the parish church is not open until eleven A. M. Do the dissenting maids-of-all-work never attend those meetings? Is that an impossibility in England, which is the rule in Belgium, in France, in Italy? Are English mistresses inveterately opposed to an arrangement which only seems inconvenient because it has never been tried? Are servants, who know what the Blessed Sacrament is, and what sort of preparation it demands, likely to grumble at the amount of exertion necessary to their consecration of three-quarters of

[1] Lacordaire, Conferences, II. p. 23. Ed. Bruxelles.

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an hour on Sunday morning? Or if they do so grumble, are they likely to receive Holy Communion in the evening with the true dispositions? We recollect discussing this subject with the vicar of a large town church in the West of England. On Christmas-day he celebrated an afternoon communion for 'the servant-maids.' Very few of that class attended the service. But other persons came, who would else have risen in time to come in the morning,—they came 'reeking from their Christmas dinners.' The vicar did not continue the experiment: and we cannot doubt that his experience has been confirmed in other town-parishes. On the other hand, there are many churches in London where the attendance at early communion is such as to justify large expectations on the score of a reformed practice in this matter throughout the country. And if the Church of England is to recover spiritual vigour in a wide sense, early communions must be the main cause and chief symbol of such recovery. They are the real remedy for many of our evils. We have had long experience of mid-day celebrations. Coming at the end of a long service, which succeeds to some hours, it may be, of previous distraction, they intercept and obviate countless spiritual blessings which early communions would secure. They approximate to the more offensive mischiefs of afternoon and evening celebrations. Let it be boldly confessed that the Church should mould the national habits to the true interests of souls, and that our present custom is a real corruption. We do not forget the many cases of age and of weakened health which will always demand such late celebrations. By all means. But for the young and the strong—for the great majority of communicants—there is no objection to early communions, save those of custom and indolence. The earlier and more earnest evangelicalism felt this strongly, and, in some cases which we could name, acted upon it. We have reason to know that there is at this moment a considerable movement among those engaged in trade at the East end of London to secure a privilege, which, in too many cases, their less-enlightened clergy are slow to concede.

And there are, thank God! churches in which the people have had opportunities for early communion, and have been encouraged to make the most of them. We have the highest authority for saying that at S. Barnabas, Pimlico, 'the number of poor 'persons and servants who communicate early is much larger 'than that of those who avail themselves of the mid-day celebra-'tions,' when the communicants are more generally members of the upper classes. At S. Matthias, Stoke Newington, there were on Easter-day 130 communicants at 5.30 A.M., 38 communicants at 8 A.M., and 200 at half-past 10. On the same day

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at S. Paul's, Brighton, there were, at a quarter-past five A.M. 54 communicants; at half-past six, 174; at eight o'clock, 140; and at eleven, 238; making a total of 606. Somewhat similar statistics might be shown by the clergy of All Saints, Margaret Street, and other well-known churches. Of course it will be said that such churches are abnormal,—that they represent, not the territorial area of their actual jurisdiction, but large portions of the metropolis, from which they gather the scattered elements of sympathising Churchmanship. Look then at Wantage, where you have the parochial principle hand-in-hand with the assertion of the Church system. In that old parish-church, one hundred communicants, gathered almost exclusively from the labouring classes, might have been seen kneeling at the altar to receive from their pastor the Bread of Life at half-past four in the morning of last Ascension-day. Early communions are the obvious choice of the devotional instinct. They will not, of course, be frequented when first adopted; but they must be put forward as a leading feature of the revived Church system. They embody its moral and its sacramental significance, they necessitate an act of self-denial, and they secure the freshest energies of the soul for the altar of God. It is said, sometimes, that they huddle away into a corner of the day its most momentous act. This is reasoning which might have objected to the manger at Bethlehem, on the score of its obscurity. When no word has yet been uttered except to God, when no nourishment has yet passed the lips, when the first self-dedication of the waking moment still echoes through the soul, there is the truest welcome, the most genuine adoration, the most tender and soul-constraining recognition of the King of kings, who sets up His throne in the heart, as in the world, without observation. Only let a soul have felt this experimentally, and a late communion will appear to be a disadvantage, an Evening Communion simply intolerable. For, as it seems to us, Evening Communions MUST involve two disastrous consequences. Of these, the first is, a lowering of the conventional standard of sacramental preparation. Even in cases where the Holy Sacrament is received, say once a month, and then only after a late morning service, there is a species of consecration of the preceding hours, in families which give weight to religious considerations. The family prayers contain, it may be, a sacramental allusion. The breakfast-table, if attended, is nevertheless left earlier than usual. There is a restraint in conversation—an eagerness to put serious topics forward. But this tension would not be kept up in such a family, if the communion were deferred until the evening. Nothing would be left to represent the relaxation and cheerfulness of the Lord's Day, if its most solemn act were

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postponed until sunset, and the previous hours devoted to incessant preparation. Of course, exaggerated demands in religion, as in other matters, provoke exaggerated resistance. The consequence would be a large neglect of any sacramental preparation whatever. People would go to the Holy Sacrament, it may be, in great numbers, but just as they go to an Evening Service. They would carry with them minds which had been traversed by all the worldly associations which are inseparable from five or six o'clock of the evening of Sunday, do what you will. They would take faculties, of which the first and freshest efforts had been offered to others, or had evaporated through weariness, or had become impossible through repletion. Imagine a worthy squire rising from the wine after dinner to attend Holy Communion in his parish church. We forbear to dwell on the picture: but the case is not an impossibility; and it is certain to annihilate the lingering, indefinite, yet tenacious sense of what is due to their nearest act of approach to God, which still prevails so generally among our people.

And, secondly, Evening Communions will tend to lower the popular standard of Eucharistic belief even more than that of Eucharistic preparation. They are intimately allied, we believe, with a Zwinglian propaganda. Even a Calvinist, if intelligent, ought to be afraid of them; for he imagines the faith of the receiver to consecrate as well as to claim the Presence received. He must be therefore anxious that that faith should be lively. A Churchman knows that the promise of Christ standeth sure, resting on a basis happily distinct from his own weakness and vacillation and numbness of spirit, and effecting its behest through the invariable power of an apostolical priesthood. However anxious he may be to make the best use of the gift of Heaven, he is well assured that it is given independently of himself. Not so Calvin. With him faith makes what it touches, and it cannot create unless it be strong, and fresh, and unimpeded. Of course a mere external covenant-act—a symbolic commemoration, involving nothing supernatural, nothing beyond the natural action of the memory, and imagination, and affections, might be respectably gone through at any time of the day. The question becomes one of social convenience when we descend to this Zwinglian stratum of religious misbelief, and we forbear to follow it. But late communions, which ought to present difficulties to religious evangelicals, must seem fatally inconsistent with the belief in that Presence which serious churchmen seek and find at the altar. And we unhesitatingly predict, that when churchmen are so unhappy as to yield to the present current of popular pressure, their higher, better, fuller, truer belief in the

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blessed Sacrament, will be subjected to a rude shock, and pro bably abandoned.

Again, there is a consideration of grave importance, which cannot but occur to thoughtful and religious Christians in a question of this kind. Is it not certain that the general adoption of Evening Communions by members of the Church of England would make the breach between ourselves and the great body of the Western Church practically wider, and the hope of reconciliation more distant than ever? The philosophical student of Church history knows well that with the masses a difference of religious habit or practice avails to separate much more surely than many a weightier difference of belief. For the outward, sensible, tangible differences of practice and of rite impress those to whom the largest diversity of inner conviction seems but as an airy unsubstantial subtlety. Here then we have what would be an outward and evident difference of practice between the Churches—widening the breach more markedly to the popular apprehension than do the Sacramental Articles or the Definitions of Trent. Of course, there are those among us to whom such a result would be a recommendation. They have forgotten the burden of our Lord's Prayer in S. John xvii. They have resolved His visible Church into a subjective and ideal conception. They have studied the Apocalypse under the auspices of Dr. Cumming. An insult to the religious mind of the Christendom of France, Italy, Spain, and Austria, is, in their eyes, a religious grace—nothing more or less. We are not writing for them; we repudiate their first principles as they ours. But intelligent and earnest Churchmen must admit that something, nay, that much, is due to our separated brethren of the West. We inherit a separated position; we did not make it. We are thankful for the undoubted blessings which it assures to us; we are sensible of the greater weakness which it as certainly entails—the paralysis of a divided Christendom, the doubts or scoffs of an unconverted world. In God's name, let this generation beware of deepening the chasm by wanton abandonment of usages and traditions which we hold in common with the Catholic world, and which, once abandoned, will be abandoned for ever. Rome has already, by her definition of the Immaculate Conception, in 1854, rendered the hope of a united church beyond measure more hopeless than it was before. We cannot afford to imitate her policy and share her guilt. But an imperceptible lapse to uncatholic practice may speedily effect more mischief in the way of traditional division than even the Bull *Ineffabilis*. What would the Latin Bishops say to a communion which made post-prandial reception of the Holy Sacrament almost its rule? The modern rite of Benediction

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is no real parallel. Doubtless that rite is an expression of the anxiety to sanction by the holiest Presence those evening services which are seemingly so congenial to the modern world. But it concedes nothing that grossly violates the universal tradition of the Church of the Fathers. It is not a deliberate return to a main feature of the practice of the Church of Corinth, which was condemned by the experience of the apostolical age, and set aside by the apostles. How far it may itself be linked to a sacramental conception, which is a 'development' of the early faith of the Church, is a question upon which we are not now able to enter. It does not at any rate sanction Evening Communion, unless an awful and distant reverence be identical with intimate and actual reception of the Sacramental Species.

Here, then, we bring these remarks, for the present, to a close; premising that they do but touch upon a vast subject, of the importance and extent of which, when viewed in its real bearings, our readers might find it difficult to form an exaggerated estimate.

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ART. VIII.—*Philippo Strozzi: a History of the Last Days of the Old Italian Liberty.* By T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE, Author of 'Decades of Italian Women:' 'The Girlhood of Catherine dei Medici,' &c. &c. London: Chapman & Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1860. 8vo. pp. 410.

THE reader need not fear that we are about to inflict a political dissertation on his patience. 'My kingdom is not of this world.' And it is that kingdom with which *The Christian Remembrancer* is principally concerned, rather than with earthly monarchies and their rulers.

Prone as every generation is to consider its own epoch as a crisis in the world's history, it is scarcely possible to doubt that, so far as the Latin Church is concerned, one of those periods is at hand, the close of an *αἰών*—one of the epochs to which the apostolic title of the Lord's coming may not unwarrantably be applied. And we neither can, nor ought to, shut ourselves up in our insularity, and try to persuade ourselves that the English Church is not concerned in the present agony of the Latin Communion. It may be that out of that agony the Roman Church will come forth purified as gold in the fire;—it may be that the Lord's words to Peter will be again fulfilled, according to mediæval belief, as regards the successor of Peter;— *When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren:* and that this *again* will be shortly. Or it may be, also according to strong mediæval belief, that a grievously mis-employed supremacy is about to pass away from the Eternal City;—that the Bull *Ineffabilis* filled up the measure of her crimes;—and that, from a dissolution of her present organization, she is to be remoulded into a new form, and endued with a new spirit.

The whole Italian struggle, deeply interesting as its consequences must of necessity make it, is without the chief source of interest which a contest can present—the affording grounds for sympathy with either party. While one laments the obstinacy, the blindness, the perverse tyranny of the Neapolitan government; while one mourns over the absolute demoralization of the Papal States, and knows not whether most to despise or to execrate those false flatterers of Ultramontane tenets who could call the Patrimony of S. Peter the best governed state in the world; one cannot the less regard Victor Emmanuel as one of the most grasping,—perhaps one of the least talented,—of the grasping house of Savoy: that house which never lost for the want of asking, never seems capable of embracing a generous policy, which unblush-

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ingly carries selfishness to a pitch beyond which it cannot go ;—and Cavour, as the thoroughly unprincipled minister of a perfectly unscrupulous master ;—a man, worthy to have been one of the C, a, b, a, l of Charles the Second's times.

Indeed, the condition of Sardinia at this time—and it has fallen to the present writer to see a good deal of it—is, under a show of prosperity, one which must give rise to the gravest apprehensions. Six years ago, the bulk of the people were religious—if not so well educated as their Austrian neighbours, at least passably instructed—the secular clergy of a high order for Italy, and the monasteries, so far as a somewhat careful inquiry leads us to conclude, fairly, though not enthusiastically, doing their duty. In an evil hour they, as their Portuguese brothers had done before them, assumed an attitude of hostility to the Constitution ; and for this they were to be punished. The king has one quality of an Italian—he never forgives. Therefore the dissolution of the religious houses was resolved in the recesses of the royal residence at Turin, agreed on with Cavour, and one or two men of a similar stamp, and then mooted in the Chambers. The Chambers were not anxious for the spoil ; but the greater part, men thoroughly irreligious, saw that by voting for the dissolution they should obtain the favour of Victor Emmanuel, and had no scruples of conscience to deter them from it. It was in vain that the noble-minded Count Solar de la Margharita, a man without pre-eminent talents, and as a speaker certainly deficient, but one whose daily life is influenced by the precepts of the Church of which he is the chief political defender —it was in vain that he, and a few like him, offered every constitutional resistance in the Chambers—in vain that the country towns and villages exclaimed loudly against the contemplated sacrilege : Victor Emmanuel's resolution was known ; and

Quo volunt reges
Vadunt leges.

The attitude then taken by the secular clergy is the saddest portion of the history. Probably a united effort on their part might have deferred, if it did not prevent. But so far from joining in such an effort, the greater part were well disposed to the suppression. Poor themselves, the country priests expected, and were promised, a share in the spoil ; and thus threw their influence on the side of the men who were at once bullying their brethren and cajoling them. It happened to the writer, some fortnight ago, to be walking up and down the magnificent *Contrada degli Angeli* at Turin, in company with a country priest of some eminence, arch-priest of an important district, and, we believe, canon of a collegiate church. 'I am sure,' he said, 'that in not more strenuously opposing, though they did

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'oppose too, the dissolution, the clergy were actuated by a good 'motive. They wished to keep well with the government; they 'believed that, in good truth, it would be little more than a 'change of ecclesiastical property; that what conventual insti-'tutions had hitherto possessed, educational establishments 'would now inherit. But it was a mistake; a mistake from 'first to last. The seed was sown in that sacrilege;—yesterday's 'spectacle was one of the bitter fruits.' *Yesterday's spectacle* was the arrest of the Archbishop of Pisa: certainly as flagrant an instance of *stet pro ratione voluntas* as Napoleon III. could himself furnish. It had pleased the Sardinian government, some years back, to decree that the Second Sunday in May should be observed as the festival of the Sardinian Constitution; and that a *Te Deum* should be sung in every church in honour of that event. Though generally disliking the ceremony, the clergy submitted; and the new feast was a *fait accompli* so far as the Sardinian dominions were concerned. But when the annexation of the other Italian states had been brought to pass, they also were required to observe the same holiday, and the *Te Deum* was enjoined on their ecclesiastics. The Archbishop of Pisa, a man of high character, and known as one of the most active prelates of northern Italy, forbade his clergy to sing the *Te Deum*. Cavour instantly commanded the archbishop to attend him at Turin; by what shadow of law, the minister's warmest supporter may puzzle himself to decide. The archbishop refused. An officer was instantly despatched into Tuscany, with orders to arrest the prelate, and to bring him under guard to Turin; and this was accordingly done. Now let the reader remember that Sardinia professes to be as constitutional a country as England; and then conceive some state service enjoined on the English clergy, and the Archbishop of York forbidding its use in his own diocese. The telegraph wires immediately flash a command from Lord Palmerston for the prelate's attendance in Downing-street. He refuses. The next train carries an officer down to Bishopsthorpe, and on the following day His Grace is safe in the Tower. What would England say in such a case? And yet the correspondent of the *Times*—but then every one knows the general character of the Italian correspondents of the *Times*—lauded to the skies the energetic conduct of Cavour; and the minister was only exposed to the mildest of interpolations in the Chambers, and blustered through his reply on that subject in a manner which singularly contrasted with the hang-dog look with which he answered the bitter questioning he underwent on the subject of French aggression.

At the present moment, to an English churchman, the religious situation of Sardinia and its dependencies is singularly

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disheartening. Three quarters of a century ago northern Italy seemed on the point of achieving for itself a really Catholic reformation. The name of Scipio Ricci will live as long as ecclesiastical history is read; but those of Pannilini, Bishop of Chiusa and Vicenza, Fabio de' Baffi, Grand Vicar of Florence, Buoninsegni, Provincial of the Dominicans in Tuscany, and Donati and Mannotto, Professors at Sienna, were not only some of the most learned ecclesiastics, but some of the most jealous defenders of episcopal rights in Europe; and the noble Council of Pistoia admirably carried on that which Constance and Basle had gloriously begun. But now, all earnest religious feeling is, almost necessarily, arraying itself on the side of Ultramontanism. In Turin itself, the clergy are all but in open schism. The government more than tolerates the attempt recently made at founding 'a Protestant Church' in that place; while, in the upper classes, infidelity, thinly veiled under the guise of liberalism, is rampant. Everybody, we think, regarded the Papal denunciation as a blunder; as either too much or too little. It was so manifest a declaration, 'You, Victor Emmanuel, deserve to be excommunicated, and most gladly would I excommunicate you but for one reason: I am not sure that my command would have been obeyed.' It was natural, in throwing for so tremendous a stake as the obedience of a kingdom, that the pontifical advisers should have been nervous; to hurl an anathema, and then see it disobeyed, would have been ruin. But the general belief is that had the King of Sardinia, Cavour, and one or two of the ministry been excommunicated by name, the feeling of the country, deadened no doubt as compared with mediæval times, would nevertheless have convinced the king that he must at all events seem to yield something. It was our lot to hear, on board an Italian steamer, a spirited discussion between a party of clergy and government employés on this very subject. One of the priests, a portly, comfortable-looking personage, who appeared to answer to the high and dry category of our own clergy, was the only individual out of seven who approved the policy of Rome. In these times a protest, he said, was all that was possible; had the King or Cavour been named, there were districts in the country where, likely enough, there might have been a rising. The second priest, a much younger man, and fiercely Ultramontane, urged that to pillory men anonymously, when every one really knew who was intended, looked like cowardice; and the officials agreed with him, while fully allowing that—such was 'the superstition' of the country even in this enlightened age—had the excommunication been nominal, the consequences might have been very serious. The third ecclesiastic,—we know not whether a priest or not,—a Franciscan of the

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Third Illyrian Order, said that on his side the Adriatic the impression that Rome dares not speak out would do more harm than would have been the result of leaving the Sardinian aggression unnoticed.

In looking at this aggression as regards the Legations, and the consequent political *status* of Rome, we must keep two opposite things in mind. The first, that, let Ultramontanes be never so true in their denunciations of the injustice of the annexation, let them be never so just in regarding the King of Sardinia as a General Walker favoured by circumstances, and playing the hypocrite as well as the bully, the question of the loss of her present territories is one which really does not materially affect the power of Rome. In her palmiest days she possessed a temporal province of far inferior extent. In acquiring that which she now holds, she sadly injured her spiritual *prestige*. She squandered her spiritual powers in gaining earthly acres, and as she existed in the plenitude of those powers before she had made those gains, so she might after she had resigned them. But, secondly, a temporal independence, which involves a separate territory of *some* extent, is, if not essential, quasi-essential to the Latin Patriarchate. You may argue that, as it is, political motives enter so largely into the election of her Popes that a little more, or a little less, matters not. True it is, that the lot of the triple crown is decided as much by ambassadors as by cardinals. True it is, that political motives, and none other, excluded Baronius, that giant of learning, and the saintly Bona, from the chair of S. Peter. But let him once ascend that chair, and the Pope is irremovable by King or Cæsar; and though his actions may often be influenced, they never can be compelled. Nothing is more valuable as a historical study, than to compare, in this respect, the differing fortunes of Rome and Constantinople. From A.D. 1000 to A.D. 1700 a hundred successors of S. Peter wore the tiara. In that same period one hundred and fifty successors of S. Chrysostom succeeded each other in the second See. Of the former, one only, S. Celestine V, resigned; one only, Benedict IX., sat twice. None were deposed till the great schism, and then, properly speaking, only two—Gregory XII. and John XXII. In the East thirty or forty were deposed,—as freely under Christian as under Turkish princes,—several sat five or six times, several were murdered, several blinded. At a time when France was all-powerful, and when the reigning Pontiff owed everything to her monarch, she could not obtain that her hated enemy, Boniface VIII, should, after his decease, be proclaimed heretical. Further observe, that whenever a Pope has put himself in the way of the temporal power, he has always been worsted. So Vigilius with

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Justinian at Constantinople, so John XXII. with Sigismund at Constance. And during the seventy years' Babylonish captivity, the Popes at Avignon were the mere slaves of France. So utterly ruinous to Papal autocracy was that residence, that those who most deeply deplored the great schism thought it a merciful change after the captivity. It was less ruinous that two (or three) rival Popes should be anathematising each other, than that one undoubted successor of S. Peter should be simply registering and endorsing the ecclesiastical decrees of the King of France. Indeed, Gerson somewhere expressly says, that so terrible a disease as seventy years' servitude could only be cured by a violent medicine such as the schism;—like those illnesses which are rather efforts of nature to throw off poison than diseases in themselves.

We so far, then, agree with Roman theologians, as to regard a certain portion of independent territory all but essential to the Papal See; we disagree with them in thinking that the Legations, or any other given part, are of very great importance to it, lost or saved. For, to a certain extent, an ecclesiastical sovereign is in a false position,—like, to compare great things with small, a priest who is a magistrate. The mercy of the Church and the sword of the State do not well fit into the same hand. The Bishop is defiled with blood, however righteously shed,—the secular power may be honoured by it. If the throne is a necessity for the spiritual potentate, the independent territory should be of as small extent as possible. And here we find ourselves on the same side with the famous pamphlet of Napoleon III, barring its trash about *le culte des ruines.* He might have pressed the consideration still further. At the time when Rome, in her spiritual character, was such that she hardly retained a vestige of her divine mission, the Pope, as a temporal monarch, ruled over a contented and happy people. Take the century which succeeded the Council of Florence. The best of its Pontiffs were men eaten up with worldliness; men who allowed without remonstrance eight, ten, twelve bishoprics,—one, two, three hundred livings, to one man; the worst were such beings as Alexander VI. And yet, with the one exception of the fearful storm that burst over Clement VII, the Patrimony of S. Peter was at the height of worldly prosperity. During the Pontificate of Leo X.—and, as a Bishop, was he not even worse than Alexander VI.?—the States of the Church rolled in wealth. How should it not be so, when gold and silver, scarcely to be reckoned, rolled in from that fearful sale of indulgences? when whole cities were absolved at once, with the express clause that the absolution held good, whether the inhabitants repented or not; when robber knights and soldiers of

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fortune were absolved for future and as yet uncontrived sins; and when these transactions brought in items, the amount of which struck with surprise even the cofferers of the Papal treasure. But that state of things passed. The hoary adulterer and murderer, like Alexander VI. went to his own place; the fierce warrior, like Julius III. disappeared from the scene of his bloody triumph; the surly, false-hearted, treacherous politician, like Clement VII. stood before that tribunal where all hearts are open, all desires known, and from which no secrets are hid; the infidel *bon vivant*, who as a child had been Canon of Florence, Fiesole, Arezzo; Rector of Carmignano, Giogoli, S. Casciano, S. Giovanni in Valdarno, S. Piero at Casale, S. Marcellino at Cacchiano; Prior of Monte Varchi; Precentor of S. Antonio at Florence; Dean of Prato; Abbat of Monte Cassino, of S. Giovanni of Passegnano, of S. Maria of Morimondo, of S. Martino, of Fontedolce, of S. Lorenzo of Coltibuono, of S. Salvador at Vajano, of S. Bartolomeo at Anghiari, of S. Maria at Monte Piano, of S. Julien at Tours, of S. Giusto and S. Clement at Volterra, of S. Stefano at Bologna, of S. Michele at Arezzo, of Chiaravalle in Milan; Bishop of Pina, Bishop of Chiaramonte; Archbishop of Amalfi; Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, afterwards Pope Leo X.—he, too, went to his account. Then, commencing with Paul IV. we have a series of earnest men in the Papal Chair,—all of them respectable, some holy; and then also the Roman state begins to suffer. The more free were the coffers of the Lateran from foreign collections, the heavier, of course, was domestic taxation.

At the same time we must allow that, at the very worst, the poverty, lawlessness, and misery of the Roman States have been much exaggerated. The proof of the heaviest accusations against the existing state of things, that the residence of Pius IX. at Rome depends on French bayonets, will soon be put to the test, and that under happy auspices for the Pope. It may be doubted whether the whole of Europe could offer a military man so well, both physically and intellectually, we may add too religiously, qualified for his task, as Lamoricière.

In looking back to the various steps by which the civil government of Rome has reached its present state of wretchedness, one cannot but be struck with the great difference between the warmest mediæval supporters of the Roman See, and its Ultramontane friends now. The latter seem to consider themselves bound to defend it, through thick and thin; eulogising its civil administration as the best and wisest, and considering the condition of its subjects as the happiest in Europe. We see the very reverse in those who may fairly be called the Ultramontanes of the Middle Ages. Imagine Dr. Newman, or

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Dr. Manning, accused by their brethren here,—appealing to Rome, and honourably acquitted and dismissed,—and then, by way of expressing their gratitude to the Holy See, dedicating to Pope Pius IX. a work with these lines, as not only the motto, but also the subject:—

> Romam vexat adhuc amor immoderatus habendi,
> Quem non extinguet, nisi Judicis ira tremendi.

Yet this was the gift which Gerhohus offered at the Papal throne, in return for the warm patronage he had experienced from it when he laid himself open to the charge of heresy by one or two indiscreet and untheological expressions. Or imagine Cardinal Wiseman, under the circumstances, composing and publishing a poem, which should thus speak of the cardinals:—

> Sunt latrones non latores,
> Legis Dei destructores:
> Symon, sedens inter eos,
> Dat magistros esse reos.
> Symon malos præfert bonis,
> Symon totus est in donis;
> Symon regnat apud Austrum;
> Symon fregit omne claustrum.
> Cum non datur, Symon stridet,
> Sed si datur, Symon ridet.
> Symon aufert, Symon donat,
> Hunc expellit, hunc coronat:
> Illi donat diadema
> Qui nunc erat anathema.
> Iste Symon confundatur,
> Cui tantum posse datur!

But it was a bold Anglo-Saxon heart which dictated these lines; no other than S. Thomas of Canterbury; much as he had said in prose to Cardinal Albert, 'Nescio quo facto pars 'Domini semper mactatur in curiâ: condemnantur apud vos 'miseri exules innocentes, nec ob aliud nisi quia pauperes 'Christi sunt et imbecilles.'[1] And to Pope Alexander he speaks even more plainly.[2] Or take that bitter complaint of another Englishman:—

> Romæ, si tu reus es, vis absolvi?—Prome;
> Æs, ut sumas veniam, in os ejus vome:
> Prece sancti nummuli exorante pro me
> Si blasphemus fuero, mox placebo Romæ.
>
> Dudum terras domuit, domina terrarum:
> Colla premens plebum, urbium, linguarum:
> Nunc his colla subjicit spe pecuniarum,
> Et fit idolatria dux Christicolarum.

[1] Rer. Gallicar. Script, tom. xvi. p. 416.

[2] Id. Tom. xvii. p. 553.

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'Si te Roma reputet parricidam, mœchum,
Symonis Apostatæ cor habeto cæcum.
Fer argenti lilia, rosas auri tecum:
Ibi sacrant reprobos, scelus reddent æquum.

Or the witty complaint of Gautier de Chatillon:—

'Sed ausculte, Pontifex, cor habens tam cæcum,
Ut thesauros congreges, æstimo non æquum:
Quare dicit Dominus—ut jam loquar tecum—
Nunquid ex denario convenisti Mecum?

Or again, still of Rome:—

Veritas,
Æquitas,
Largitas,
Corruit:
Falsitas,
Pravitas,
Brutitas,
Viguit:
Urbanitas
Evanuit.

Caritas,
Castitas,
Probitas,
Viluit:
Vanitas,
Fœditas,
Vilitas,
Claruit:
Ebrietas
Prævaluit.

Now we want the reader fully to estimate these two facts: the enormous revenues and little outgoings of Rome in the fifteenth century and beginning of the sixteenth,—the entirely reversed case as regards the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth. The mountains of gold which found their way to the Vatican from every bishop,—from Reikiavik and Upsala in the north to Faro in the south; the drain on every religious house; the decimation of every cathedral and collegiate dignity; the smaller, but more numerous, purses that the inferior clergy contributed. We wish that some master of European history would endeavour to gain some approximate idea of what was the revenue of Rome during the time of her greatest apparent grasp over Europe; say, for example, towards the close of the fifteenth century. The mind is absolutely lost in the contemplation of the various sources of revenue; from accessions to bishoprics and abbeys; from selling dignities which fell vacant in the Papal month or months; from dispensations (and remember the enormous number of dispensations then needed for pluralities) and absolutions, for grants to monarchs, such as those of India to Portugal, Mexico to Spain, and the like. And then remember that Rome was engaged in no ecclesiastical work which involved any great expense: no Propaganda with its missions and its presses; no purchases of invaluable manuscripts; nothing except the erection of S. Peter's (and that provided for in its own miserable way).

But turn the page of the next century, and what do we see? Not only a third of her territories lost, but her sway frightfully weakened over the rest. Her supplies of money diminished

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almost beyond computation; and yet, at the same time, that struggle—the Counter-Reformation—commencing, which never, we think, has received either from Romanists or others the tribute it deserves. Protestants seem generally to imagine that, from the blow struck at the Reformation, Rome has been weakening ever since. Whereas, let any one compare her state at her lowest—say at the beginning of the seventeenth century, and some time after—and at the close of that century. At the beginning: Belgium half Protestant, and apparently to be lost like the United Provinces; Bohemia a fiercely Protestant country, Lutherans and Calvinists persecuting each other; Austria more than half Protestant, Vienna the focus of the reformed doctrines,—the nearest possible escape of a Protestant dynasty,—the 'never-conquered king' apparently fated to be the Alaric of Christian Rome; France, with a majority of Protestants, and a Protestant king; Switzerland, overrun with the new doctrines, and many of the Catholic cantons held only by the sword; Poland bidding fair to be a Socinian land; the Rhine provinces tottering in their allegiance; Bavaria in such a condition that a Protestant dynasty would have carried the population with it.[1] Again, the Catholic Church forced to shelter itself in a few stray fortresses of Brazil, and depending for existence on the poor chance of an effete and exhausted people like the Portuguese rolling back the overwhelming force of the young and vigorous Dutch republic. Lastly, Italy herself threatened, as on the north by Gustavus Oxenstierna, so on the south by the Ottoman arms; the occupation of Sicily and Apulia at one period almost a question of time.

Now look at the end of that century. Belgium and Bohemia have become the most Catholic countries in Europe. Austria is perfectly secure, and her Protestants in Salzkammergut are dwindling daily. France has an enormous majority of professing Catholics, and a dynasty of the same faith. Sweden has sunk to a third-rate power, and the daughter of Rome's great enemy has become Rome's vassal. Bavaria has a majority of two to one, the Rhine provinces of three to two, for the Church. Poland is revindicated; the Duke of Lorraine has hurled the Turk from Europe, crushing him with the hammer-stroke of that one glorious campaign; the Swiss cantons, that remained faithful, are now secure; and the contest in Brazil has ended in a manner to which the world's history affords no parallel. Fallen and exhausted Portugal has expelled the entire strength

[1] This is not said carelessly. There are many traits in Rader's *Bavaria Sancta*, which show what was thought at that time by the best judges; and many more in Drexelius's little works, especially those dedicated to his patrons, the Elector and Electress.

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of Holland. Now, also, hundreds of missionaries are traversing the East and Ethiopia; Japan bids fair to become a flourishing church; the Manillas are evangelised; and, besides the heralds of religion, the envoys of learning go forth to Athos, to Mosul, to Nubia, to the Desert of Cells, to Etchmiadzine, paving their way with gold and silver, and sending back camel-loads of inestimable MSS. to the great Vatican Library. What, too, shall we say of the Propaganda, and its complex machinery of missionary effort, of unequalled topography, of unrivalled criticism? The Counter-Reformation, purchased by incalculable treasures of learning, labour, blood, money, yes, and holiness too, is complete. The Roman spirituality stands well and firm; —that of the States of the Church,—how has the change affected them?

How could it but affect them? How could taxes but increase? How could government officials, with diminished salaries, but seek to make up by connived-at extortion for honest pay? And thus, while externally the arms of Rome were everywhere successful, her internal constitution sank deeper and deeper into corruption. Consider again how the reforms of the Emperor Joseph cut off another large source of revenue; how the French Revolution, while it did not ruin, frightfully maimed and crippled; how the constitutions of Spain and Portugal, in confiscating the revenues of so many monasteries, closed so many sources of Rome's wealth; how not a concordat was signed, but it left Rome poorer than it found her. From the time the Papacy rose from its miserable corruption, from that time, and *pari passu*, the Papal kingdom began to fall into disorder.

It is very easy to say, and no doubt many honest well-wishers to Rome have said; Why should not the Pope revert to his primitive character,—divest himself of his dominions,—be the Bishop that S. Silvester, or S. Leo, or S. Gregory was? Simply because the thing is impossible. Notice the especial providence which prevented the residence, after peace was given to the Church, of any emperor at Rome. In that age the chair of S. Peter was always virtually independent, with the exception of one or two remarkable crises in the world's history. Such was the era of Charlemagne; and then, by a providence not less remarkable, kings were the nursing fathers, their queens the nursing mothers, of the Roman Church. See how for centuries, since the fall of Spain, France and Austria have balanced each other in the Vatican; and thus it has preserved itself unfettered by either. But were one powerful State—say Imperial France —ever to stand in the same relation to Rome that Regal France did to Papal Avignon, we cannot express how fearful, to us, would be the sign. And the more so, the more affectionate, the more confiding, the more flattering were the attitude of the

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State. For it would be that terrible precursor of Antichrist, the World-power flattering the Church, the Beast submitting to be mounted by the Woman; and we all know in what that ends: how, not long after, it is said of the Woman, 'Come out of her, My People!'

It used to be the fashion, with a particular set of English Churchmen, to anticipate the brightest results from the attitude assumed by Napoleon III. to the French Church. It would be well if those who entertained this view would study some of the Mediæval Commentaries on the Revelation. We imagine that the not unnatural prejudices excited by modern writers on prophecy, have deterred even those students who have learnt to go for Scriptural Commentators to the Primitive and Middle Ages, from paying much attention to their treatises on the Apocalypse. We can only say that they have a grievous loss. Nowhere does the humility, the love, the insight into spiritual things of those writers shine so brightly. And, at the present time, a very curious treatise might be written, comparing what some of them thought would be, with what actually has been, and with what seems taking place now.

'Who are these commentators?' Hear, in the first place, what one of them says, in defence of his treatise:—

'Ut igitur terram istam'—the Apocalypse—'possideamus, 'fidelium exploratorum, qui mites fuerunt, exemplum sequamur. 'Dicendo contra immites hæreticos, huic terræ detrahentes, Terra 'quam circumimus valde bona est. Ipsi dicunt, Terra quam lus-'travimus devorat habitatores suos, sed mentiuntur. Non enim 'terra ista, terra Dei, devorat habitatores suos; sed suæ ipsorum 'adinventiones devorant superbos, sicut murmuratorum illorum 'quosdam non illa repromissionis terra quam non attigerunt, sed 'ipsa quam calcabant terra devoravit et deglutivit, aperta sub 'pedibus eorum. Proinde expedit, ut (sicut dictum est) mites 'animo simus, quicunque hanc terram, id est, hanc Scripturam 'ingredimur, et ibi altiorem divinorum sensuum majestatem 'latere arbitramur, ubi adhuc minus intelligimus. Si enim pro-'pitius fuerit Dominus, introducet nos in eam, et tradet humum 'lacte et melle manantem, ut inveniamus latentes in ea divitias 'salutis, thesauros sapientiæ et intellectus, consilii et fortitudinis, 'scientiæ et pietatis, et amoris Domini.' Few better commentators are there than he who thus writes,—as indeed the passage itself might lead one to imagine,—Rupert of Deutz, who has left us twelve books, in which he goes through the Revelation, word by word. But his quiet life led him to speculate from it less on the future of the Church as regards the political future of the world, than did others, more mixed up with that world. Pierre d'Ailly, 'the eagle of the Gallican Church,' has some most remarkable

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observations on the temporal power of Rome in his treatise *De Necessitate Reformationis Ecclesiasticæ;* and especially where he considers the question, What will happen, if the Church refuses to reform herself? His remarks on the Apocalypse would be read with great profit by any one who is now especially interested in watching the great Italian struggle. And he seems to have felt this very strongly; that, of all things, it is necessary for that Church which is opposed to a torrent of scepticism and unbelief, to be very careful in her authentication of miracles and the like events. If part of her edifice falls, how shall not the other menace ruin? If a large portion of her doctrine must be abandoned as taught only by superstition, and for gain, whose hands will not be weakened in defending that which is really of faith?

Now, considering the frightful torrent of infidelity rolling over Italy, all but openly professed in Sardinia, secretly eating its way into the very core of Roman, and into the upper classes of Neapolitan, society, what can be so heart-sickening as to see miracles paraded, and boasted, and indulgenced, which we know cannot be believed by those who set them forth? Oh, what a millstone would be loosed from her neck, if Rome could but be persuaded quietly and calmly to drop the miracle of S. Januarius, and to discourage at first, till she could abolish, the pilgrimage to Loretto! It happened to the writer, some weeks since, to be looking over the Directorium of the Diocese of Zara with a priest belonging to it. In Dalmatia *the First translation of the Holy House of Loretto,* namely, from Nazareth into that province, is celebrated with considerable pomp. We had seen, in conversation, that our friend was an earnest and intelligent man, and therefore ventured to ask, after apologizing for the liberty, 'Do you really believe in that translation?' 'Not in the least,' was his instant reply. 'It is difficult to 'prove a negative; but as nearly as a negative can be proved, 'this in my opinion can.' 'Then do you not feel it painful 'to say an office for an event which you know never occurred?' 'Well; GOD accepts the faith of the people, and they do believe 'it. Besides, if we were to turn round and say—This tale, 'which we have taught you for so many centuries, is not true, 'would they not proceed to doubt everything?' It is the state of mind which can so clearly see this, which can go on adding and adding to a rotten foundation, that seems to us so very sad. Instead of accepting knowledge as the gift of God, such a priest must struggle against it, because, with education, scepticism must come in. The writer hopes he will not be blamed for adding, that, after that conversation, he could not but return thanks to GOD that though as a priest of the English Church he might wish some truths more plainly and

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boldly stated, and some doubtful expressions explained in a Catholic shape, still he is not bound to teach his people that a miracle happened which he knows never to have happened—that he is not engaged in that hopeless, fruitless task, of endeavouring to shut out the light of education, lest it should destroy faith.

These remarks were suggested by the mention of Pierre d'Ailly's treatise: let us now go on. Again: one of those Commentaries which seem to bear most clearly on the present state of things is that of Ambrosius Anspertus. He, too, both in that part where he treats upon mystical Babylon, and where he speaks of the dragon on which the woman was seated, expresses himself in a way which would give great satisfaction at Exeter Hall, and in which there is much that any one who has the real well-doing of Rome at heart would advantageously lay to heart. To him, again, we would add that treatise which is usually ascribed to S. Thomas Aquinas; but his claim to which is at least very doubtful, the more probable author being a certain Thomas, called Wallensis. And so once again, the so-called Commentaries of S. Anselm, but which were in reality written by Hervæus of Dol, contain a frightful view of the way in which it is worldliness, acting within the Church in the first place, and then the subjection of the Church for the sake of temporal power to the secular arm, which will bring about the great apostasy, not from without her, but from within her. The Commentary of S. Albertus Magnus, full of quotations from, and references to, other parts of Scripture, and marvellously interesting, takes the same view.

But of all the writers who are brought to one's mind by the many painful spectacles presented by the Roman system in the south of Europe, Agobard, Bishop of Lyons,—S. Agobard he is, notwithstanding the vigour, and one might almost say coarseness, of his animadversions on the ecclesiastical abuses of his day,—stands first. For example: we know not that there is any sight more utterly revolting to common sense,—nay more, to common feelings of propriety,—than to see the preparations for some great procession in one of those glorious sacristies of mediæval cathedrals. Everything in the architecture so solemn, so stern, so breathing of the reality and earnestness of the days of S. Bernard or S. Anselm; the decoration of fresco and stained glass, no less chastened than beautiful: and what is the purpose to which it is now turned? A great ugly wooden doll, perhaps nearly the size of life, is erected on a hand-barrow in the middle; and five or six priests are engaged in dressing it, not merely with the silk and brocade which it is to wear on the morrow, but with the under-clothing

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which it is to wear, and the wire which is to pad all this out. S. Agobard, in his work on images, inveighs against some abuses connected with them in a manner which shows how, had he, or could he at his early period have seen anything like this, he would have given the reins to his indignation, and denounced a system which permitted decorations so half grotesque, half revolting. Yes; we repeat it: seeing the terrible struggle against infidelity which the Church in Italy will have to carry on, it is most depressing to see follies like these tacked on to the defence of the faith, and exposing that most unrighteously to all the ridicule which might justly be directed against themselves. Indeed, that work, intemperate as its zeal may fairly be considered, was written at a period when the present zeal for image-veneration was only in the cradle; and more especially that worst feature of it, the cultus paid, not to the saint in all his images, but to the image, the local image as distinguished from other images, of the saint. The writer heard a Protestant emissary at Turin dilating on this subject, and that with a coarse common-sense power that evidently told; and as any attack on Austria is welcome to a Sardinian, he was especially bitter on the Austrian pilgrimage to Maria Zell. We felt at the time curious to know how one of those rough-and-ready friars, who rolled back the creeping Manicheeism of the thirteenth century to South France and to Bosnia, would have popularly answered him. Probably to so rude an auditory the assertion might have been hazarded that thus the Church had believed and acted from the beginning; and more than one story of some black image of Apostolic times would have been employed to clench the argument. But to an audience too well taught to be thus imposed on, while yet incapable of the subtle arguments by which a Jesuit would defend the system to cultivated minds, it does seem difficult to imagine what a Roman preacher would reply. Undoubtedly the celebrated pilgrimage-images, such as Maria Zell, Maria Hilf, Maria Täferl, Our Lady of Einsiedlen, S. Anne of Auray, are, at the present moment, towers of strength to Rome. But why? Because they lie in the midst of an enthusiastically Catholic population, — Catholic to the very backbone,—asking no questions and harassed by no doubts. But set Maria Zell down ten miles from Turin, and what would be the consequence then? What floods of ridicule, as open as the State allowed, would the 'liberal' papers pour on the whole affair! how every fresh miracle would be sifted and weighed, and with what an iron arm would the government prevent the publication of such! And what will Loretto be, when the Legations are Sardinian? Will not that become, instead of a gem in the diadem, a millstone about the neck, of

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Rome? Notice that in France, which once abounded in miraculous images, they have, for the most part, been quietly got rid of, and that without lacerating popular faith. S. Anne d'Auray is one of the most famous, but then it is in Brittany. The image which gave rise to this devotion was discovered in March, 1625, and the history of the establishment of the pilgrimage is a very curious piece of ecclesiastical history. The rector and curate[1] of Keranna proclaimed the discovery either a cheat or the work of an enthusiast: popular feeling rose so high against them that they were forced to implore episcopal protection. The Bishops of Vannes and of Cornwall (so he of Quimper is called, from the tract of which it is the capital) disbelieved the prodigy, and would have put it down; *but* the Capuchins of Auray took up the matter, over-rode priest and prelate, and made the pilgrimage what it still remains. This is an example of the method in which these pilgrimages were, in the first place, set on foot; and when once established, they for a while become the support, then the most fearful hindrances, of the Church which sanctions them.

One of the most curious of these places is S. Hubert, in the Ardennes. In the green solitudes of that ancient forest, in the wildest part of Belgium, till lately far from, and still not touched by, any railway, is, as is well known, a celebrated pilgrimage for those bitten by mad dogs. The landlady of the inn where the writer slept had kept the house twelve years, and in that time received 197 patients. And there are many other inns in the place. The cure is performed by the operation of the *taille*. That is, the almoner of S. Hubert makes an incision in the forehead of the patient, and then with a little pair of pincers a few threads from the stole of the saint are there inserted. He wears a black bandage round his head for nine days, and goes through a *novena* in honour of S. Hubert; and is then out of danger. More than this: he can give the *répit*, as it is called, to any persons bitten, which secures them forty days, in which time they may hope to reach the shrine themselves. This mode of treatment is known to have been in use since 878. And it is fair to say, that the cases of cure here are very much more convincing than those of any other pilgrimage place with which we are acquainted; and that we were told by a celebrated physician of Brussels, who called himself a *free-thinker*, and is, we fear, an infidel, that though he cared neither for S. Hubert nor his stole, he believed that some hereditary mode of treatment was handed down among the

[1] In Bretagne he whom we call the *curate* is the *curé*, instead of, as in other parts of France, the *vicaire*. Only the *premier vicaire*, however, if there be more than one, is so called.

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almoners, and that he had never known it to fail. Monseigneur Delesselle, the present Bishop of Namur, has followed his predecessors in authenticating the good effects of the *novena* of S. Hubert. But the celebrated Thiers, so well known, among other works, for his treatise on Superstitions, had a parishioner at Champronds who was bitten by a mad dog. Thiers, not much believing in the *novena*, yet advised his parishioner to go to S. Hubert. He went, received the *taille*, performed the *novena*, came back, and died miserably of hydrophobia. Thiers then investigated the subject at length, and the result, of course, was a book, which he afterwards incorporated into his treatise on Superstitions; and it is a terrible thorn in the side for the worthy priests of S. Hubert, who do firmly believe in their own power. Their adversary makes bitter mockery of some of their rules; and certainly the following rules, during the *novena*, are of abject superstition:—

'2. The person who has received the *taille* must sleep alone 'in clean and white sheets; or must not undress, if the sheets 'are not white.

'5. He may eat white or brown bread—the flesh of a male 'pig above one year old—capons or pullets also more than a 'year—fish, if scaled—hard eggs; but all must be eaten cold.'

We have been led away by these pilgrimages from our immediate subject; and shall return only to conclude. We have simply laid before the reader a few remarks suggested to us during a recent passage through continental Sardinia. Politics we have left to the newspapers: partisanship we have utterly laid aside: we have merely set down on paper what, had our reader been our companion, we should have said to him. Of Naples we have said nothing: the subject is utterly too painful, either on the monarchical side—which every one will allow; or on the liberal, which is simply the infidel—a fact which has yet fully to be acknowledged. But let the reader imagine himself to have been listening to an English companion in the same carriage, while the train dawdled along over the fields of Magenta,—oh, how rank and green here and there the young wheat is!—from Rho to Novara, an hour's ride, and we shall have accomplished what we intended.

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NOTICES.

'CORRODA ABBEY,' &c. &c. (Saunders, Otley, and Co.), is a religious tale, written in a reverent, affectionate tone, with a lively interest, which is maintained to the end. An Oxford undergraduate, the heir of an ancient estate, part of which consists in confiscated church lands, an ardent, imaginative youth, is drawn away to Italy, and becomes a convert. A deeper insight into the Roman system, and convictions of his sin in disobeying his father—tidings of whose death reach him while still abroad—lead to his reconversion. His father suffers from the consciousness of having alienated his son's affections, and lost influence with him, through want of sympathy and reserve of manner. There is a Jesuit plot, but the circumstances of the tale alone are left to tell what is thought of the system; and touching natural traits, as well as a high order of mind, are exhibited in the chief Jesuit. The author's opinions are expressed in the person of an elderly clergyman, who acts as mentor to the curate of a neighbouring parish, who gets into trouble by his efforts at Church revival: a good deal of drollery coming out in the descriptions of parochial manifestations of high Protestant zeal. The opinions of the mentor are thoughtful, large, and kindly-hearted, with a decided preference for the Catholic (we are glad to see the term employed in its right sense, p. 297) principles of the Church of England, and yet great consideration for those who cannot appreciate them. The contrast to the young Roman convert is shown in a friend and schoolfellow, whose simplicity, affectionateness, and practical straightforward dutifulness—the fruits of a religious mother's training—exhibit the author's view of the true tone of mind to foster in children. The tale seems mainly intended for the instruction of the young; but children can hardly fail to derive benefit from the feelings and sentiments expressed. Many valuable and edifying passages will be found scattered here and there. The following one, though rather long, we venture to quote in full, as it seems to us to contain a specially useful line of thought, happily expressed:—

'How many minds, and those of a high caste, are like this father and 'son! Professing deep feelings and high aspirations; capable of under-'standing each other if they were not severed by a reserve, the tendency 'of which is to close up all the affections and finer feelings; dwelling in 'spheres of their own, and deprived of the light and warmth obtained by a 'contact with others, their sympathies lose the power of growth, if not of 'life. Whence arises this reserve, so blighting in its effects? Is it not 'from mistaking pride for delicacy? or, at best, is not that delicacy morbid 'that shrinks from any touch that fails to respond in perfect unison 'with itself? Mr. Tresilian and his son would each have rejoiced if the 'other had opened his heart; but neither could summon up courage to 'break the ice. Many painful feelings conspired to distress Mr. Tresilian's 'mind: there was not only the tenacity of an old person to his own cou-

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'victions, but there was also the natural and right feeling that his opinion 'simply as that of the father, ought to have weight with the son. Besides, 'there was a feeling, or rather, a set of feelings, at work in his mind, 'equally trying and common to many in these days, arising from a certain 'kind of apprehensiveness of the younger generation being in advance of 'themselves. Such persons, forgetful, perhaps, that they were equally 'in advance of their predecessors, and having a just sense of the wild 'or visionary extravagance with which the young are frequently carried 'away, are too apt to look suspiciously, or at least coldly, upon their zeal, 'instead of admitting it as the continuation of a progress which has in it 'elements of real good—good which, if judiciously cherished, might grow 'up and choke the evil. The young are, on the other hand, sure to 'over-estimate this element of good which they are conscious exists within 'them; they are commonly little disposed to yield their opinions to the 'wisdom and experience of age; and this indisposition is certain to retard 'their advance, if it does not precipitate them into error. Humility, that 'first and, perhaps, rarest of all Christian graces, is probably the one most 'needed on both sides, &c.' (Pp. 134, 135.)

With a good deal of talent, the author is evidently inexperienced in writing. Several faults will readily be discerned; *e.g.*, there is something forced and far-fetched in the influence of the old disciple of Felix Neff on the return home of the heir of Corroda, though the incident is perfectly described, and gives occasion for the expression of the real moral of the tale; viz., 'upon our taking or resisting the appointments of God depends the upward or downward of life.'

We think the author is right in not entering into the feelings of either the returned convert or his friend, who at last meet happily with more than the realization of his early dreams in the restoration of the Abbey lands to the Church.

To those wishing to possess in the French language a brief and at the same time a substantial and comprehensive account of the great revolution of 1789, we can cordially recommend Barrau's 'Histoire de la Révolution Française, 1789-1799,' a duodecimo of some 540 pages, and published by Hachette of Paris. The style of the narrative is clear, vigorous, and flowing, the facts are correctly and impartially given and admirably arranged, and the author's principles excellent. Generally speaking, M. Barrau contents himself with recording the salient facts connected with that important epoch; but when he does indulge in reflections, they always seem to us remarkably judicious and to the point.

Our readers are acquainted with the summary manner in which the Imperial Government put a stop, some months ago, to the French services established by Mr. Archer Gurney in his chapel in the Rue Madeleine. Mr. Gurney has collected into one volume four sermons preached in that chapel, and published them under the title of 'Sermons Anglicans prononcés en chaire' (Paris: Dentu). What we have said of M. Barrau's political principles, we may also safely predicate of Mr. Gurney's theological ones, as exhibited in the volume before us: we only regret we cannot accord to Mr. Gurney the same meed of praise as regards his style.

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We are far from wishing to depreciate Mr. Gurney's labours among our fellow-countrymen in Paris, or to underrate the importance of the object he had in view in the celebration of French services and the delivery of French sermons, but we very much doubt the expediency of giving to the world the 'Sermons Anglicans' in their present shape. It can hardly be expected that Mr. Gurney should write French like M. Barrau; indeed, Mr. Gurney himself acknowledges that he is but imperfectly acquainted with that language; an appreciation in which, judging from the specimens before us, we feel disposed to concur. 'But why then publish?' We have not, it is true, noticed many actual grammatical blunders in the 'Sermons Anglicans;' but then, *en revanche,* they abound in many loose, disjointed, badly-contrasted phrases, awkward *tours*, grotesque locutions, strange solecisms, incongruous images, ill-arranged sentences, and trivial or obscure forms of expression, defects of which the French are peculiarly intolerant. Neither does Mr. Gurney always pay much heed to the important principle laid down by Malherbe, and for which he is eulogized by Boileau, who says that he first

'D'un mot mis à sa place enseigna le pouvoir.'

In illustration of our criticisms, we had marked such instances of incorrect or inelegant composition as we had stumbled upon in the two or three first pages of the work, for the purpose of laying them before our readers; but the specimens are so numerous, and would occupy so much space, that we must refrain from giving them. It has been stated that these sermons were admired, viewed as mere compositions, by some of those that heard them, and who were qualified to judge. It may be so; but all we can say is, that they do not *read* well, and that though, if literally translated into our language, they would make excellent English, they are very exceptionable French. Some of our author's thoughts are very good, and his orthodoxy is unimpeachable, but he lacks one important requisite—

'Sans la langue, en un mot, l'auteur le plus divin,
Est toujours, quoiqu'il fasse, un méchant écrivain.'

On the whole, we cannot but regard the present publication as a somewhat adventurous proceeding on the part of our author; and should the 'Sermons Anglicans' fall into the hands of an Ultramontanist critic, we fear they would not receive better treatment than Mr. Gurney's French services themselves have experienced at the hands of the Imperial Government.

We announce with pleasure another French publication of the Anglo-Continental Society, 'Des Principes de la Réformation en Angleterre' (J. H. and J. Parker), which appears to us an important addition to the already very valuable series. The present work, compiled and edited by Dr. Godfray, consists of a translation of the Bishop of Oxford's sermon on the 'Principles of the English Reformation,' and of extracts from the writings of some twenty-eight theologians of the present time—including the Bishops of S. Andrew's, Lincoln, Tasmania, Fredericton, and Montreal, Dean Hook, Mr. Gladstone, Drs. Wordsworth, Moberley, J. A. Hessey, Symons, and Pusey, the late Professor Blunt, Chancellor Harrington,

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APRIL—Rev. Arthur Cazenove's Lecture on Lord Strafford—The Bristol Lent Lectures—The Life of David, King of Israel, by the Rev. C. Josiah Wright, Head Master of Sutton Coldfield Grammar School — Mr. Parker's Historical Tales.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

A

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the Revs. F. Meyrick, W. Palmer, P. Freeman, W. E. Scudamore, H. Soames, W. Gresley, &c.: bearing upon, and illustrating, and enforcing the same principles. Besides showing what the true principles of the English Reformation are, the extracts range over a variety of important collateral topics, directly or indirectly connected with the Reformation; such as the independence of the ancient British Church, the office of Catholic tradition in the interpretation of Scripture, the Papal supremacy, the true cause of the separation between the Churches of England and Rome, the doctrine of the Sacraments and the Catholic faith generally, and the true position of our Church as it stands distinguished from all Papal and Puritan innovations. The extracts appear well chosen, and are systematically arranged; they have been made, as will have been observed, from the writings of contemporaneous theologians, without reference to any particular school or party; and it seems to us there is scarcely an argument or accusation brought forward against the English Reformation and the position assumed by our Church, which is not directly met and successfully refuted in these pages. The different translations seem to combine great fidelity and elegance—a by no means easy achievement, as our readers know; and, in fact, the whole reads more like an original French work than a translation from the English. We perceive, from Dr. Godfray's preface, that it is intended, at some future period, to publish a companion volume to the present one, consisting of passages on the same subject from the writings of the principal Anglican theologians from the Reformation to the present period. There is scarcely a subject upon which more misunderstanding, ignorance, and misrepresentation prevail throughout the Continent than that of the English Reformation, and such works as the present one are well calculated to remove the prepossessions of foreigners, and give them truer and more enlarged views than they possess upon that important event.

'Eighteen Sermons on Easter Subjects' (Masters), by the Rev. W. P. S. Bingham, reflect in an easy style, and with many touches of poetic feeling, the teaching which has in so many ways been driven forth for us of late years, especially by Mr. Isaac Williamson, from the patristic fount of theology. We have not read, for a long time, more readable sermons.

The Rev. Edgar N. Dumbleton, of Chiselhurst, has proved himself competent to a task which very few have succeeded in hitherto: that of writing to the purpose, in the shape of 'Sermons on the Daily Services' (J. H. Parker). This little volume, while it bespeaks him an apt disciple of our latest ritual writers, abounds also in vigorous thought, and original as well as thoroughly devotional handling of his subject. We can commend it very highly.

The most important book of the quarter seems to be the 'Dictionary of the Bible,' edited by Dr. W. Smith (Murray). Although nine-tenths of the contributors to this new Calmet are English Clergymen, it is some reproach to us that they march under the flag of a captain who is, we believe, a Dissenting preacher. The publication, as must be the case with a literary pic-nic, exhibits dishes of various, and occasionally doubtful, ingredients, and of cookery not always the most successful. But on the whole we can

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say that, given the plan—and such a work can only be executed on the principle of separate contributors—it is a high success. Undoubtedly the principle of excluding points of doubtful interpretation and matters involving theological controversy is a correct one; only it labours under the lesser difficulty of being altogether unattainable. It is not attained in the present volume, because it is impossible to carry it out: but we are glad to observe that there is so little which is really objectionable, and so much which is positively commendable. In the geographical and topographical department, information is brought down to the latest authorities: and as the book cannot but be a standard, we can congratulate both the publisher and contributors on the first instalment of a work highly creditable, on the whole, to all parties concerned in its production.

Mr. J. H. Parker has just published two volumes completing the work of Mr. Hewitt's classical publication on 'Ancient Armour.' It is one of the most completely illustrated works which we have received from a press prolific in such publications: and Mr. Hewitt has filled up a gap in English Archæological literature. The wood-cuts exhibit not only great research, and of course entire accuracy, but great mechanical perfection.

The indefatigable Edinburgh publishers, Messrs. Clark, who have really done great service by publishing the best of specimens of what is perhaps unfortunately often classed contemptuously together as German theology, have completed the diffuse but useful work of Stier's, 'Words of our Lord Jesus,' and an edition of Bengel's 'Gnomon.'

It is somewhat late to acknowledge it, but Sir Emerson Tennent's 'Ceylon' (Longman) is, in our judgment, as admirable a monograph as our literature possesses. Its well-deserved popularity is the least among its recommendations.

We can only reiterate a recommendation which we have often urged to the clergy to assist the Marriage Law Defence Association. We may as well say distinctly, that when our opponents have funds at will, the defenders of the truth are literally bankrupt. That the assault on the existing law has been averted is, we believe, mainly due to the existence of the Association: but in this, as in too many other matters, a few individuals are left to bear all the expense and trouble of opposition; and when at last that opposition to innovation is broken down, they have also to incur the charge of inactivity from those who during the struggle never helped either by their assistance in money or sympathy.

The 'Declaration by the Ten Thousand Clergy against Lord Ebury's Motion,' which was so ignominiously defeated, has been published by Bell and Daldy, and ought to be preserved by all who are interested in a question which is sure to be renewed.

P. S.

An accident has at the last moment postponed an article on the Oxford 'Essays and Reviews' (J. W. Parker), which is already in type.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1860.

ART. I.—1. *The Athenæum, Nos.* 1705, 1706, 1707.

2. *British Association for the Advancement of Science. Thirtieth Meeting,* 1860. *Journal of Sectional Proceedings from Wednesday, June 27th, to Wednesday, July 4th.* Printed under the superintendence of the Assistant General Secretary. By JAMES WRIGHT, Oxford.

3. *A Sermon preached before the University of Oxford, on Act Sunday, July 1st,* 1860. By the Rev. F. TEMPLE, D.D. Oxford: J. H. and H. Parker.

THE late meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at the University of Oxford is, perhaps, an epoch of note in the history of both these bodies—the one errant, the other fixed. In one sense every meeting of such a character ought to be of higher interest than any which preceded it; since every discovery in knowledge makes further discoveries more easy; each mighty shade evoked by science carries a glass, like the spectre king in the play, 'which shows us many more.' But there is just now something more to be noted than the law of progress, by which new theories stimulate the registry of facts, and from which again start more theories, as we claim for this meeting a superior interest to any which has gone before. When any question has caugth the minds of thinking and scientific men which has a line of intersection or a point of contact with the spiritual convictions or religious instincts of the greater mass alike of thinkers and thoughtless, there 'arises no small stir about that' question, even as when the doctrine of the Resurrection of the Body first impinged upon the Greek intellect. Instantly there sets in a strong draught upon the flame which such meetings as those of the Association kindle. Now, those convictions or instincts *have* been lately stirred, perhaps ruffled, by the theory of the nature-world to which those views known generally as 'Darwinian,' are presumed to tend. Whether that tendency is legitimately ascribed to those

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views is not, for the moment, our point, but the fact of its subjective existence has given a keen thrill of human interest to speculations conversant originally with the brute-world of matter and the infra-human instincts which guide its animal life.

Viewed with regard to any immediate results we might be inclined to think that these meetings, and this one in particular, seem to promise more than they could perform. Nay, in one sense, their value is in the inverse ratio to their interest at the moment. That which becomes of permanent value—and science knows no measure of a value which is not permanent—does so by leaving our intellect enriched by some ascertained conclusion. It is not the rise and sudden overspreading of the waters of intellect, but the fertilizing sediment which they bequeath which conveys a lasting treasure.

Now, let us suppose an unmapped and unfathomed chaos of phenomena waiting to be systematized. The keenest interest capable of being so excited lies not in the mere fact of their novelty or of their truth, but in the process of adjusting them to the other received and settled truths on which the mind habitually reposes. Are we thrown into a conscious state of conflict by their claims for admission? The parting with anything familiar for the sake of what is strange, is a process painful in proportion to the depth and earnestness of our nature. 'Who will change old lamps for new?'—the question of the disguised magician in the Eastern fairy tale—is often repeated now-a-days. 'The desire to clear up the relation between faith 'and science is almost universal in those who devote themselves 'to scientific investigation.' Dr. Temple is perhaps right. And there seem to arise two opposite dangers from the call thus often made, that of either shutting ourselves obstinately up against the light to avoid the trouble of adjudicating on the claims of what is new, and that of a loose way of viewing all claims as perhaps to a certain extent recognisable, but at the same time paying real homage to no truth whatever. Perhaps the process of inward recantation often repeated, of adherence carelessly given in and withdrawn, cannot be carried on without limit in the same individual without impairing the moral sensitiveness. When, however, a broad sweep at a current belief is made, there will always be many on whom the call to surrender what is old is made for the first time, and to whom it comes with a fresh and acute sensation. Of course, also, the question will needs occur,—not so often, however, to the vendor of the new lamp as to the proprietor of the old,—can we not possess *both*, retaining the old and acquiring the new? Can we not reconcile the claims which, as abruptly enunciated, leave a sense of hopeless

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clash? But whether the issue be one of protracted discord, or of balanced compromise, or of union and accord, a process has always to be gone through of intense interest to the seeker after truth, and which, to the Christian, who feels that the result to his own mind is not the whole thing to be considered, is enhanced by his profounder sense of higher and unseen realities. This is merely a new application of the old maxim regarding things which stir us actively, and those which excite only passive, however profound, impressions. It is not, then, the fixed and ascertained truth, however great its permanent value, which gives their peculiar interest to these and similar 'ingatherings,' at such 'feasts' as those we have seen lately celebrated, because the truth, as such, however profound, may be passively received. It is their relation to a generally prevailing mental condition at the time; it is the degree in which the aggressive character predominates in propounded theories that makes their interest buoyant, even as things will be borne along by a torrent which would sink in a lake.

And in this aspect the locality of this year's meeting bears a typical character, reflective of this very condition of interest. The very site and scene of this struggle between the propounded novelty and the treasured antiquity was that city, which, of all existing aggregates of mind and matter, is the fittest representative of a past living on in the present which has grown out of it, not been founded on its ruin. The 'schools' seemed to be themselves in a state of siege, typified by the position taken up by a large piece of ordnance, which Captain Blakesley had imported thither, in the middle of their frowning 'quadrilateral;' or rather, the fatal horse had been, in the form of sections D and E, received within the walls; and the sensation, unfounded, let us hope,

> '——— fuimus Troës, fuit Ilion et ingens
> Gloria Teucrorum,'

seemed uppermost in the minds of some of the garrison. Admitting that the prime interest of their meeting lay in adjusting the relation between the old and the new, the Association had certainly chosen representative ground.

We say that such meetings, however, as a general rule, seem to promise more than they perform. They draw out the antagonism of the question in a personal form by virtue of the presence and the living words of thinkers and speakers; unfortunately it does not often happen that the thinkers speak or the speakers think. Here is the great difficulty. With great respect for the names, many of them of the highest eminence, of those who took leading parts in the proceedings, it is difficult in a moment

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to pass from the profound to the popular. Men who enjoy an audience cannot easily refrain from yielding to the sympathy which its presence begets in them. They are led rather by the unconscious tact of the orator than by any design of the sophist, to appeal to feelings which they know are salient and lively, to finger some chord which they feel will vibrate. Thus the conclusion which they establish may be true, but is not established by a worthy proof; they do not place it on its true grounds; they do not give such arguments as the subject admits of and demands, but such as the hearers then and there are capable of appreciating. The hearers are not at their highest pitch of reflective power; they come to the room excited, and their excitement rises with debate. Many of them, perhaps the majority, are capable of distinguishing between what they have heard and accepted thus in public and in a mixed assembly, and what approves itself to their resettled minds in sober and solitary afterthought. Where the question is practical, *e.g.* where public measures have to be taken by a public body, the evil is inherent in the nature of things, though there it has many valuable forms of reaction against other evils; but where the question can only operate on practice through some other theory or dogma, which, if affirmed, it must discredit, its sifting should be purely intellectual, and the mere loose shake which can be given it even in section D does not further this. Indeed it is idle to think that any settlement of it can be made, or any real step towards such settlement taken, in a room packed, even at Oxford, by a majority at twenty shillings a head.

Yet though this is enough to show the inconclusive character of discussions on the broad and popular side, where the arguments which command the greatest weight of assent are always the least profound and the most plausible, yet there is not wanting a wholesome sprinkling of intellects really trained in the subject-matter under debate, and a large supply of that most valuable power in a mixed audience, that of minds of high general culture, and wide information on various subjects, able often wisely to suspect, even where they cannot venture to affirm or deny, and on the basis of trained common sense, corrective of the extravagancies of theorists and professionals. To the picked pioneers of scientific observation, however, such meetings probably afford higher gratification than anything which the world of mind or even matter to them could furnish. No rock-tapping solitary, the 'Old Mortality' of extinct races, can enjoy, from the unlocking of the rock's hidden treasures, the reconstitution of a skeleton, or the completion of a species, such delight as in reading to the collected

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representatives of the world of *savans* the paper which records and diffuses the travail of his hammer and the toil of his brain. Men of the first mark in every walk of theoretic thought must have their compeers. Hidden streams emerge mutually to light, and join. Those who have been to each other but the *nominis umbra* projected by fame across the ocean, may now meet face to face as sympathising friends or antagonists of prowess and renown. And, certainly, apart from any other results of this intellectual tournament, in which the pass is held by successive scientific adventurers against all comers, the keen strange pleasure which gladdens the hearts of these brethren of the scattered order of thought, is in itself worth no small price as a stimulant to exertion and a reward of activity. The interests of science assert their 'solidarity.' A man who has wrought in some retired cell of the comb feels that he cannot perish unknown; and this thought of itself sustains a weight of labour, and prompts to efforts that would not else have seemed worth while.

On the whole, so far as the proceedings of the Association have yet been published, or as individual attestations can enable us to decide such a question, there does not seem to be much mere whipping of tops or riding of hobbies—not much of what is mere frivolous and superficial guessing, or of what is merely the forging anew of some antiquated crotchet, interesting only to the propounder. The contributions, whatever their relative value, have been genuine of their kind, and appear to be the fruits of a love for the special subject and leisure to follow it. The difficulty on the part of the sectional committees must have mostly taken the form of the question, how to get rid of the abundance of contributions which encumbered their time and embarrassed their choice, without giving needless offence to the ardent volunteers who offered them.

At the same time there is one remark which we think applicable to all such research; and that is, that no lover of truth is ever retarded in his pursuit of it from reverence of mind. Reverence is a humility in expressions which relate to superhuman persons or things, a mental attitude of deference for such wisdom as exists in the world, but not of it; wisdom from some higher source than the mind of the inquirer. No one could, save on the assumption that there is not in the universe which he studies anything grander, nobler, or loftier, whether morally or intellectually, than himself, be justified in irreverence.

> 'Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell;
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before.'

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The question may of course always be raised whether deference be due to any special dictum, or how far reverence can be claimed for this or that authority. But even a bare Deist should revere God in His works,—nay, a Deist might be fairly expected to be more devotionally moved as he contemplates them than a Christian; for to the Deist there is nothing greater, as a proof of Wisdom and Goodness, than the mere *works* of creation. Hence, the devotional feelings, so far as they are capable of being excited in him, are not, as in the case of a Christian, to any extent pre-occupied by the greater marvels of Wisdom and Goodness which Revelation unfolds. Beyond this, even taking the case of the superstitious reverence of others for that which has no awe for us, there is, firstly, the question how far they may possibly be right, and we may possibly be wrong; secondly, the question whether there be not some higher truth held in common by both, though superstitiously by them, which may be compromised by an irreverent dealing even with that which is purely superstitious. An example of this often occurs in the modes of speech which many of divers Protestant communions allow themselves with regard to the Virgin Mary. Thirdly, besides the question as relates to truth, there is to be considered the habit of mind which the exercise of reverential feeling engenders, and the opposite one produced by the exercise of its opposite. No one, surely, need be afraid of reverence where the most awful questions which can stir human thought are either under debate, or by implication involved—those, viz., which relate to man's own nature, or to the Divine. And yet here it is possible so to conduct research, or to manage controversy, as to gradually wean one's own mind from all reverential habit. Fourthly, as regards the issue of any particular dispute to the persons concerned, there is the question whether such a prejudice may not be inspired by irreverent handling as very much to retard the process of conviction, and to quicken the growth of partisanship and personal animosity. The last consideration belongs, indeed, rather to the courtesies of controversy; and, wherever it is conducted in a well-bred spirit, to waive the higher ground of reverence, the wish not to pain needlessly another's feelings, will guard against the mischief of such irreverence. We regret to have observed occasionally, in the discussions of more than one section, a tone of acrimonious exultation—of so called 'science' rejoicing against 'authority.' If there be, as some disciples of 'science' complain, a stubborn defence of untenable positions, on the part of the champions of authority, the tendency is only too likely to be increased by such an attitude on the other side. Besides, it ought to be observed, that the case is not equal to the two parties. For instance: *A* is an

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ardent believer, whose theological creed, as he holds it, has taken up into itself, perhaps unwarrantably, a certain dogmatism concerning historical events or matters related to physical science. *B* is a roving explorer of loose convictions, and whose feelings, dull to all the vexed questions of theology, are keenly alive to the number of vertebræ in a pigeon, or the arrangement of corals in a bed of lias. He is utterly careless on whose toes the march of 'science' may tread. He enjoys the pursuit of knowledge; and if a favourite theorem be ultimately overthrown, he has yet had his reward in the ingenuity exercised in constructing and propounding it. But to the other man a cherished dogma uprooted is like an old tooth drawn, which pains and mutilates. He feels that certain tenets are to him of vital importance; that in them to live, and for them, if need be, to die, is the highest destiny of a moral creature. And with them he, perhaps wrongly, associates certain other propositions which his 'scientific' friend claims to have upset. He thinks—possibly may be mistaken in thinking—that the latter and the former must stand or fall together. And so he struggles hard for both, and endeavours to defend both approaches to the sanctuary which he deems imperilled. His anxiety is to his cool friend intensely amusing, who watches his efforts as a schoolboy does the frantic cackling of a hen on the edge of a pool, where the ducklings which she has hatched are enjoying their element. His mistake costs him much,—the error of him who has miscounted the vertebræ of an animal, or mistaken the habitat of a plant, costs him little. Who would die for a 'tittlebatian theory'? Where is the martyr of the 'undulatory' or 'corpuscular' school? Would Professor Huxley, though his philanthropy may extend to certain cages in the Zoological gardens, stand even an hour in the pillory for all the reptiles of both the red sandstones, or for all the wonders in a drop of dirty water? Galileo, indeed, whispering an 'aside,' *E pur si muove*, with conscious humour, recanted his recantation; but still, on the faith of that recantation, he was released. Galileo was in the right; and why? Because to suffer for a doctrine of physical science, which, if true, will surely prove itself, and which, when proved, leaves mankind none the better for its truth, would be not only simply absurd, but infinitely more absurd than was persecution for the sake of it. Show that not merely it is true, but that the acceptance of the truth is a moral duty, and sufferers for it will not be wanting. Otherwise, to suffer for it enforces no lesson, and leaves both mankind and the doctrine just where each was before. This shows how utterly unequal is the case between the man who thinks mistakenly that some tenet of his religion has a vital relation with a

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physical or historical theory, and the man who is merely a physical or historical theorist, and in such matters, with Dr. Hooker, 'knows no creed.'

This is the difference to which Dr. Temple alludes without a due homage to its importance, when he says in the sermon preached during the meeting of the association:—'The student 'of science now feels himself bound by the interests of truth, 'and can admit no other obligation. And if he be a religious 'man, he believes that both books, the book of Nature and the 'book of Revelation, come alike from God, and that he *has no* '*more right to refuse to accept what he finds in the one than what* '*he finds in the other.* The two books are indeed on totally dif-'ferent subjects; the one may be called a treatise on physics 'and mathematics, the other a treatise on theology and morals. 'But they are both by the same author, and the difference in 'their importance is derived from the difference in their matter, 'and not from any difference in their authority.'

The passage which is italicised in the above extract contains the sophism lurking in the popular assertion of 'scientific' claims. Now, it may be safely maintained that no man need be required to maintain or to accept any theory whatever on physical subjects. It is always possible, without transgressing a law of our nature, to remain simply neutral on such questions; it is impossible so to remain on questions of theology or of morals. This is again, like the test of martyrdom, a proof crucial, which precipitates the hay and stubble of such philosophical pretensions, and shows their perishable stuff in the light of man's ultimate responsibility. 'Geology, for instance,' the preacher continues, 'has already altered our conception of *a great part* of 'the book of Genesis' (a rather broad statement, since beyond certain verses of the first chapter it is not easy to see any relation between the subject and the book); but that depends on what conception we have formed, and how far we have accepted the assumed discoveries of geology. It is, we repeat, consistent with the position of a morally responsible being to say, 'I neither 'accept nor reject those assumed discoveries, I simply suspend 'all judgment on the question; I do not even feel obliged to 'investigate for myself the evidence on the subject, much less 'to accept the results of the investigations of others. The 'investigation of physical laws, and the comparison of them 'with revelation, may be a high privilege, but can never be a 'duty.' There is nothing in such an abstinence from opinion, however obstinate it be, which can be compared to the false position of a sceptic in matters of theology or morals, in which

'quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus.'

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We 'have a right' in the one case which 'in the other' we have *not;* however one-sided or timidly scrupulous a mind it might show to exercise that right with uniform one-sidedness.

But a fact of greater weight is that much of this high-flown talk about 'science' and 'truth' is merely so much dabbling with theory and conjecture under grand names. The advance of science in matters which can possibly bear upon biblical statements, appears to open with every stride a far wider conscious area of ignorance than of knowledge. A century may probably upset much of what now is viewed as 'science,' and dissipate it into sciolism. Have we a fair sample of the earth's whole crust? have we the where with to analyse its formation in detail? can we be said to have reached to structural laws which, by their simplicity, approve themselves as final? Many, no doubt, are ready to shout a rapturous affirmative to all such questions. But again, are there not vast fluctuations of opinion among 'scientific' men; have we not recently seen earthquakes of debate, chasms of difference, upheavals and displacements of vast surfaces of theory? Unfortunately it is as easy for one man to dogmatise as for a school of Thomists or a catena of divines. There is much to be said on the side of him who waits, and says, 'if I am alive and of sound mind a century hence, I will endeavour to tell you.' This is a consideration which gains force when we mark how very unequal is often the evidence for different propositions, all of which their advocates appear to regard as established with equal conclusiveness. It may be blind obstinacy to doubt the circulation of the blood or the law of gravitation, but we may be permitted to demur to swallowing the conclusions current under the names of Buckle and Darwin. It is a new fashion to dignify by the name of science a crude medley of fact and theory which may possibly some day be sifted and digested, and of which what is worthless may be purged off, and what is sound remain.

And however weak, vapid, or foolish a book may be, let it contain but a smart attack on any statement contained in or supposed to be proveable out of Scripture, and it will at once command a larger share of attention than a book of the same intellectual mark on any other question. If it be clever but flimsy, its talent will be puffed, and its weakness extenuated. There are people who would read eagerly a treatise on the philosopher's stone if it contained also an attack upon the inspiration of one of the minor prophets. Of course such a book as is venomous and yet current, like a mad dog, may and will have its run and die out, but that debt of nature is not paid till it has done much harm. Thus, whoso will, may beguile his leisure by founding monstrous theories on loose, shifty, and vaporous

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drifts of fact; and having thus begotten a Centaur on a cloud, may parade it as a Pegasus in the face of an admiring public.

But without being of a weak, vapid, or venomous character, even when the author is gravely bent on the pursuit of truth, such is the state of human knowledge on those physical questions which are most agitated, that the most uncertain statements are hazarded with the pretensions of discoveries, and announced as 'laws,' to the canon of which whatever has hitherto possessed a hold over men's minds must conform. This combative self-assertion proceeds probably from the less worthy but the more noisy section of the pioneers of knowledge, but still the fashion is to assume generally that the result of one's own investigations is 'truth,' and if any one else differs, however venerable the prescription which his opinions enjoy, so much the worse for him and for all the grounds on which he relies:

> 'To observations which ourselves we make
> We grow more partial for the observer's sake;'

and the measure of modest probability which ought at most to attach to such hypotheses, is puffed into a conclusion of dogmatic finality—at least as regards the 'revelation' which they are assumed to supersede.

But especially round the domain of ethnology—that wide and transcendental horizon of historic research—there floats a quagmire of questions which deeply affect revealed statements concerning the origin of mankind. These have by no means the same degree of relation to all such scriptural topics as they relate to, but all stand in a closer relation to such than any theories of the mere physical universe can do. History and religion, or ethnology and revelation, deal with the same subject matter, man. Revelation must include a statement of what man was, in order to account for what he is, and to explain what he will hereafter be. Revelation and ethnology have each their own canons, tests, and authorities, beyond which each alike knows no appeal. We are reminded of the claims of temporal and spiritual jurisdiction, each distinguishable in theory, but coinciding in the same subject-matter, and refusing any separate adjustment. Thus, the theory of Bunsen ascribes a great antiquity to mankind, whereas the calculable data of Scripture, assuming their genuineness, allow one much less limited. Again, other theorists have left the question at present to fluctuate between this theory of high antiquity and another of a multiple human stock. If, say they, man cannot be allowed 20,000 years for diffusion, we must assume many simultaneous points of departure. This latter theory would people every river-basin or plateau from a distinct primitive ancestry of man. An instinc-

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tive consciousness of recognition seems to us to forbid the notion of any such absence of kin between race and race. 'A man and a brother' suggests a feeling which furnishes a passport through all diversities of skin, language, and stature, and which resembles that happy freemasonry of the canine race, which makes all, whether spaniel, bull, cur or turnspit, dogs and brethren. But that there *is* a teaching of Scripture on this subject of human descent, and that its dictum is as strongly and plainly against a plurality of Adams as language can make it, needs hardly be stated here. The only superficial fact in the history of mankind with which it tallies is the common claim of indigenous up-spring from the earth, put forth by every nation whose pedigree transcends recorded time—the natural self-assertion of ignorance, worth about as much as the 'spects I growed' of Topsy in the tale of 'Uncle Tom.'

Nor is the fact of single-stemmed unity one of bare historical significance, it has the closest relation to our spiritual estate as Christians. All mankind are so clearly the scope of the Gospel that no one could for a moment on Scriptural grounds reject Hottentot or Kaffre on account of inferiority of organization arguing descent from some meaner stock than that of which Christ came. Beyond this, the co-extensiveness of the Promise with the universal need of man, is based upon the correspondent unity between 'the first' and 'the second Adam.' Its golden cord is reeved as it were through this eyelet-hole, the unity of blood among all 'nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues.'

The greatest stay of ethnological research is of course the study of languages, the modern, the dead, the fossil; but through all the research this maxim must be carried, unity may have existed, and be yet irretraceable, but if it be traceable, it must have existed. There may be differences enormously large between languages yet really akin, and chasms which we cannot fill up may separate branches ultimately related. It may be observed that the 'principle of selection,' as traced by Mr. Darwin, so far as it has any weight, is in favour of the original unity of the human stock. Thus languages, diverging from one stem may be conceived to have become permanent in some selected type, while many other inferior dialectic varieties may have become extinct. The question what degree of estrangement languages so related may sustain, is one of great obscurity; nor is there perhaps any standard by which we can measure that degree. Whether this obscurity will ever be dispelled, or to any important extent mitigated, it would be extremely rash to pronounce. But in this state of the problem there are some who love the quicksand, and cannot wait for the rock to be laid bare. Their genius is so strongly constructive, and their

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mental agility so great, that construct a theory they must, and the ground which can be most imperceptibly shifted suits best their display of intellectual gymnastic. On the question at issue real evidence is very scarce; the learning extinct languages is not a work of certainty or ease, every such language discovered complicates the problem, opening a demand for more new analogies to elucidate it, and starting many subordinate tracks of distinct enquiry. Human life passes away, and the feeble gleaner in this overwhelming field leaves a poor little sheaf of generalization amidst the endless dry stubble of facts. Of course a point in the problem may exist beyond which the terms in the series, as it were, converge, and after reaching which further explorers will find difficulties turned into facilities. But who can assure us that we can ever mount so far above existing landmarks as to reach it?

Whilst touching on the question of ethnology in relation to language, it may interest some if we notice, in passing, an attack on the 'Indo-Germanic Theory,' volunteered by the President of the London Ethnological Association. Even elsewhere the name of Professor Max Müller is so fully identified with the maintenance of this theory, that his championship of the question wherever raised might have been assumed, but in Oxford it was justly viewed as a direct challenge to him to appear and reply; which, however, he was prevented by peremptory official duties in London from doing. His letter, read by the President of the Section, acknowledged the call, and perhaps implied a promise to answer; but emphatically added that he should as soon have expected to hear the Copernican Theory of the earth's revolution round the sun called in question, as that of the Indo-Germanic Stock. The paper in attack was necessarily reduced to conclusions, the chain of argument, or number of examples adduced in support of which were suppressed, in deference to the rule of time allowed,—a rule without which the institution would speedily become unmanageable, but which, perhaps, operated unfavourably to the reasonings of the assailant. He sought to invalidate the presumption in favour of Indo-Germanic unity, derived from the accordance between all words in the various languages of that stock, which express the paternal and maternal relations. These, it was urged, were merely the natural syllabications common to infant lips, and, being the first sounds of which their imperfect utterance was capable, were uniformly appropriated to express the first familiar objects. But the lecturer forgot to explain how it was that Malay and Mongolian infants have a different syllabication from those of the races named Indo-Germanic; as on this supposition they must, one would think, have become the bases of a world-wide pair

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of appellatives. Why is the vocal organization of other races so different? And, if it be, is not this of itself a stronger argument in favour of the affinity and the difference than any mere distinction of arbitrarily invented sounds? The Indo-Germanic side was ably sustained by Professor Jarret of Cambridge and by Professor Rawlinson and Dr. Scott of Oxford, a weight of scholarship against which the objector having indeed no seconder, was unable to make any significant reply. The argument, however, which searched the map of Europe for various recondite races, such as the Laps, Finns, and Basques, was, from the high scholastic celebrity of those who mingled in it, more interesting, perhaps, on grounds of philology, than any discussion which took place at this meeting. But, owing of course to the flood of scholarship which would otherwise overwhelm the association, a strict check is necessarily imposed on all that is purely or directly philological. Even after allowing every possible abatement, in consideration of the somewhat dismembered and unsupported condition of the arguments adduced against the Indo-Germanic theory, a heavy preponderance in the discussion must be allowed to have rested with its defenders. And the audience would probably gather the most decisive presumption in its favour from the fact that only so very slender an array of probabilities, as was adduced, could be mustered against it.

But on the general question, affecting not a group of related races but the entire human stock, other evidence has lately been put in, in the form of alleged discoveries of human remains, especially flints fashioned by the hand of man, found amongst palæozoic deposits. On the question of a plurality of origin, this could only have an indirect influence, but on that of the antiquity of man a wide door is opened to discussion. There is, however, the previous consideration of the said flints being coeval or not with the remains among which they lie, to be disposed of, and on this a curious light was thrown by some recent discussions in Sect. E at this year's meeting of the British Association. On Tuesday the 3d of July, papers were read by Captain Sir Edward Belcher, 'On the manufacture of Stone Hatchets and other Implements by the Esquimaux,' and by Dr. James Hunt, 'On the Antiquity of the Human Race.' The former paper was full of the rare interest which attaches to tales of wild scenes and tribes amongst which the narrator's own footprints have fallen. Sir Edward's presence and manner were even more suggestive than his recitals, for they made the hearers feel somewhat of how the heart of an arctic expedition was sustained by the cheerful vigour of a simple character, the story pourtraying, unconsciously and incidentally, the man.

But, although nothing which Sir E. Belcher said called for a dis-

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cussion upon the antiquity of mankind, another member, a gallant admiral, found an easy transition from the flint arrow-heads of the Esquimaux to the 'celts' of a race supposed extinct, and known only to some of the most advanced speculators on palæontology. These 'celts,' if that be the right name for them, are flints which bear presumable indications of having been wrought by hand, whilst their location lies amid strata computed as being some geological ages earlier than the first appearance of our species.

We have already remarked on the fair complaint which may be laid against the loose talkers of such meetings as that which gives occasion to these pages. The case now adduced was one which completely justifies the remark, and exemplifies the mischief of maladroit advocacy to a good cause. It makes one regret the small extent to which the power of lucid simple statement of a man's views, and the insight into occasion, generally prevails. The gallant geologist, lacking the discernment which enables a man

'ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici,'

rushed to meet, or rather to find an opponent whose turn was not yet come to appear; and his untimely zeal was at once more provoking and more amusing, inasmuch as that turn was exactly next on the list, in the paper of Dr. James Hunt above mentioned. Had the admiral reserved his broadside, he would have had an antagonist fairly alongside in another half hour, instead of which he blazed away across the bows of a friend at one who was out of reach. This had the effect ultimately of calling up the president, to whom, however, the admiral seemed at first disposed to show such obedience as Nelson showed Sir Hyde Parker at Copenhagen, when he kept his blind eye to the telescope which showed the signal of recal, and bade them 'keep his own for closer action flying.' It is not quite easy to catch the words of a speaker, the broken fervour of whose ejaculations shows more of feeling than of reasoning, but we believe that the malaprop champion did not subside till he had flourished what appeared to be a pocket-Bible in the face of the Section, proclaiming that '*that* was his guide-book,' or 'log-book,' or some other such title; by which he meant, doubtless, to convey an impression of his respect for the Sacred Volume, if such it was; but which was rather suggestive of the familiarity which is allied to an opposite feeling. On the whole, though sympathising with his advocacy, had it not been so overspurred and broken-kneed, we confess to a grateful sensation of relief, that the admiral's fire had been drawn, and a mental murmur of *non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis,* as he reluctantly succumbed to the chairman's decision.

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Dr. James Hunt, however, 'following on the other side,' and being 'in order,' proceeded with the facts of flint blades found in or near the bed, we believe, of the Sambre, and likewise that of the Red or some other American river. The fact of their alluvial position was considered, however, by other eminent geologists present to be the key to their paradoxical relation to older remains, among which, as the balance of probability seemed to be, some water force had cast them. The situation reminded listeners of Edie Ochiltree's quiet remark, when the exulting Mr. Oldbuck has just fixed upon the supposed prætorium of Agricola, 'I mind the bigging o 't.' But a ruder shock was given to Dr. James Hunt's theory by a Transatlantic geologist, who claimed some personal acquaintance with the mud beds of the Mississippi, to which, we believe, an appeal had been made as confirming the testimony wrested from other rivers. The wide delta of that immense basin is often seen offering its sweltering expanse of mud banks to the southern sun. On such occasions vast mud blisters, it seems, will form, swell, and puff, till the surface slime becomes, like a cup of cocoa cooling, covered with a rind, but one which is thick, leathery, and elastic. These mighty imposthumes are a great hindrance, by their presence or their consequences, to the navigation of the stream, and the federal government had incurred some expense in watching and operating on their slimy tumours. The custom, we believe, is to fire round shot into, or otherwise 'discuss' them with sufficient force; on which, or, eventually, merely by the gaseous pressure from within overcoming the resistance of the mud coat, the blister bursts, scattering its contents, organic and other, in confusion over the adjacent surface. Thus all order of stratification is lost, and any refuse tools of an Indian village may be tossed pell-mell with antlers and monumental bones, of every geologic age, lying near the banks or embedded in the bottom of the great river of the west. Of course, therefore, all reasoning which should treat the former as coeval with the latter would be based on an anachronism; or as a learned associate stated it, in prim phrase, appropriate, we suppose, however, to the occasion, 'the human and other remains were merely related in 'space, not in time.'

Thus the argument of Dr. Hunt, so far, was blasted and dispersed, even like a Mississippi mud-puff. An attempt, however, was made to restore its shaken validity by the explorer of a cavern not long ago lighted upon by a labourer near Torquay, who one day striking upon a slab of rock which rung hollow, was induced to follow up the blow till his curiosity found the way to a cavern containing, as proved on examination, a floor of stalactite, on which lay the usual horns, bones, &c., and

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among or near them some wrought flints. The cave lay in a cliff, about a hundred feet above sea level, and was itself about seventy-five feet above the same, consequently at about twenty-five feet below the surface. A good deal of stress was laid on the fact of a leg of deer or bear being found with every bone *in situ*, on the absence from the cavern of all traces of the action of water, and on the elevation and direction of the greater axis of the cavern rendering such action impossible. There was no tradition of its having ever been previously entered, a circumstance which seems to be of no weight in such a neighbourhood, for the distance below the surface was not too great to make it likely that in the course of human ages it might have been known and used, and yet was great enough to have allowed it to be lost sight of and its memory obliterated in case of the concurrence of any natural convulsion with any great social change. There was no statement of any trace of human agency in closing the cavern, and its sealing must be presumed referable to purely natural causes. If the earthquake or landslip which sealed it had been followed speedily by a famine, a pestilence, a massacre, or a migration, all record might easily perish. Had the explorer been unluckily stricken with asphyxia or any form of sudden death on entering, and the action of the weather or a fresh convulsion closed the small aperture through which he entered, till his bones had time to fossilize (for which it is by no means certain that very vast periods are required, at least in favourable spots), and had the cavern then been rediscovered after that interval, how vastly strengthened would the argument for the antiquity of human remains have become! Here would have been a fossil human skeleton entire, with every bone *in situ*, sepulchred amid the *débris* of creatures supposed earlier by whole geological periods; here would have been a recovered specimen of palæozoic man! As it is, there are merely the flints to hang a theory on; and though the question how they got there is one of curious interest, yet, as compared with the solution which the theory would affirm, it is merely one of tea-table importance. The whole argument suggested to a Pickwickian hearer a reminiscence of 'Bill Stumps, his mark.'

Perhaps, however, the most subtle danger to be apprehended from would-be votaries of so-called science is that which lurks in the abuse of the term 'law' as employed by certain theorists on the progress of human civilization, of whom Professor Draper, of the United States, was the representative at this meeting. That intellectual conditions follow physical organisation, and physical organisation the equilibrium of natural influences around it; that thus the advances of the man or of the nation, the one being a perfect reflex of the other, are due not to internal but

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to external conditions,—in short, that all which we have been in the habit of regarding as the result of man's free-will is merely a function of base matter, is, we believe, no unjust statement of the theory newly afloat on the tide wave of speculation. There is an end then to speculation. If mind have no independence of matter, any thought, whatever be ultimately the resolution of the phantasm consciousness, is merely a vibration of a portion of matter. It can control no other molecule's vibration. Every quasi-thought is free, equal, and independent in everybody. Conviction, discussion, agreement or dissent, become non-entities; each is but a modified phantasm; all link and sequence of premiss and conclusion vanishes, all licit and illicit process in argument is quashed. What seemed arguing is but chasing the tide or whirling on the eddy of our cerebral molecules or nervous fluid. Professor Draper's eloquent tongue is but as the beat of a pendulum, the sensations of his hearers are best measured by the barometer; a theory, even the Darwinian, is but as the neat and elegant curve into which steel atoms are thrown by an electric current. Jove is dethroned and hubbub reigns; man is one of the flora that fade, or of the fauna that perish; he is a bubble, holding a little gas, that wells upwards from the centre of existence, to break and be no more.

We believe that the radical flaw in the argument which seems thus to crush all that thinks and acts into brute earth, lies in the abuse of the term 'law.' By way of illustrating his position that man, the nation or the unit, is but a seed, that can develop only under favourable circumstances, and then only in one direction, the Professor employs the figure of a round marble resting on a smooth flat table, which is at rest while the table so remains, and may so rest for centuries, but, as soon as the table tilts, must roll, and can then roll but in one given direction. And this is given us as an example of the law of *external* circumstances! As though the gravitation, by virtue of which the marble so rolls, were not as completely internal to the marble as it is external, acting in every molecule of its smaller mass as perfectly and as powerfully as in every molecule of the earth's larger one.

In the marble and in the earth the action of the force is homogeneous throughout every particle of either, and the illustration, being so simple, is useful wherever the case to be illustrated *is* one of a body or a system, the law internal and external to which is, wholly or so far, one. Still, even in the marble, it is untrue to speak of the force as being circumstantial merely. The same principle of gravitation may produce an effect which seems externally like, and may, where strictness of

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argumentative truth is not needed, be used to illustrate that of a purely internal and independent force; thus Wordsworth speaks of

'The river winding at his own sweet will,'

where he describes an effect precisely similar to that of the marble on the table, the motion of which each fluid molecule follows; but what the poet meant is a conception directly the opposite of the latter. Wordsworth personifies the river, Professor Draper materializes man. But there is this difference,—the poet means what he says only in a figure, the professor supposes that he states a sober truth.

But in man, the individual or the nation, we assume the existence of an inward law *not* homogeneous with those which affect him externally, but wholly unlike them, and indeed a thing *per se*. There is not in the universe, as observed by us, anything like it; all our illustrations, therefore, fall far short of it; for the most trivial action of the mentally undeveloped child or the dimly perceptive idiot has more in common with the loftiest and grandest drama of history than the most sublime phenomenon or most widely diffused quality of physical things has with the feeblest inceptive attempt of a moral being to act. This was anciently acknowledged by the best, wisest, and greatest of the world. Wiser men, we suppose, have now arisen to enlighten later days, who think that by studying man in the mass they elicit something which overthrows the conclusions arrived at from the study of the individual. If man—*the* man—act from a law internal to himself, is it not at once absurd to say that man, the race or nation, is controlled by circumstances which are wholly external? May we not claim that the conclusions derived from the complex study be tested by some formula of verification derived from the earlier, the more trustworthy because the simpler, subject?

However, we assume that those whom Professor Draper represents suppose that, from the study of ages, races, periods, and phases of civilization, they have reached to facts which reduce man to the condition of the marble on the table. We will consider presently what amount of deference is due to that presumption, and meanwhile we only assert that the individual and the race must stand or fall together. If I who write these lines do so from some controlling force of external circumstances, no doubt all mankind who read or leave them unread are in the same predicament. If the boy who builds an oyster grotto has no internal law bidding him do it, then neither was any internal law involved in the building of Babylon or the organization of the Roman empire. The medium of proof by

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which the collective race of man is made to react on the individual and overthrow his free agency, is the supposed establishment of 'laws.' For we assert conversely, that if men—the civilised constituted race—are but pellets in a pop-gun, moulded and propelled by some external force, then man, the constituent unit, is no better. What, then, is 'law?' It is the generalized expression of a fact which holds good in a multitude of instances. When we have reached to such a comprehensive estimate of all possible conditions of the fact as to be able to express the one condition under which it is always true, eliminating all in which it fails to be verified, we can give our law an universal statement, but even then we are as far from establishing a *cause* as ever. If, however, on the contrary, there be in the individual a cause which produces outward phenomena related to him, then we have made no further progress *qua* cause, in tracing the fact through any number of millions of instances. The law stated leaves us in the dark as regards the cause. You may prove that *A* is *B*, but that does not show why *A* exists. We derive from the study of concurrent qualities no insight into the real dependence of what we observe to exist. We get no nearer to a cause from a law than we do from a name. Given, that light is ponderable or imponderable, does that assist us as regards the cause of light? Law, in fact, is purely formal and expressional; the result of our own mind at work, observing, classifying, noting, and reducing natural phenomena to such a form as it can most easily grasp and wield. The multitude of singular facts which converge to and register themselves upon the observing difference-noting mind, write thereon a law; but that law, properly speaking, is subjective to the mind itself; all that is objective is the universal presence, in given objects, of the fact of which the law is the general expression. There is, at any rate, no proof that law has any existence save in the mind that conceives it. When, therefore, we use the common expression that God works by general laws, we only mean, in strictness of speech, that his operations take that form to our minds. He is still the cause, and the law is not even an interposed machinery between Him and the effect. And when a fact is observed to be universally present in a certain class of objects, the question causal remains both in the individual and in the class. If an individual man builds a house under certain circumstances, the fact that generation after generation of men, containing each its millions, build houses also under precisely similar circumstances, does not assist us to the cause of any one single house being built. We say that cause is to be found in the will of the individual builder. Professor Draper asserts, or, to be con-

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sistent, should assert, that it is to be found in the external circumstances which he observes to coexist in every case. We say, you may lay down a law, if you will, that such and such actions are to be found under certain circumstances, but you do not thereby suggest a cause. If the choosing will, as we assert, be that cause in this or that man, the similar circumstances attending similar actions in other men, through an indefinite period, can never alter its being the cause, however many millions of times the circumstances may attend the actions. If there is in a higher sense than that of a mere generalization 'a *law* unto himself' within a man, nothing external can ever supersede or to the smallest extent qualify it; they are as distinct from each other as are argument and brute force, and must remain radically asunder whilst a thinking mind exists.

The argument is at bottom identical with that which was long ago condemned by the father of ethical philosophy, the fallacy of those who lay the blame of vicious actions on external things and not on a man's self as being easily attracted by them. 'Men are caught by pleasure as fish by the hook,' but those who thus are made a prey have first enfeebled by vicious habit their power of choosing. But what the old philosopher conceded, under this qualification, as true of the baser specimens of mankind, the modern professor appears to assert unconditionally of them all.

But there is a further fold of sophistry to be unravelled, one wheel of fallacy concentric within another. These 'laws' which, we are told, prescribe for man from without the march of civilization along lines from which he cannot deviate, are really nothing more than summaries based on the omission of details, average calculations which neglect extreme cases of divergence. But it is precisely on these deviations in detail that the problem crucially turns, and the average truths, often propounded with confident wisdom, may as probably as not be wholesale falsehoods. In order to establish this statement, it must be remembered that superior practical wisdom is what qualifies men for the social advantages evolved by the growth of political society, to which the name of civilization is given. This wisdom shows itself in various forms; the pliable ingenuity of the Frenchman, the dry and dogged craft of the Scot, foresight, endurance, enterprise, adventure, power of organization, all constitute it. The man, or the race, superior in these respects, will make the best of a situation, flourish where others have a bare existence, or thrive while others starve. Is it a strange thing that reasonable choice should lead men in closely similar circumstances to closely similar actions? Or does it

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cease to be reasonable, or to be choice, because its results show on the whole a striking resemblance? On the other hand, it is precisely the deviations in detail, which the speculator neglects as trivialities unworthy of his philosophy, that vindicates the act in which the choice is shown as a result of independent energy. Compare a dozen Esquimaux villages with a dozen wasps' nests, and you will find in the latter that rounded off symmetry which makes every individual specimen an adequate type of the species, but not in the former. The wasp's nest ought to delight our philosopher most, for 'representative' men and 'typical' institutions please him; and whatever is redundant or abnormal he trims to terse rotundity with theoretic shears. There will not be found about the wasp's nest any exaggerated individuality to demand the Procrustean stretcher; but in the village, differences in shape, size, ornamentation, and material, will offend the dictator of nature, which he will reduce by setting off one touch of salient grotesqueness against another, recognise only what they have in common, and neglect that in which they differ. This is like knocking off the noses of the twelve Cæsars in order to establish a family likeness between them. Thus in our theorist's eye that which is distinctive, individual and, in a word, human, will be discarded. He will divide the cubic contents of all the huts by the square of the number of squaws in each settlement, and be satisfied by establishing a 'law.'

But the most barefaced fraud of modern argument is that of averages. An average may be rigidly true which does not accord with a single individual case from all out of which it is gathered. We have only to imagine conflicting facts poised in opposite extremes in order to see the futility of any reasoning based on an average. Among a hundred individuals forty may be the average age, not one of whom is forty nor near it. It is no uncommon thing to find a concurrence of a low average with a high extreme in vital statistics. There may be assumptions conceivable which are safely based on the average in such cases, but their limit is obviously a very narrow one. Thus with regard to the connexion between the rate of marriages and the price of corn, we may allow the average a critical value, because there will be so many fewer marriages whenever that price rises ten shillings above the average as to counterbalance the so many more marriages whenever it falls to the same extent. This is merely an example of the general unity of result to which reasonable choice leads men in similar circumstances; but are all men thus prudent in their actions? Are there no rash marriages and starving families in consequence? Now, clearly, it was open to the reckless bachelor to take advice, and calculate,

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before the fatal step, the number of mouths he would have to feed. He might have done as prudent men do. Society, however, much as it has to deplore on his account, acknowledges at any rate this obligation to him, that he has vindicated the acts of men from that monotony of prudence, which would countenance the dabbler in statistics in the notion that all men and things move, like 'navvies' and their barrows, along a plank which necessity has laid for them, and along which he can trace their rut.

Such are some of the reflections to which we were led by some of the more animated among the discussions, to which certain of the papers lately read at Oxford gave rise. It would be more courteous than correct to say that those discussions were uniformly conducted with a dispassionate absence of personality, such as should distinguish the debates of the friends of science. Over those personalities, however, faintly developed as they were, we gladly draw a veil. That which we wished had been wanting at the time, and from which no useful lesson can be learnt, is best not repeated afterwards.

It is enough that a learned professor thinks that there is no such thing as a bar sinister in nature, and that we might even archæologically connect the simiolatry of Egypt with the hero worship of ancestral greatness. As we hear of an additional vertebra having been gained in a pigeon's dorsal column by the grand principle of selection, we suppose that experiments will be made to test the possibility of a caudal continuation of the spine in *man*, by way of recurrence to what, on this hypothesis, is the early type of the race.

But the fact of encountering a modified 'Monboddo' theory on a platform of the British Association gives grave matter for thought. The men who say these things are not pompous charlatans, nor crotchety cavillers. They, perhaps, lack a guiding inward light, which leads us to repudiate such a theory as a sort of mental dallying with a thing abhorrent. They have not been fortified beforehand, and one-sided study does its work upon their mind. It seems as though there was indeed a tendency in the pursuit of physical phenomena, taken alone, to beguile the student, at any rate at certain incomplete stages of the progress in that pursuit, into materialism. But we have too much faith in all the works of God to suppose this the innate and proper tendency of their study. All truth must be ultimately one and coherent; there can be no real conflict between the Word of God and His works. And, doubtless, a want of faith in spirituality, when the whole attention is bestowed on things 'of earth earthy,' must ever tend to extinguish the belief and the hope that God is the origin of man's being in a

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higher sense than He is that of fowl and brute, and not only the origin of man's being, but the aim and object of it. But till we reach the centre at which the scattered rays of truth combine, they may appear to throw doubt on each other, and present a maze of conflict which bewilders as we gaze. Meanwhile the hope of reconciling all truth in God ultimately, should make us reverent to His Word, and patient amidst His works; and the wanton theorist, who scatters loose hypotheses with a withering contempt of those who are trammelled, as he asserts, by preconceived opinions, not only misleads and injures the minds which accept his views, but begets a prejudice against philosophical speculation, and rouses unenlightened bigotry, armed with tenfold power, as the compensation of his flippancy. The working theory, which, as far as it goes, serves to explain phenomena, may be allowed the place of a scaffolding whilst the edifice of truth is being raised, but those who engage in this tentative process must not be allowed to boast as though their poles and rafters were a permanent edifice. There are thousands who love the clatter of new theories, who have not the power nor the wish to grapple fairly with what is propounded, but love, with a *suave mari magno* feeling, to contemplate the effects of a brisk, stirring breeze of speculation. They think by deputy, but embrace with full personal energy; though incapable of sifting what they take up in the way of opinion, or even weighing accurately any fact on which it seems to rest. Much less can they measure the chasm which separates the childish phantasm of the sciolist from the grave hypothesis in favour of which the weight of evidence pleads powerfully with the patient disciple, although he cannot yet accept it as approved. This chasm may be filled up by any indefinite number of more or less plausible hypotheses, for each of which something may be said. We cannot, perhaps, turn our backs upon them, but the temper in which they should be met is one of candour and caution, like suspicious acquaintances who may turn out honest men. Somewhere, we suspect, in this interval, should the Darwinian theory find place. The main question on behalf of which it yet desiderates proof, appears to be the amount of modification of which existing types of life are capable. On this, indeed, the whole theory seems to turn. That they are capable of some, every one would admit who has with even common curiosity watched the pigeon-house or the beehive; but there seem grave reasons for doubting whether this has at all a wide range. Probably the limits of possible modification may be much sooner reached than Mr. Darwin supposes, and it is even questionable whether there be in nature now the means of solving the question as to the modi-

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fication possible at an earlier cosmological epoch. At all events, to amass whatever materials exist for approximating to a solution may probably be much more than the work of one man's lifetime; perhaps we may need centuries of patient pioneering before we can reach an elevation necessary to give us the required breadth of prospect over nature. The vastly greater differences which exist between the nearest of non-related varieties, and the most widely divergent of those which have a radical affinity, seem to indicate that a central fixity of type is the law of those species with which we are most familiar; a certain leaven of peculiarity appears to dwell and work amidst the opposite tendency towards fluctuation and change. Nor is either of these principles the less real because we cannot fix the limit of its working. Further, the very quality of susceptibility to physiological change in concurrence with physical circumstances, seems to be broadly stamped on some animals, and even still more largely upon some vegetables, whilst it but feebly characterizes others. Nowhere can we look for a uniform exemplification of this law. It may, however, be laid down that the more complex and highly organized a creature is, the more it is enabled to resist inroads made upon its type by external influences, and in such, save as regards the superficial circumstances of colouring matter of hair, skin, &c., no important modification takes place, so far as our observation extends. But as the higher organisms betray less susceptibility, so man, the highest of all, perhaps exhibits the least, save as regards those mere superficial tokens. The great resemblances and differences remain in ox, pig, dog, and dove, resemblances between cognates, and differences between heterogens. Or, if the opponent insists that this is but playing with words, and that our term 'cognation' is merely a compendious way of saying that between groups of creatures resemblances exist, still those resemblances and their corresponding differences abide uneliminated, so far as our experience goes, in the face of hostile circumstances, and amidst all the ingenious devices of naturalists to besiege them with modifying influences. Now, with a full view of these prime differences, can we suppose that they have been surmounted by development,—that races of creatures now thus permanently, it seems, differenced, were originally only divergent; that the dog, for instance, was once an offshoot of the fox, or both ramifications of some cynalopecic stock, which contained the element of either destined for later maturation? Why, then, can we not reproduce the mere cynalopex? The developed common element would seem not to be capable of offering any opposition to fecundity. It seems at any rate far more easy to accept, as cutting off the pos-

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sibility of descent from a common stock, this broad bar which nature sets before all who would confuse the lines which she has traced, than to suppose such descent possible, and then to account for the impediment to sustained propagation. The question of hybrids may further suggest that it is not the forcing of a ticketed monstrosity to be the trophy of a museum which can ever prove a law of nature. The man of true science will never seek to make some successful warping of a law contribute to the establishment of what one step more shows to be unnatural. These pages are not a review of Mr. Darwin's book, but we may venture to record an opinion that he has not successfully grappled with this important question. Wherever distinct stocks are found capable of fusing in, and sustaining a hybrid race, we should be disposed to admit the possibility of their common descent, and in default of this to maintain the contrary. Two species mix in a hybrid. It forms no variety, but may exist within a wide local range, in a non-reproductive form, as largely as either primary type; but every specimen of the hybrid is produced by an artificial stimulus, to which nature indeed succumbs, but to which she exhibits no tendency; and, though the number of mules in a country should equal for a moment that of horses and asses together; yet this will only show that within certain limits the law of nature is plastic, and the known result will surely soon be that horse, mule, and ass will become alike extinct. We do not see that the principle of preferential selection explains this; if these creatures are all the products of one stock by the preferential selection of nature, why do they thus tend to disappear when reduced to these proportions by the preferential selection of man?

Of course to attempt to discuss adequately the results of a tenth part of the papers read before the association would be utterly inconsistent with the demands of these pages, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the matter to be discussed. We touch it only where it touches the higher truth of moral philosophy and theology. We only seek to sound a trumpet to all who are willing to man the walls, which the insidious plausibilities of modern science are threatening; for the surest ground of all defence of all truth, whatever its place in the scale of faith, is to recal men's minds to the great ultimate verities of their moral being and responsibility, of God the author of our Faith, the creator and pillar of all things.

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ART. II.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D. Lord Bishop of Worcester.* By the Rev. FRANCIS KILVERT, M.A. London: Bentley.

BISHOP HURD is one of the names of the last century. To most, we suspect, he is little more than a name; connected in the first place with that of Warburton, perhaps without any very distinct idea of the nature of the association; next with criticism: we know, somehow, that Hurd was a critic, meeting here and there with mention of him in Boswell, half respectful, half cynical. We know, too, that he wrote sermons, which, however, we have never read, except, it may be, in disconnected extracts. We are not speaking now of the well-read, the students in the *belles lettres* of theology, who know everything about the eighteenth century as a matter of course. We are guessing at the knowledge of such as do their reading in a desultory fashion, who do not seek out books or pursue a course of reading, but follow a lead; who, while animalcules are the rage, know a vast deal about rotifers; who, when Huc made travels entertaining, were up in Thibet and China; who, so long as Sir Emerson Tennent circulates through Mudie's, are versed in the habits of leeches and elephants; who take to history while they can be edified by Mr. Froude's experiments in the art of washing an Ethiop white. We all of us know a good deal about current literature, whether we read it or not; a certain atmosphere floats round the volumes on our library or drawing-room table which we inhale into our system by an almost involuntary process. How many never breathe any other air! To be out of this atmosphere is, in truth, to be forgotten by the bulk of mankind.

It is the pious aim of Mr. Kilvert, in the present work, to rescue the memory of his 'distinguished relative' from this acknowledged neglect and unmerited oblivion. There seem to him to be many pleas for reviving the world's acquaintance with one who, if not an influential power, possessed weight and authority in his day. We question if the task is a possible one. Fragments of good sense and practical observation can hardly take strong hold on a generation when the personal influence of the writer is over, because opinions in this class of speculation depend mainly for their force on our acquaintance with the personal character of the man who propounds them, and there is not matter enough after eighty or a hundred years to place this vividly or permanently before us. The poet may say, 'E'en in our ashes' life live their wonted fire;' for, to change the metaphor,

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he stamps his image on his thoughts, but not the critic or the man of the world, especially where, as here, the details of his life are necessarily meagre. A career like Hurd's of steady ascent from his father's farm to school and college; on to a fellowship, living, and archdeaconry; thence to a bishopric and further translation; where there is little collateral history, and where the progress has been recorded by the fortunate man, not to a domestic circle, but to doctors of divinity, themselves on the way to preferment, with whom unrelaxing dignity of deportment is essential; does not afford matter for exciting interest, especially where the romance of his life, the excesses and extravagancies of a genuine friendship, are to be kept in the background, as already too prominent, the blot in the picture, the one flaw in the example, the error by which those who knew him at all are too apt to judge him. Under these conditions, the chances are much against our having a popular or interesting book.

Nevertheless, there is much to interest and to learn from Mr. Kilvert's volume. We cannot say a character is drawn, but we can construct a character from the facts given us, and one well worth the study, as impersonating its own age, representing a certain stage of thought and habit of mind. We hear so much of the dulness and deadness of the last century that it is not amiss to search into the grounds of so general a charge; and if we find that neither are so dense as readers of modern essays are led to suppose, that a vast deal of quiet intelligence, composed good sense, and sincere religious feeling pervaded that general society which has got the character of being empty and frivolous; that besides certain knots of hard-headed thinkers were setting in motion trains of ideas which have developed into our bolder and more prominent line of thought and action, we may learn to temper, if not wholly to reverse, our hasty judgment. The study will further show us that this same despised age reflects some excellent qualities, which we either regard as something old-fashioned which we have outlived, as being past the common natural stages which need homely supports; or which we more likely assume for ourselves as a matter of course, forgetting that no good quality in its sincerity and perfection is ever a matter of course in any man, but always a happy and distinguishing possession. We think, then, that Bishop Hurd reflects the virtues of his own time when we see in him a certain steady, serviceable faith, not always theological in its tone, perhaps founded more on the one idea of the unity of the Godhead than on the higher spiritual lively apprehension of the great doctrines of the atonement; but an actuating and orthodox faith notwithstanding; one realizing the Divine Pre-

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sence, quick to discern the guiding hand of Providence, accepting implicitly the revealed Word, and performing all relative duties, as in the sight of a heavenly Father. Perhaps too exclusively engaged on these, not recognising more distant calls to action, content with a limited sphere, and apathetic to the claims of mankind in the extended meaning of the word; but still with a recognition of duty as such—duty that lies at our door—which we often miss now-a-days. We are always struck, in reading of the worthies of that date, with their simple performance of the whole class of obligations included in the Fifth Commandment, which, in its more literal rendering, seems to comprehend especially those duties for which we have not to seek, which are brought to us—parental obedience, respect for constituted authority, honour to our betters, all the observances towards which natural religion and right instincts lead us. The impulse, a noble and religious one, to go out into the world—the recognition of mankind as one brotherhood, however separated by space and race and habits, has extended even in our own day. The missionary and evangelizing spirit, though not sleeping then, has roused itself to more energetic exertion; a spiritual activity has set in: but with it, in analogy to this diffusive benevolence, selfishness has undoubtedly assumed a more pervading and concentrated influence. Personal ambition, in a more individual and resolute sense than of old, rules with a mastery which we do not see in past times: the old nepotism has changed for the spirit so fatal to the domestic affections and the strength of social ties, of rising in the world; of casting our slough; not merely getting rich, getting honoured, getting established, which were points—as in all ages, so in the eighteenth—fully appreciated, but the desire of changing, if possible, fundamentally, the relation to other men, shaking loose impediments, adopting another standing in the world.

We are not saying that people are inherently less affectionate now than then, but the temptations which war against the social affections have gained force, through the wider sphere of fashion; and perhaps also, from the real increase of refinement. Men were not as sensitive, then, to anomalies, to departures from the received type of good breeding. Society will not tolerate what it once did, consequently it is a greater effort for a man to own his homely relations. Rank was such a definite thing in those days, state so imposing to the imagination, that a person invested with their prestige could indulge his natural sentiments at little cost to his worldly importance. Whether this mere publican's virtue is a merit in the individual or not, it is certainly a merit to the age where its practice is easy. Bishop Hurd would be set down amongst us as a man

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of the world; there is no doubt he possessed the art of using his advantages. Born in a homely farm-house, dying in an episcopal palace, his career was one of extraordinary success, but the tender manliness of his conduct throughout, not only to the excellent parents whom it would have been a disgrace to have slighted, and impossible for him not to honour, but to relatives more remotely allied to him, is a pattern and an example. Mr. Kilvert tells us—

'An amusing anecdote is current in the family respecting the Bishop's younger brother, Thomas. He was, as the Bishop states, in the Birmingham trade. At that place he had formed an attachment, unknown to his family, to a highly respectable young person, but in humble life, and of no great personal attractions. This attachment resulted in a private marriage. In one of his visits to his parents, his mother, observing him to be unusually silent and thoughtful, pressed him with an affectionate "What ails thee, child?" to tell the cause. The reply, in a faint voice, was, "Mother, I'm married." "Married!" cried the old lady, "and where's thy wife?" (Reply in a still fainter key) "I left her in the cart-house." "Go," rejoined his mother, "and fetch her in directly." The poor little woman, shivering with cold and anxiety, was accordingly ushered in from her inhospitable shelter. The feelings of the good old people were touched, and she was welcomed as a member of the family. This plain little person used in after-times, on her visits at Hartlebury Castle, to be led up by the Bishop with stately courtesy to the head of his table, and proved the only medium through which the family was continued."—*Life and Correspondence of Bishop Hurd*, pp. 3, 4.

Warburton's bitter pen writes often and lovingly of his mother, confessing to his friend how far he comes short of her worth; he takes into his house his sister and her large family upon the ruin of his brother-in-law in trade, and finds joy in the hospitality; quoting Brutus and Cicero to express his sentiments, while adding that a man who pretends to be a Christian should not come behind a Pagan, how great soever, in the performance of moral duties.' All will remember the poet Gray's devotion to the mother who for his sake had kept shop in the city, and with what eloquent pathos he lamented her loss.

Another difference between our own age and that of which we now treat lies in the idea of friendship, or rather its treatment and development. We think men in that time showed an aptitude for a certain close alliance and friendship beyond what we see now. People were more devoted to, more wrapped up in each other then, than now when society and public opinion are in every one's thoughts, and the universal guides. This is not a welcome notion. As every person thinks of himself that he has an excess of heart and feeling; whether showing itself in expansiveness, or in some mysterious depth of sentiment unknown to others, and needing to be kept in constant check by the possessor; so we are apt to assume for our age that it is peculiar in its measure of the affections. A *past* age, as viewed in its literature, is commonly called a *cold* one. We talk of the

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cold conceits of one age, the cold propriety or cold impropriety of another, the cold politeness, the cold accuracy, the cold worldliness of a third; and so forth. *We* have the gush of feeling, however, disguised by some veil of caprice or reserve. By some cunning process we arrogate for ourselves and our times an exclusive patent of feeling. We take for granted that our affections are developed in some uncommon and exceptional way. The reason of this assumption must lie in the hollowness or coldness which we detect in past modes of expression. Just as we follow the lines of the human frame beneath the costume of our own day, but find past fashions mere disguises, so with those forms of expression which reflect the tone of an age, and which we none of us break through except on rare occasions; we take them for what they profess in our own case, but regard what answered the same purpose a hundred or two years ago as only counterfeits. Thus we do not associate ideas of warm romantic friendship with a careful choice of phrases, and studied clearness and elegance of wording—with correspondents who say 'Sir' to one another at the beginning of a letter, and who expend some considerable part of the conclusion in elaborate expressions of respect. Such forms are incompatible with our ideas of familiarity, and we assume familiarity to be a great part of friendship. Now it may be that we understand familiarity a good deal better than friendship, for ease is a feature of our own day, and we all affect ease towards one another, which to the ear passes muster for intimacy; and so with little reason we settle it, that the close alliances of the last century were associations of convenience or policy or vanity, with very little soul or true earnest about them.

Now we think friendship comes out very well in that age if defined as a love of each other's society, a satisfaction and pride in each other's gifts, a care for each other's interests, a defence of each other's cause, a thought for each other in absence, a sympathy in each other's trials, and toleration of each other's infirmities or social drawbacks; and moreover the intimacy is more genuine than commonly with us in spite of our freedom of style. We believe that more of domestic detail, more of simple family allusion, comes out in the correspondence of men in that time than in our own, supposing as in the cases before us the writers to be bishops or college dons.

Again, we think we cannot be mistaken in asserting that learning took a higher position in the world's respect then. It might be because learning was a monopoly in the hands of a few; but certainly a learned man had a rank, as such, then, which he has not now. There are evidences of more

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genuine love of learning in the scholar, more simple contentment in the acquirement of knowledge without any immediate notion of putting it to use; and more reverence for learning in all ranks. There was in that age an immense veneration for scholarship and intellect. Learning secured for its possessors the highest social distinctions; it gave them a warm welcome to the tables of the great, led them to the presence and the favours of royalty itself, and procured them the more substantial rewards of merit. Men were made bishops for the sake of their erudition; as a reward for a life of study. Every neighbourhood was proud of its scholar, put up patiently with his eccentricities, forgave his incivilities, consulted his fancies, accepted his notice as a favour, collected and transmitted his sayings, and took note of his habits, his person, his manners. Men valued him for his own sake, wondering that 'one small head could carry all he knew;' they cared not that he had sprung from artisan or peasant, it was for what he *knew*, not for what he *was*, that they valued him.

What young man of fortune and fashion of our day courts the mere scholar, the rector of a small living, of no social importance beside—as Mr. Cradock must have courted Hurd before he could receive and treasure up the following amusing programme from his self-invited guest:—

'In summer he would sometimes honour me by bringing a friend with him to pass a day at Gumley, when I merely came down to my old house to look after my workmen. Of course it was my wish to make everything as pleasant as possible, and indeed he was inclined to be pleased with everything, for I followed his own directions as nearly as was practicable. "My young friend, we shall not reach you till after breakfast, and then you will give us, as usual, only a nice leg of your mutton and some turnips, a roast fowl, and a plain pudding, or something only of that kind, as I do not eat anything but what is plain. I know you will expect me to drink the University of Cambridge in a bumper of your old hock. After tea we must have another walk, and return in the cool of the evening to Thurcaston. My young friend tells me he has adopted my tea rules from me. I like none so well as Twining's Hyson at seventeen shillings a pound! by choice I never take any other, and indeed I never find it affect my nerves. It is always a treat to me to walk over your romantic territory; and I shall minutely examine all the books that you have lately purchased. I do not wish to meet the Rev. Dr. Parry: he is a good Hebraist, but he is devoted to some dignitaries who are the avowed antagonists of Bishop Warburton. There is a lady from Harborough, Mrs. Allen, who, I find, frequently visits at your house; I should be happy to be introduced to her. She is daughter of the late Professor Anderson."'—*Ibid*, pp. 69, 70.

Learning being then so marked a distinction, may account in part for the difference so much in our favour of the deportment towards each other of men of letters At that time a man's opinions, criticisms, judgments, were his property, his freehold. Whoever infringed these, disparaged or opposed

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them, attacked his wealth, what constituted his claim to the goodwill and respect of mankind. The deepest social injury was inflicted, and every passion roused when an hypothesis was attacked, a theory successfully combated, or a new rendering blown upon; and hence the virulence with which the merest abstract and morally indifferent discussions were pursued; the rancour, the lifelong enmities, that grew out of a new view of Virgil's meaning in a particular passage, the asperities which seasoned all controversy, whatever the subject. Whatever the question, however it might set out in smooth, oily, lady-like terms, as 'the Antiquary' has it, it was certain to wax sour and eager in old Scaliger's style, as it went on, and to end 'in a trimmer. 'All the world knows,' writes Cumberland, sore from an attack on his grandfather, the arch-critic Bentley, 'all the world 'knows that Warburton and Lowth had mouthed and mumbled 'each other till their very hands blushed, and their lawn sleeves 'were bloody. I should have thought that the prelate who had 'Warburton for his antagonist would have hardly found leisure 'from his own self-defence to have turned aside and fixed his 'teeth in a bystander.' Happily our scholars, whether bishops or laymen, have lost their likeness to bulldogs, but we maintain that they no longer lie under the old temptation to be scurrilous. Men are ashamed to be mere book-worms in these days; they take their stand on more courtly and carpet considerations. Learning is not now an idol; the world values men for their success in society, and takes little part or interest in the quarrels of the learned, therefore the learned quarrel no more. Some touch of the old manner may indeed be seen in Mr. Ruskin lavishing the epithets of 'base,' and 'doubly base,' and 'brutal,' on those who do not follow him in his notions, but this rather proves our view, for art is more fashionable now than literature, and Mr. Ruskin may hope for sympathisers. But it is time to turn to the individual who has given rise to these general reflections, and whose career is further to illustrate them.

Richard Hurd, the second of three sons, was born at Congreve, in the parish of Penkridge, in the county of Stafford, in January, 1719—20, where his parents, 'plain, honest, and good people,' rented a considerable farm. Early in his friendship with Warburton he thus speaks of them:—

'I believe I never told you how happy I am in an excellent father and mother,—very plain people, you may be sure, for they are farmers, but of a turn of mind that might have honoured any rank and any education. With very tolerable, but in no degree affluent, circumstances, their generosity was such, they never regarded any expense that was in their power, and almost out of it, in whatever regarded the welfare of their children. We are three brothers of us. The eldest [John] settled very reputably in their own way, and the youngest [Thomas] in the Birmingham trade. For myself, a *poor scholar*, as

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you know, I am almost ashamed to own how solicitous they always were to furnish me with all the opportunities of the best and most liberal education. My case in so many particulars resembles that which the Roman Poet describes as his own, that with Pope's wit I could apply almost every circumstance of it. And, if ever I were to wish in earnest to be a poet, it would be for the sake of doing justice to so uncommon a virtue. I should be a wretch if I did not conclude, as he does,

Si natura juberet, &c. &c.

'In a word, when they had fixed us in such a rank of life, as they designed and believed should satisfy us, they very wisely left the business of the world to such as wanted it more, or liked it better. They considered what age and declining health seemed to demand of them, reserving to themselves only such a support as their few and little wants made them think sufficient. I should beg pardon for troubling you with this humble history; but the subjects of it are so much, and so tenderly, in my thoughts at present, that, if I writ at all, I could hardly help writing about them.'—*Ibid.* p. 2.

To which Warburton replies:—

'You could not have obliged me more than by bringing me acquainted, as you do in your last kind letter, with persons who can never be indifferent to me, when so near to you. Sir E. Littleton had told me great things of them; and from him I learned that virtue and good sense are hereditary amongst you, and family qualities. And as to filial piety, I knew it could not but crown all the rest of your admirable endowments. Pray make me acquainted with your good father and mother; tell them how sincerely I congratulate with them on the honour of such a son, and how much I share in their happiness on that head.

'Sir Edward oft sees your elder brother, and speaks of him as the best companion he has,—indeed in a very extraordinary manner, of his abilities. Your other brother was, I was told, not long since, among the trading towns in this neighbourhood, where he fell into company at dinner with some of our Somersetshire clergy, by whom he was much caressed on hearing to whom he was related.

'Prior Park, July 14, 1754.'—*Ibid.* p. 3.

He must early have shown the bent of his genius, retaining that affection for his schoolmasters which speaks so well for scholar as well as master. He is reported to have been always assiduous at his books from earliest childhood, and was admitted sizar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in his fourteenth year, though he did not reside till a year or two later. He took his degree in 1738-9, and was then regarded as a rising scholar. In 1740 we find him in correspondence with persons of some consideration; his letters being then marked by that stiffness and formality of expression which indicates working a way to a style, and which must always be tolerated in the young as more promising than mere ease and nothing else. Criticism was even then his turn, and he writes on the graver books of the day, forgotten now, with a remarkable gravity of interest. Such passages as the following give evidence to the

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general tone of disparagement of Scripture which we so often find acknowledged in the writings of that time.

'Think not, Sir, I mention this as though I thought the poetry of David could receive any additional glory or merit from any resemblance it may be found to bear to the flights of Pagan writers. That I know is impossible; but must own it gives me some pleasure to meet with passages in heathen learning that are parallel to those in sacred writ, since it is by such kind of proof only that many classical pretenders to criticism will suffer themselves to be convinced of the beauty of those sublimest of compositions.'—*Ibid.* p. 10.

In June, 1742, he was ordained Deacon, and had a temporary charge of a small parish in Norfolk, where he has to lament the wonderful scarcity of reputable clergymen. 'Sober are rare, but learned I have not heard of one near me.' Here, on that principle of duty which always actuated Hurd as far as he recognised it, he set about writing sermons. 'Sermonizing' was his apology for not writing letters. 'As I have tired my-'self a good deal to-day with writing a sermon, you'll excuse my 'talking by bits and scraps, &c.' At the same time his prospects were very much in his thoughts: whether he should stand for a fellowship, or, as he at first preferred, 'cut out his name' from its books, and 'instead of reposing in the shade of a college, trust his fortune to the world.' This world was already beginning to smile on him. He reports having been treated with great civility by this and that person of distinction. There must undoubtedly have been a singular charm about him when he wished to please, however formal and reserved in company not to his taste. Warburton calls him 'the idol of his friends,' and when later in life he was presented, George the Third 'was 'pleased to remark that he thought him more naturally polite 'than any man he had ever met with.' That he had tact, and knew what manner could and could not do, is evident from his mention of his first parishioners. The tithes of Reymerston were rated too low, which he was perfectly aware of, but the really 'rising man' is not of the sort to get into a lawsuit about tithes.

'In respect of the tithes of Reymerston, which you are pleased to mention, I apprehend, not only that they cannot *now*, but that they cannot *ever*, by me be materially altered. The temper of the people is so resolutely obstinate, that upon any such attempt I am certain they would leave the church; of which, though in the assertion of my just rights, I should think myself unhappy in being the occasion. The rent-day is over; and the income is (though not, indeed, this year on account of some deductions) a good eighty pounds. I am sensible, as you suggest to me, that it is worth much more; but am assured it will never be in the power of that address you are so polite to compliment me upon, to advance it. And as to gathering, it is what I must never think of: for the inclosures are so small, so perplexed, and lie in such a manner, that the trouble of doing it would be infinite. Though in this case I am prudent enough to keep my thoughts to myself. They would otherwise be apt to take advantages.'—*Ibid.* pp. 13, 14.

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Here in his first parish we find some prim allusions to the ladies, whom he thinks it worth while to describe as agreeable and polite; but there is no indication of his ever having formed an attachment, or even ever feeling the need of female society; there was, in fact, an element of the feminine in his own nature, which no doubt accounts for the extraordinary hold Warburton's vast, colossal, and rude qualities had on him, and the consistent friendship that subsisted between them, and also for the epithet his enemies chose for him, 'an old maid in breeches.' His own old-maidism clearly made him unsympathising towards feminine weakness in the other sex. 'If ever I fall in love,' he says, 'it shall not be with a poetess,' alluding to Pope's friendship with Martha Blount. And again, half in jest, 'When I contemplate this 'faculty the ladies have got of being well everywhere but at 'home * * * I shudder at the thought of matrimony, and half 'acquit this libertine age for the disgust it has conceived of it.' So there was no Mrs. Hurd to disturb the exquisite order, quiet, and decorum which surrounded our friend throughout his existence.

His was one of those constitutions of mind and body which attain their object in life. He instinctively took the right way to gain his ends. He was a man of the world in its best sense, as he has himself well described it.

'It is this art of entering into the characters, prejudices, and expectations of others, and of knowing how to suit our application prudently, but with innocence, to them, which constitutes what we call A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD. An art of which the great poet (Horace) was a consummate master, and than which there cannot be a more useful or amiable quality. Only we must take care not to confound it with that supple, versatile, and intriguing genius, which, taking all shapes and reflecting all characters, generally passes for it in the commerce of the world, or rather is prized much above it; but, as requiring no other talents in the possessor than those of a *low cunning* and *corrupt design*, is of all others the most mischievous, worthless, and contemptible character, that infests human life.'—*Ibid.* p. 346.

The passage proves that he had studied this branch of knowledge; indeed, the question was one well suited to his turn of thought. He was naturally a student of character, not so much through the intercourse of general society, for which his fastidious nature disqualified him, as in books. He loved to investigate motives, to look into the springs of great actions and leading careers; and where the character was congenial, this is done with much felicity of thought and expression, both in his characters and his dialogues. But the knowledge of character, the tracing of action to its source is a power which people can only possess in proportion to their other powers: a person possessed of it will understand all it can grasp and fathom in others, but there may be a whole range of qualities in the character studied, which will

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never enter in the field of their perception; they have not intellectual sight for it. Thus with Hurd the character delineated must have some affinity with his own, or he is at fault; it must be marked by sense rather than genius, and it must not be tinctured by enthusiasm. Enthusiasm with him and Warburton is synonymous with fanaticism, and of both these qualities they can only take a merely external and unsympathising view. Thus Hurd can draw Archbishop Williams, but entirely fails in Savonarola. His motto through life was 'think soberly;' there is something remarkable in the consistent courage with which he set down and disparaged flights of every sort. It is the deliberate conviction of a sensible man that for practical purposes, heights and depths are inconvenient; that we do better, that the world thrives better, in a just medium. There is, we repeat, courage in recording the following preference for exquisite good sense over the highest flights of imagination. There are evidences of his being able to appreciate Shakespeare to the full as highly as men generally do, but his relish for truth in a less elevated range was of a more vivid character. Writing to the poet Mason in 1770, he says:—

'I have found an amusement lately in turning over the works of Mr. Addison. I set out many years ago with a warm admiration of this amiable writer. I then took a surfeit of his natural easy manner, and was taken (like my betters) with the rapturous and high flights of Shakespeare. My maturer judgment, or lenient age (call it which you will) has now led me back to the favourite of my youth. And here I think I shall stick: for such useful sense in so charming words I find not elsewhere. His taste is so pure, and his Virgilian prose (as Dr. Young calls it) so exquisite, that I have but now found out, at the close of a critical life, the full value of his writings.'—*Ibid.* pp. 363-4.

The words 'deep,' 'depth,' 'originality,' and the like, are never applied by him, or suffered to pass, without conveying some trait of this mistrust; even where he applies the term in a favourable sense to Shakespeare, it is what is *called* 'originality that is freshness and novelty.' Addison cannot speak of *depth* of style, but in a note we find this word explained—'*deep*, that is, excellent;' and he despises Locke for aiming at the reputation of an original thinker. 'The affectation of passing for an original thinker glares strongly and ridiculously in Mr. Locke;' and we find Mr. Kilvert confirming our view. 'Another idol of 'the present day,' he writes, 'is *originality*. In opposition to this, 'the Bishop's opinion was that originality is an inferior merit to 'the dexterous use and application of thoughts already struck out.'

Now Hurd was undoubtedly a clear-headed, clear-sighted man, with a mind well practised to pursue and investigate. It might be the union of self-respect with a just and not too partial appreciation of his own powers which produced this preference for mediocrity—to use the word in its literal sense,

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not as meaning inferiority. It is not difficult to understand how such a man should deliberately estimate the worth of things by his power of understanding them. Most people do the same without owning it or rather without knowing it; but he was exactly aware of the nature of his own faculties and of his likes and dislikes, and was ashamed of nothing about himself. A grave and impartial self-respect was the basis of his character and fortunes. Of course a person who found his mind and habits of thought in such exact accord with the external world, was not likely to have much pity or sympathy with unsatisfied aspirations. It is often an illustration of Andersen's fable of the 'ugly duck' and the 'hen' who represents common sense, and used to say, 'We and the world.' But, says the incipient swan, 'it is so delightful to swim in the 'water, so delightful when it dashes over one's head and one 'dives down to the very bottom.' 'What next?' said the hen, whose experiences all lay in another direction.

Hurd's early manhood is distinguished by a gravity and propriety of pursuits which marked him out at once as a person of weight. At four-and-twenty we find him entering upon controversy, and contending against 'unorthodox,' 'chimerical,' 'whimsical and enthusiastic performances' and 'pieces,' &c. and about that age he began his common-place book, a record and commentary of books read, and a register of passing thoughts and reflections which he continued through life, and which is still preserved in the library of Hartlebury Castle. It was at this time that 'Warburton's Divine Legation' came upon the world and excited universal attention and not a little suspicion. Hurd writes from Cambridge of the first attack, and the 'acrimony' and 'resentment' which arose from it.

In 1745 he writes:—

'The attention of the learned world at present turns entirely almost on the author of the Divine Legation of Moses, who is mowing down his adversaries with as great zeal and success as ever old Bentley did before him. Indeed the superior genius and abilities of that writer gave him a very great advantage over all the gentlemen that have appeared against him, whatever may be determined finally of his cause. A piece he has just now published in answer to Dr. Stebbing and Sykes is very ingenious, but wrote with a severe satiric spirit peculiar to himself and his late friend Mr. Pope.'—*Ibid.* p. 23.

In 1749, Hurd confirmed his own reputation as a writer by his commentary, and 'Notes on Horace's Art of Poetry,' of which Gibbon has written:—

'Mr. Hurd, the supposed author of this performance, is one of those valuable authors who cannot be read without improvement. To a great fund of well-digested learning, he adds a clearness of judgment and a niceness of penetration capable of tracing things from their first principles, and observing their most minute differences. I know few writers more deserving of the great but prostituted name of critic.'—*Ibid.* p. 30.

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In the notes to this work Hurd had inserted a graceful compliment to Warburton as the friend and commentator of Pope, which was replied to by an equally well-turned compliment from Warburton, also in a note to the 'Essay on Criticism.' These civilities proved more sterling coin than such effusions often do; they emanated from a genuine sympathy; a union of pursuits and dissimilarity of character alike marked them out as suited to one another, and they no sooner met than they were fast friends. The genius of Hurd at once recognised its master, and seemed from the first to have gloried in being the subject of such an ascendancy. We do not wonder; the portraits of that jovial Colossus of learning have a remarkable fascination. There is a wild irresponsible sense of power about him which reminds one of a lion, a giant, an Irishman at a fair. His relish for fighting, his extraordinary skill at vituperation, his contempt and scorn of opposition, his profound belief in himself, his intense realization of the truth and importance of his own theories, his thorough-going partizanship, his genial temper, and we must add his genuine, honest, religious faith, all point him out the idol of his friends as certainly as he must have been the detestation of his foes. The effect upon Hurd was magical; cautious and unenthusiastic by nature, his zeal for Warburton made him reckless and infatuated. He learnt to rail from his master, nor did time or death ever make him regret the excesses into which the extravagance of his friendship led him. Warburton had been trained in a good school for contempt and abuse. He succeeded to Bentley's critical style, and he was the chosen friend and theological defender of Pope, had been thick in the splenetic politics of the Dunciad, and had learnt to call names in the best company. But he had never forgotten the paramount claims of theology. Our readers need not be told the great argument of the 'Divine Legation,' which goes to prove the inspiration of Moses and the divine origin of his law from the omission of the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments. False religions, setting forth false gods, all taught a future state as a necessary mode of accounting for present imperfections in the world's scheme. Moses could promise an exact scale of temporal rewards and punishments; and a particular especial Providence in the one instance of the chosen people worked out his promises. A prodigious amount of learning was brought to bear upon this argument with a vigour and liveliness of style which commanded attention. But the argument was new, and the religious world viewed it with extreme suspicion, though there were notable exceptions, as Bishops Sherlock and Hare and the Nonconformist Doddridge. Warburton found his orthodoxy attacked and his faith called

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in question: 'it stuck with candid men how a religion without a future state could be worthy of God.' Conscious of his own honesty of purpose he could never give credit to his opponents even for good intentions, he regarded them as filchers of his good name and railed on them as so many pickpockets. He thereupon 'assumed,' as a writer of the time has it, 'the high 'office of Inquisitor-General and supreme judge of the opinions 'of the learned, and exercised it with a ferocity and a despotism 'without example in the republic of letters.' He declared himself in periodicals, notes, letters, by word of mouth, and his friend Hurd thought all worth preserving and reproduction. Let us take a few flowers from this branch of rhetoric. It can scarcely be deemed a digression, for Hurd cannot be treated wholly apart from his friend. A certain Mr. Webster attacked him:—

'To think I will ever enter into a controversy with the weakest as well as wickedest of all mankind, is a thing impossible. This I shall do, indeed, in a short Preface to the *Second Volume*. I shall hang him and his fellows as they do vermin in a warren, and leave them to posterity to stink and blacken in the wind; and this will I do was the Pope himself their protector. Other business with them in the way of argument I shall never have any.'—*Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. v. p. 548.

The Rev. W. Romaine from Epsom writes in a curious strain, but with well-chosen arguments against the view. Warburton writes:—

'I hope you received one from me by the last post, and that we shall ferret out the *Epsom Letter-writer*.

It is the sport, to see the Ingeneer
Hoist with his own petar—

says Shakespeare. If it was he, never was there a more execrable scoundrel, who calls down the secular arm upon me. Can I outlive it? If I do, it will be in mere spight, to rub another volume of the Divine Legation in the noses of bigots and zealots.'—*Ibid.* p. 554.

We meet everywhere the phrases 'dunces,' 'wretches,' 'insipid creatures,' 'abandoned libeller,' 'scoundrel temper,' 'senseless, abandoned scribbler,' 'profligate scribblers,' 'worthless crew,' 'infamous rhapsody,' and the like. Any person who expressed an opinion contrary to anything he had published, especially in his 'Magnum Opus,' whether he did it designedly or not, was gibbeted without mercy; his prefaces and notes, as was observed at the time, being the established places of execution for the punishment of all who did not implicitly adopt his sentiments. We sometimes are disposed to think that vice itself cannot incur worse language than a mistake or difference of opinion, but he had degrees—further depths—as where, in his place in the House of Lords, he apologised to Satan for having supposed him capable of inditing Wilkes's pamphlet.

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Like Johnson, he makes free use of the charge of lying. With him there was no distinction between mistake of judgment and wilful misrepresentation, that in the one case a man *lies*, in the other he lies and *knows* that he *lies;* with the further variation of being maliciously mistaken. Sometimes we do not so much quarrel with his terms, as where he pronounces Lawrence Sterne an 'irrecoverable scoundrel;' or where, in Hume's case, he threatens 'to trim the rogue's jacket;' or even where he gives judicial sentence on a libellous scribbler, who writes bad verses and attaches Milton's name to them.

'On which I will venture to pronounce condemnation in due form of law—that it shall *return from whence it came.* From a dunghill he says he received it, and to a dunghill it shall go, let him print upon as stiff paper as he pleases. In this case I am as clear and positive as the famous Etymologist, who said he not only knew from whence words came, but whither they were going.'—*Ibid.* vol. v. p. 645.

Or where he satirises the public.

'Lauder has offered much amusement for the public, and they are obliged to him. What the public wants, or subsists on, is news. Milton was their reigning favourite; yet they took it well of a man they had never heard of before, to tell them the news of Milton being a thief and a plagiary; had he been proved a —— it had pleased them much better. When this was no longer news, they were equally delighted with another, as much a stranger to them, who entertained them with another piece of news, that Lauder was a plagiary and an impostor; had he proved him a Jesuit in disguise, nothing had equalled their satisfaction.—*Ibid.* vol. v. p. 650.

It is amusing to see names of note occurring in these letters as 'one Horne,' and '*this* Johnson'—'Of this Johnson you and I, I believe, think alike.' And let us note that Johnson never stands out more amiably than in contrast to this reckless and promiscuous vituperation: while Warburton speaks of his '*insolence,*' and 'malignant reflections on his notes to Shakespeare.' Johnson always did justice to Warburton, was grateful to him for 'praise when praise was of value to him,' and adduced him, in his celebrated interview with George the Third, as 'greatly more learned than himself.' He—

'Johnson had not been able to read much compared with others; for instance, he had not been able to read much compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the King said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak, and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting in its universality.'—*Boswell's Johnson.*

Elsewhere, Boswell says:—

'I am informed that Warburton said of Johnson, "I admire him, but I cannot bear his style;" and that Johnson being told of this, said, "That is exactly my case against him." The manner in which he expressed his admiration of the fertility of Warburton's genius, and of the variety of his materials, was—"The table is always full, sir. He brings things from the north and the south, and from every quarter. In his Divine Legation you are always entertained. He

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carries you round and round, and without carrying you forward to the point, but then you have no wish to be carried forward." He said to the Rev. Mr. Strahan, "Warburton is perhaps the last man who has written with a mind full of reading and reflection." '—*Ibid.*

In spite of these testimonies of respect, it is plain there was little real congeniality between these rival giants, neither of whom could have taken a subordinate part. They met but once, and though the interview was satisfactory, it was never repeated. Warburton's excesses of language, however much they enabled him to carry it over tamer spirits, really weakened his influence, and permanently lowered his reputation. Johnson's tone, whenever we encounter the name of Warburton, shows that superiority that reason must have over unrestraint, and assumes the empire; as where he speaks of the controversy that raged on Pope's 'Essay on Man,' commented on by the Swiss, Mr. Crousaz, and defended with rancour by Warburton. He recommends the learned world to elect a moderator for all disputes.

'Among the duties of a moderator, I have mentioned that of recalling the disputants to the subject, and cutting off the excrescences of a debate, which Mr. Crousaz will not suffer to be long unemployed; and the repression of personal invectives, which have not been very carefully avoided on either part, and are less excusable because it has not been proved that either the poet or his commentator wrote with any other design than that of promoting happiness, by cultivating reason and piety.'—*Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. v. p. 579.

Something must be allowed for the literary habits of the time, always profuse in its tone towards persons, whether for praise or blame; the strain of compliment and detraction alike extravagant. Doddridge's letters to Warburton are adulatory; and Warburton always writes as though his friends and opponents represented the wheat and the tares, and the good or bad fishes; while it was evidently necessary for Warburton's friends who would retain his friendship, to treat all who attacked him as infamous. A way of assuming to be better than other people belongs to the correspondence of all these worthies. Pope and Warburton, Warburton and his friends generally, Hurd and Sir E. Littleton, all adopt this tone. It was the thing to write to one another of the goodness of their hearts, their disinterestedness, their superiority to vulgar objects of desire; to treat, for instance, honours and preferment as of value mainly as proving the worth of the donor. Those who confer them are noble-minded, those who withhold them slaves and creatures. Wherever flattery is an established element there must be vituperation to balance it; yet, while we use the term flattery, we do not mean any intentional insincerity. People did not affect candour then; they took sides, and stood thick and thin by their party, whether social, religious, or political. We are not to suppose that

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Warburton was left undisturbed master of the field; many tried their strength with him. He pronounced a state of authorship a state of war, and called the hand that wielded the pen, his sword-hand. People questioned the accuracy of his learning, the clearness of his reasoning, and wrote sorely of his 'muddy head and bitter heart.' There were some who even dared to encounter him face to face, as when he taxed Doctor Taylor, the philologist, with having been reported to say that he was no scholar, and the Doctor plucked up spirit to reply 'that he did not recollect ever *saying* that Dr. Warburton was no scholar, but that indeed he had always *thought* so.'

There are no evidences of Warburton bearing malice; he was thick-skinned, thought all this good sport himself, and did not see why others should suffer more. He boasts somewhere of being callous. 'I believe,' he writes, 'as few men die 'of the rage or envy of dunces as of the frowns of their mis-'tresses; and there is as little mischief done by literary as by 'amatory squabbles.' He lacked the quality of respect altogether. Wherever he was, whatever subject he touched, he must give room to his humour, and could bear no restraint. Antiquity, though his mind was so much engaged upon the past, had no charm to check the licence of his tongue. The Society of Antiquaries was 'a hospital for blockheads.' Nor did patristical learning teach him better manners. John of Antioch he suspects of being a 'Shag-rag.'

'As for that forlorn hope Theodoret, Philostorgius, Nicephoras, and Theophanes, I shall put them where they can do no hurt: as to good, little is to be expected from such poltroons, who are ready to run away to the enemy.'—*Ibid.* vol. v. p. 649.

Never was so much faith joined to so little reverence. For faith he had. His whole tone toward Scripture is one of undoubting, implicit belief. He threw himself with ardour into the controversy on miracles, occasioned by Middleton's sceptical tone, and wrote a treatise to prove the miracle which defeated Julian's attempt to rebuild Jerusalem. But in his own nature there was an absence of awe, or fear of anything human or divine. Perhaps all controversy tends to this, to deprive all mysteries of their terrors, to make the sacred familiar. A writer in the 'Quarterly' attributes to him the disuse of splendid vestments, which some in our own day have made themselves confessors to restore. But it was on personal, not on ecclesiastical grounds, that he got rid of copes: they ruffled his wig and consequently his temper, both of which articles were easily disarranged.

'A friend of ours, many years ago, on being shown, among the curiosities of Durham Cathedral, the splendid vestments formerly worn by the prebendaries,

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asked how they had come to be disused; when the verger said, "It happened in my time. Did you ever hear of one Dr. Warburton, sir?—a very hot man he was, sir. We never could please him in putting on his robe. This stiff high collar used to ruffle his great full-bottomed wig; till one day he threw the robe off in a great passion, and said he never would wear it again, and he never did, and the other gentlemen soon left theirs off too."'—*Quarterly*, vol. xxxii. p. 273 (1825).

He always showed an extreme carelessness as to the impression his conduct made upon others, and never did things because they were expected of him. Even his worshipper Hurd admitted to being 'agonized' at his indifference to the proprieties in public. Cradock writes:—

I was introduced into the vestry-room by a friend, where the lord mayor and several of the governors of the hospital were waiting for the late Duke of York, who was then president, and in the meantime the Bishop (Warburton) did everything in his power to entertain and alleviate their impatience. He was beyond measure condescending and courteous, and even graciously handed some biscuits and wine on a salver to the curate who was to read prayers. His lordship being in good spirits, once exceeded the bounds of decorum by quoting a comic passage from Shakespeare in his lawn sleeves, and with all its characteristic humour; but suddenly recollecting himself, he so aptly turned the inadvertence to his own advantage, as to raise the admiration of all the company. Many parts of his discourse were quite sublime, and were given with due solemnity; but a few passages were, as in his celebrated triennial Charge, quite ludicrous, as when he proceeded so far as to describe some charitable monks who had robbed their own begging boxes, he excited more than a smile from most of his audience. "Though certainly, sir, said I (to Hurd), there was much to admire, yet upon the whole, to speak the truth, I was not sorry that you were absent, for I well knew that you would not have absolutely approved."'—*Cradock's Literary Miscellanies*, vol. i. p. 187.

His mode in handling texts shows the same easy turn—'and by good luck we find in the Hebrews;' 'but the Apostle tells another story,' &c. His Charges, which have the rare commendation of being lively and entertaining, talk of 'a magnificent show of viands, and all from the hog-stye,' and a sermon 'of hocus-pocus tricks.' We are glad to find that, at any rate, he carried his easy manners to court with him when he went there, which was not often. On his first appearance on that scene, the lord-in-waiting called to him, 'Move forward, you clog up the doorway;' to whom he promptly replied, 'Did nobody clog up 'the king's doorway more than I, there would be more room for 'honest men.' Traits like these perhaps do not go far in accounting for the wonderful prestige of Warburton's name amongst his contemporaries, and the sort of passion of admiration which many felt for him. But there was a magnificent exuberance about him which fascinated those who were permitted to feel the sunshine of his loveable qualities. He could fill the minds and hearts of his friends. Pope clung to him as a prop and stay. Allen of Prior Park welcomed him to his closest intimacy, and

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gave him his favourite niece and heiress. He charmed all whom he cared to please. His manner was frank: he liked society, and was not fastidious. He opened the whole store of his rich nature to his friends. What Mr. Seward said of him was true:—

'Mr. Seward has well observed, that the Bishop "was one of the best letter-writers that ever put pen to paper. His knowledge was curious and extensive; he had great wit, and great force of expression, and no reserve in communicating what his thoughts were at the time he wrote the letters."'—*Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, vol. v. p. 652.

The habit of contempt does not so blight a man's nature, is not so corroding (because after all it is not genuine), if it is not a solitary exercise, and if it is expressed with jovial recklessness. He was a man who must have friends, must have a home and room for the play of the affections; and in such circumstances the contemptuous humour is kept down. He was a good husband, a most tender and admiring son, a fond father, and though we cannot hold him an example in the performance of his onerous episcopal duties, it was by no means because he neglected them. He was remarkable for a rigid abstemiousness, the more striking from his large frame and genial temperament. His asceticism was in the cause of learning. Study was the absorbing pleasure and chosen business of his life; and conscious that if he ate and drank like other men, he must devote much time to relaxation and exercise, he deliberately chose a strict moderation, that no care of the body might stand in the way of the paramount pursuit. His appetite for books was indiscriminate; very different from his friend Hurd, who 'read only the best things,' he read everything and remembered everything, and after long application to deeper studies would run through novels from the circulating library by the basket full, and laugh over them by the hour. He had a deep religious sense, though we must wish, in his dealings with the Methodists, that he could have understood and sympathised more fully with their aspirations, and not been so ready to fly off at a tangent about enthusiasts and bigots. Yet his sincerity won their respect as well as his learning, and John Wesley wrote of him, 'I let 'Bishop Warburton alone; he is gone to rest! I well hope, in 'Abraham's bosom.' In a letter to Dr. Birch he writes on the subject of inspired truth:—

'This morning I had a letter from Cambridge, acquainting me with Dr. Middleton's death. They suppose his builder has killed him, or at least hastened his death. "He declared," says my letter, "a few days ago, that he should die with that composure of mind which he thought must be the enjoyment of every man who had been a sincere searcher after truth; expressed some concern that he felt his strength and spirits decline so fast that he could

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not complete some designs he had then in hand: and that he imagined he had given the miracles of the early ages such a blow as they would not easily recover."

'I do not see how the mere discovery of truth affords such pleasure. If this truth be, that the providence of God governs the moral as well as natural world; and that, in compassion to human distresses, He has revealed his will to mankind, by which we are enabled to get the better of them, by a restoration to his favour, I can easily conceive the pleasure that, at any period of life, must accompany such a discovery. But if the truth discovered be that we have no farther share in God than as we partake of his natural government of the universe; or that all there is in his moral government is only the natural necessary effects of virtue and vice upon human agents here, and that all the pretended revelations of an hereafter were begot by fools, and hurried up by knaves; if this, I say, be our boasted discovery, it must, I think, prove a very uncomfortable contemplation, especially in our last hours. But every man has his taste. I only speak for myself.'—*Ibid.* pp. 647-8.

And there is a striking passage in a letter to Sherlock, where, in announcing a copy of the second edition of the 'Divine Legation,' he says:—

'For I will tell your lordship what it is that supports me,—it is the love of truth, and a thorough conviction of the reality of the Jewish and Christian revelations. I think I am not too uncharitable in suspecting that it may be a want of the latter that makes some very zealous people cooler and more suspicious of the former than is fitting. Hence we see them almost frighted to death at every foolish book writ against religion, and betake themselves in all haste to their old posture of defence, to prop and buttress up with any materials that came to hand what they think a sinking fabric, because they do not see the eternal foundations on which it stands.'—*Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton,* p. 66.

But we have been led away too long from our main subject. The name of Warburton, however, is inseparable from that of Hurd, and some explanation is needed of the powerful ascendancy which coloured his whole life. It was an ascendancy, and yet the influence was mutual. Hurd never lost or merged his own character in that of his friend. He was always welcome to Mrs. Warburton, that his *oil* might allay her husband's vinegar. If he spoke of Warburton's eagle-eyed sagacity, the other corroborated the testimony 'that Mr. Hurd was a man who sees by 'an early penetration that which the generality never find out 'till they have drudged on to the end of life.' If Hurd was impelled to undue severity of language, in defending his friend with his own rough weapons, he was an habitual restraint upon Warburton. He could not help weighing every word he spoke or wrote, so that Johnson called him 'a word-picker,' and was so much on his guard in conversation that Cradock gives it as his opinion that Warburton was never thoroughly at his ease in his company, though he felt so warmly towards him. Hurd's habits of thought would all contribute to this; he was essentially systematic. His judgment was always at work to the silencing of his feelings. Johnson said of him:—

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'Hurd, sir, is one of a set of men who account for everything systematically; for instance, it has been a fashion to wear scarlet breeches; these men would tell you that, according to causes and effects, no other wear could at that time have been chosen.'

Adding, however, 'Hurd, sir, is a man whose acquaintance is a valuable acquisition.' His friendship left the constitution of his mind untouched; his preferences on ordinary points of criticism remained undisturbed. He deliberately preferred finish to energy, and fearlessly expressed his opinion. 'We,' says Mr. Kilvert, 'are inclined to estimate it (literary merit) 'rather by the amount of energy exhibited in literary compo-'sition than by the perfection of the work produced by it.' *He* took the contrary view. From him the *facetum* (finished elegancies) of Virgil found more approval than the forcible simplicity of Homer.

But where Warburton's fame or credit was involved, the calmness of his temperament and his critical acumen gave way, and his biographer has to apologise for an outbreak which, to modern readers, seems sufficiently unprovoked.

'In the year 1755 an opportunity was given to Mr. Hurd of signalizing his attachment to Mr. Warburton, of which he availed himself too much in the style of his friend and patron. Warburton, in the second book of his "Divine Legation of Moses," had broached the opinion that the descent of Æneas into Hades, in the sixth book of Virgil's Æneid, was an allegory representing the ceremony of initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. From this opinion Dr. Jortin had ventured in his Sixth Dissertation to express partial dissent, in respectful terms, indeed, but, as was thought by Hurd, with that degree of faint praise which implies indirect condemnation. This gave occasion to a pamphlet from Hurd, entitled, "The Delicacy of Friendship, a Seventh Dissertation, addressed to the Author of the Sixth." In this piece he exposes in the most unsparing manner what he deemed an insidious attack upon the theory of his friend. It is indeed a masterpiece of keen and delicate irony, but no candid judge can do otherwise than regret that so severe an attack should have been made on a man of Jortin's talent and character on such slight provocation.'—*Life and Correspondence of Bishop Hurd*, pp. 53-4.

And again—

'The year 1758 witnessed another of those over-zealous defences of his friend Warburton which, however they may prove the strength of Mr. Hurd's attachment, reflect the least credit on his courtesy and liberality as a controversialist. This was his "Letter to Dr. Thomas Leland, on his Dissertation on the Principles of Human Eloquence," in which the expression of some dissent from Warburton's sentiments in his "Doctrine of Grace," is treated with a keenness and asperity totally out of place, considering the deservedly high character of Dr. Leland as a writer, and the openness of the question under discussion.'—*Ibid.* pp. 72-3.

Though Hurd never apologised for or recanted his attacks either on Jortin or Leland, he would no doubt have been willing they should be forgotten. But there is a retributive justice at work in these things; and thirty-four years after the publication of the first of these tracts, and twenty-five after the

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second, when Hurd, now Bishop of Worcester, had attained his seventieth year, Dr. Parr chose to republish them, along with some early treatises by Warburton, which he had wished to suppress, under the heading 'Tracts by a Warburtonian,' adding his own pungent comments, acting it is supposed, under the irritation of having met with a cold reception, and not being asked to dinner when he presented himself at Hartlebury Castle for institution to the benefice of Hatton. The thing made a great noise, and was much read and relished, which no doubt Hurd knew quite as well as though he had read the attack on himself, which, on the principle of all phlegmatic tempers, he did not. He read, however, a defence of himself which appeared, and writes, 'As to the letter to Dr. Parr, I have read it, which 'is scarcely fair, as I never read, and never shall read, the *thing* to 'which the letter is an answer.' Had he a notion all the while that by these long-ago asperities, these flourishes of an intemperate partisanship, he should be remembered more than by the deliberate, careful efforts of his own judgment, engaged on congenial subjects of theology and criticism, through a long studious life? and that he of all people should be known and adduced as an extreme example of the literary acrimony of his own time? It is thus Dr. Parr addresses his diocesan in his dedication :—

'The distinguishing virtues even of the best of men may for 'a time be eclipsed by particular situations; while, therefore, we 'allow your lordship all the praise which is due to habitual dis-'cretion and constitutional gentleness, we are by no means sur-'prised that in the service of such a leader you were now and 'then hurried into rashness, sharpened into acrimony, or betrayed 'into illiberality. We rather lament that the better propensities 'of your mind were suspended, and indeed overborne, by the 'fascination of Warburton's example and the sternness of his 'commands; and, with all due deference, let me add, the tre-'mendous severity of his threats. We mourn over the common 'infirmities of human nature itself, when we recollect that with 'a temper which effectually preserved you from the tumultuous 'fervour of enthusiasm, and with talents which might have pro-'cured you success in the regular and ordinary course of contro-'versial hostilities, you were disposed, or I would rather say 'destined, to become the herald of the sturdiest knight-errant 'that ever set out in quest of literary crusades—to become the 'apologist, nay the avenger, of a staunch polemic, who attacked 'with blind and headstrong fury the most unexplored fastnesses 'of impiety, and the most venerable citadels of truth—to become 'the drudge of an imperious task-master, who, finding himself 'accompanied by a train of feeble and officious dwarfs, sum-'moned them by his fierce mandates to plunge with him into every

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'difficulty, to triumph with him in every victory, to make a dis-'play of their fidelity or their zeal in every wild or desperate 'achievement which he was himself emboldened to undertake by 'the consciousness of his own gigantic strength. "The staff of 'his spear was like a weaver's beam," and "one bearing a shield 'always went before him."—(*Parr's Works*, vol. vi. p. 371.)

If Dr. Hurd could have read this dispassionately, we think he would have pronounced favourably on the point and force of its style. After it, Parr could afford to be generous, to allow nobody to disparage Hurd but himself—to reprove others, after the manner of satirists, for not doing his victim justice, 'and of not 'speaking with sufficient caution of so illustrious a prelate as 'Dr. Hurd;' and to defend him in a long argument with the Prince Regent, his quondam pupil, as a better tutor than Dr. Markham, who subsequently filled this office, and with whom the Prince compared him. 'Have you not changed your opinion of Dr. Hurd?' exclaimed the Prince, who probably thought his topic not well chosen.

'I have read a work in which you attacked him fiercely.—Yes, sir, I attacked him on one point, which I thought important to letters, and I summoned the whole force of my mind, and took every possible pains to do it well, for I consider Hurd to be a great man. He is celebrated as such by foreign critics, who appreciate justly his wonderful acuteness, sagacity, and dexterity in doing what he has done with so small a stock of learning. * * * From a farmhouse and village-school Hurd emerged the friend of Gray and a circle of distinguished men. While fellow of a small college, he sent out works praised by foreign critics, and not despised by our own scholars. He enriched his understanding by study, and sent from the obscurity of a country village a book, sir, which your royal father is said to have declared made him a bishop. He made himself unpopular in his own profession by the defence of a fantastical system. He had decriers—he had no trumpeters; he was great in and by himself; and perhaps, sir, a portion of that power and adroitness you have manifested in this debate might have been owing to him.'—*Life and Correspondence of Bishop Hurd*, pp. 373-4.

Many years afterwards Hurd and Parr met; the interview tells well for both:—

'At one of Hurd's visitations in the latter part of his life, he observed Dr. Parr among the clergy, and, walking up to him, said, "Dr. Parr, there has long been variance between us, but my age is now so advanced that I can no longer afford to be at enmity with any human being, and therefore earnestly request that we may shake hands, and consign the past to oblivion." My informant added that Parr was affected even to tears by this address.'—*Ibid.* p. 376.

Mr. Kilvert is somewhat ashamed of this part of his subject, and passes it over as quickly as possible, being anxious to show Bishop Hurd following the bent of his own amiable, cool, philosophic nature, not warped out of symmetry by the prepossessions of his friendship. Still his introduction to Warburton was the turning-point of his life—his mind had been up to that time quietly forming itself, and taking its own independent bias;

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as he expresses it, 'I grew up into the use of a little common sense,' but he seems instantly to have felt the value of such an ally. It was part of Warburton's idea of friendship to push the fortunes of his friends. He procured for Hurd a welcome to Prior Park, where he was ever after received on terms of friendly intimacy. He introduced him to other men of note, Mr. Murray and Charles Yorke, who were at once attracted by his conversation and manners—

'To whom his solid learning, his refined taste, the purity of his life, and the native elegance of his manners soon recommended him as an associate and a friend; and to whose good offices he was principally indebted for his future advancement in life.'—*Ibid.* p. 38.

These much-talked-of manners of Dr. Hurd set the reader speculating. Manners as an art have, we suspect, rather retrograded. They require a more undisturbed theatre for their exercise than we can afford now. People are shouldered in crowds, interrupted or afraid of interruption in their best formed sentences. There is a hurry and impatience in the world which stands in the way of this 'elegance.' We go at a quicker pace, the stately minuet has changed into a whirl. We think it will be observed still that a good manner, wherever we see it, is not associated with a busy temperament. Hurd was 'never captivated with the fine notion of a busy man.' He never allowed himself to be run away with; he could not enjoy society where the idea of bustle could interpose itself. He thought on the subject, and went into the sources of real social pleasure, and found order and rhythm to lie at the root. His common-place book says:—

'It takes much from the pleasure of conversation (though I know not whether it has been observed) that men do not speak *in time, i.e.* with the same degree of rapidity or slowness. When the succession of ideas, and consequently of words, in the hearer is considerably different from that of the speaker, the attention of the former is oppressed and fatigued by the effort to conform his own habit of thinking and speaking to that of the latter, that is, the conversation becomes unpleasing.'—*Ibid.* p. 283.

Madame D'Arblay, who later in his life entertained him at her table at Windsor, reports:—

'The excellent Bishop and Mr. Smelt again dined with us. The Bishop preferred our quiet table to the crowd now belonging to that of the equerries. We had some very good treatises upon society between him and Mr. Smelt. He protested he never chose to meet more than six, and thought all added to that number created confusion and destroyed elegance.'—*Ibid.* p. 169.

She had, on first introduction, been somewhat alarmed by his appearance and air, 'dignified, placid, grave, and mild, but cold and rather distant,' though alive to his being 'extremely well bred;' but very soon the harmony of his *tout ensemble* fascinated her.

'Piety and goodness are so marked on his countenance, which is truly a fine one, that he has been named, and very justly, "The Beauty of Holiness."

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Indeed, in face, manner, demeanour, and conversation, he seems precisely what a bishop should be, and what would make a looker-on, were he not a bishop, and a see vacant, call out, "Take Dr. Hurd! that is the man."'—*Ibid.* p. 161.

Though women occupied very little of his thoughts, and whenever they did, it was to keep them pretty rigidly in a subordinate place, this same manner told upon them. Courtesy and suavity are in fact very soothing qualities—it is a pity that they are so generally gone out of fashion. How tenderly do people look back upon an amiable deportment—upon a winning smile; it is gratifying to be made the subject even of mere social solicitude. We all remember the time when our ruffled souls, wearied with all sorts of rough encounters with the world, have felt the ineffable charm of being smoothed down as it were by some gracious presence—of being listened to with deference, our opinion sought for, our feelings considered. As things now are, it is an accomplishment that more commonly belongs to women; when we look for examples amongst our acquaintance, the thoughts are apt to rest on some fair centre of an admiring circle. But there was certainly a touch of the feminine, which is different from effeminacy, in the finest gentleman of the age we speak of. Under this softness, indeed essential to it, lies a clear perception of character, in women instinctive, in men more from reflection. Hurd clearly occupied himself much on the moral and intellectual qualities of those with whom he conversed. A very curious instance of this is given in the following reminiscence of an old lady:—

'My grandmother, Mrs. John Parsons, used to tell the following anecdote of the Bishop. She described his manners as particularly soft and winning, his voice as low and musical. He was fond of conversing with her, and answering her inquiries about the Court. Shortly after his arrival at Hartlebury, she said to him one day as they were sitting together, "How do you think your pupil, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, will turn out?" "My dear cousin," the Bishop replied, laying his peculiarly small white hand upon her arm, "I can hardly tell; either the most polished gentleman, or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe; possibly an admixture of both."'—*Ibid.* p. 378.

This story of his cool judgment of the Prince, his pupil, is characteristic of the calmly phlegmatic, and we think also of the studious temper. Commerce with books mainly, has a remarkably sedative effect, and disposes men to a certain fatalism, viewing careers as in a glass, and not allowing the passions to be disturbed by their own oracles.

But it was not upon all that the light of these graceful manners shone. Hurd was a scholar, and as such had no patience with the dull and the ill-informed; even in the highest company he complains of it. After dining with Lord Mansfield, he writes:—

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'However, I dined afterwards with him, and met three lords and the young Prince Poniatowski, nephew to the King of Poland, whose adventure has lately made so much noise. Our conversation turned upon Tokay and other Hungarian wines. And this is called keeping the best company!'—*Ibid.* p. 111.

And Cradock writes:—

'Of all the men I ever knew, Hurd, as a country divine, carried the loftiest carriage. No person at times in highest life looked with more disdain on little folks below, or, to speak more correctly, on unlearned folks.'—*Ibid.* p. 126.

He preferred solitude to uncongenial society; congratulated himself on the badness of the roads in his neighbourhood, and informed Warburton, then Bishop of Gloucester, who came to see him at Thurcaston, that there was no one in his neighbourhood whom he would care to meet.

'"What," says the Bishop, "are all the good houses that I see around me here utterly uninhabited? Let us take our horses and beat up some of their quarters. I have no doubt but several will be well inclined to be friendly and sociable." "I certainly cannot refuse attending on your lordship anywhere." Accordingly they waited upon five gentlemen whom I had the pleasure to know, and they all kindly accepted an invitation to take a family dinner at Thurcaston. When I heard of this at Leicester, I determined to call on Mr. Hurd, who received me with great cordiality. "Why, Sir," said I, "there is nothing talked of but your gaiety; it has even reached your friend Dr. Bickham at Loughborough." "I don't doubt it," replied he, "and if you will pass the day with me, I will treat you with the remains of the festival, and give you an account of all particulars. I can assure you I was at first alarmed as to the provision that could be made by my little household; but all the company were disposed to be pleased. The Bishop was in the highest spirits; and when the gentlemen took leave of me in the hall, they went so far as to declare that, "They thought they had never passed a much pleasanter day." "And, as you have been so successful, Sir," I ventured to add, "in this first effort, I have no doubt but the experiment will soon be repeated." Mr. Hurd was silent.'—*Ibid.* p. 71.

It confirms our view of the honours paid to learning a hundred years ago, that these country squires should so gladly accept hospitalities from a country parson, who gave himself airs, and treated them with disdain; and be thus at his call whenever he pleased to invite them. Hurd's sympathies, however, were never dormant towards learning and literary effort; even with that greatest trial and test of forbearance, the vain *littérateur*, who obtrudes his manuscripts on his friends, he could be patient.

'The indefatigable Sir David is translating Minutius Felix, and writing notes. Of the *last*, I have a large farrago in my hands, and am to keep them, I suppose, till his Arch-Critic arrives. This Sir David is a good, well-intentioned man, has learning and sense, but is withal immoderately vain; which I conclude, not from his writing so much, (for then how should another friend of yours escape?) but from his teazing his friends so immoderately with his MSS. However, with all his imperfections upon his head, give me a writer—an animal that is now become a *rara avis*, and much to be stared at, even in our learned universities.'—*Ibid.* p. 140.

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His poor curate at Thurcaston, Mr. Ball, groaned under the sense of being on the north of his good opinion. 'I do 'not pretend to be very learned,' he said, 'but I have never 'been treated with such distance, or rather disdain.' The good man had to be soothed to remain in a scene of such discouragement, but was rewarded for his forbearance when the first use Hurd made of preferment was to give 'poor Ball' a living.

Hurd had a strong sense of the claims of those about him. Crodock writes:—

'From the time I first knew Hurd at Thurcaston until I visited him as bishop in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, I do not recollect one discordant circumstance in his family. He was, of course, very careful about character, and he had very little intercourse with the world; but the same persons remained, and I do not recollect any one of them as unfaithful, nor do I ever remember the least complaint. To be sure, he was himself strictly good, but he was always upon his guard.'—*Ibid.* p. 72.

He was remarkable for his kindness to all in any way associated with his early days who had helped his first start in life; and we notice that his friends had that reliance on him, when their feelings and personal interests most wrought on them, which is so genuine a test of the real estimation in which a man is held. Warburton solemnly commended his wife to his care, in his will, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen both emphatically obtained his promise that he should read the funeral service over them.

In 1756 Hurd had taken the college living of Thurcaston in Leicestershire, celebrated by Mason as 'Low Thurcaston's sequestered bowers,' where he assumes his friend to be 'distant from Promotion's view,' an opinion in which Cradock differs from the poet.

He was thought to preach good sermons, and was a believer in them, as all good preachers must be. Disputing the truth of the saying, that 'Locke cared not for sermons,' he says, 'Mr. Locke was too wise to give himself these airs,' though he goes on to characterise the sort of discourses 'slight pulpit harangues' which had probably excited the philosopher's disgust. He is said to have sometimes preached Bourdaloue to his country parishioners, reading from the French copy, and turning it into good English as he went along; if so, we cannot much wonder at the story given in Lady Huntingdon's memoirs quoted by Mr. Kilvert to illustrate his liberality.

'The venerable Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, being in the habit of preaching frequently, had observed a poor man remarkably attentive, and made him some little presents. After a while he missed his humble auditor, and, meeting him, said, "John, how is it that I do not see you in the aisle as usual?" John with some hesitation replied: "My lord, I hope you will not be offended, and I will tell you the truth. I went the other day to hear the Methodists; and I understand their plain words so much better, that I have attended them ever

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since." The Bishop put his hand into his pocket, and gave him a guinea, with words to this effect: "God bless you; go where you can receive the greatest profit to your soul." '—*Ibid.* p. 201.

On his being appointed, in 1765, preacher at Lincoln's Inn, through the instrumentality of Mr. Yorke, who persevered in pressing the office upon him which was three times declined, his biographer tells us—

'As a preacher, his manner was calm, dignified, and impressive. His discourses, though not marked by force and energy, had yet a mild persuasiveness, and a tone of gentle insinuation, which, joined to frequent originality of thought, and constant exactness of method, peculiarly recommended him to his cultivated and refined audience at Lincoln's Inn. They had also the merit, no inconsiderable one at that period, of being (as he recommends it to his clergy, in his first Charge, to make theirs) "wholly Christian." '—*Ibid.* pp. 201, 202.

These sermons were printed. Modern readers think them dull. They were at the time commended for their *method*—a very good thing, but which should not stand foremost in the review of them—and were extolled also for their 'acuteness, originality, 'their vein of genuine piety, and simple unaffected elegance of 'style.' It is probably more correct praise that they fell in exactly with the views and requirements of his hearers.

In 1744 he was made Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, an appointment which George the Third attributed entirely to his admiration of his 'Moral and Political Dialogues,' having never seen him till he came to kiss hands. Hurd was no vulgar seeker of preferment, but Mr. Kilvert thinks it most probable that the royal mind had been unconsciously swayed by the representations of the three staunch friends, Lord Mansfield, Mr. Charles Yorke, and Bishop Warburton. On this occasion he writes to his great friend Dr. Balguy, with a request that he will preach the consecration sermon:—

'Our good Bishop of Gloucester overflows in his joy on this occasion. By the way, he is so much considered at Court, that I believe he will have the disposal of my archdeaconry, in spite of the Court harpies. I expect every day to have to resign it into his hands. This will make him very happy, and is in my opinion but a just compliment, though an uncommon one, to his eminent merit. . . .

'Lichfield is on all accounts an eligible see, the value about eighteen hundred pounds a year. This I had both from Lord North and the Archbishop.

'I have a hundred things to say to you, and therefore come hither as soon as you can. I am pestered with civilities from all quarters; but one heartfelt congratulation from such a friend as you is of more worth than a thousand well-penned compliments.'—*Ibid.* p. 123.

Two years after, he was entrusted with the difficult office, before alluded to, of preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, an appointment which might very likely be due to the king's approbation of his political and moral prin-

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ciples, a good opinion confirmed by his lectures on prophecy preached at Lincoln's Inn. There is no evidence of his having particularly enjoyed his office, though at first he describes 'the young princes (I do not say it for form's sake).' as 'extremely pleasing,' going on to project a plan of studies, for which he asks Dr. Balguy's advice. Little further is told us of this part of his life; that he found it irksome is to be inferred from the following passage in a letter to Dr. Balguy:—

'I wish you, dear Sir, a pleasant summer between your two delicious residences of Alton and Winchester. Here am I chained on the banks of the Thames, for my sins, no doubt, as other culprits are.'—*Ibid.* p. 132.

In 1781, on the death of Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Worcester, he received the very next morning by special messenger from Windsor the appointment to that see, with the Clerkship of the Closet. His first act was to put the palace ('Hartlebury Castle') into complete repair. He had, if not a taste, a feeling of the importance of state, which probably belongs especially to men who have risen in life. Hurd is said to have retained certain humble features about the place with the design of reminding himself always of his homely origin, but he lived in state. When he went to the Hot-Wells he was attended by a dozen servants, in contrast with Warburton, who was carelessly indifferent to appearances, and would make the same journey on a scrub pony.

It has been said that George the Third loved mediocrities—that, like all 'dull men,' he suspected superior people. His unbounded confidence in Hurd would certainly have been brought as a proof of the assertion, if the writer who makes it had cared to acquaint himself with the more respectable phases of society in the time of which he treats. The class of superior people who do not like things as they are, who find themselves at odds with existing circumstances, who crave for change, no doubt were little to the king's taste; and that order of intelligence—in its equal degrees of good sense, caution, and prejudice, representing conservatism—which makes the best of things as they stand, and never thinks of innovations, was very likely in the gathering discontents of his time to win his confidence. The world had been very good to Hurd; his was not a large enough mind to quarrel with a state of things which fitted him so well, which brought out what powers he possessed, which regarded him with respect and reverence. Those men who strike not only the good old king, but most men, as *wise*, are in fact those who make the best of things as they are, without launching out into untried seas of change and reform. There must be progress, but it is not those whom we most implicitly trust who bring it about. We all of us have faith in mediocrity, because we all of

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us have felt its reliable and comfortable qualities; it needed no courtly or unworthy arts therefore for Hurd to agree in all points with his royal master—every interview would enhance their mutual respect and sympathy. But such mediocrity must, we maintain, keep to its derivation, and must not be confounded with anything inferior. If George the Third, on account of this same mediocrity, pressed upon Hurd a *third* promotion, and offered him without hesitation the Archbishopric of Canterbury, Hurd showed his moderation in a noble manner by at once declining it. It was a fine independent act, even though motives of a personal nature may have influenced him. Few men really know what is for their happiness, few men can deliberately trust their own judgment, so far as to give up what the world considers an advantage; few men have *self*-respect enough to renounce any portion of the world's respect; their own approbation, their own content, is not an equivalent for the loss of worldly consideration. It was one of Hurd's finest qualities that he could trust himself and take his own stand. Years before, he had jestingly reproved his friend Dr. Balguy for wishing promotion for him, and shown that it was not for a Churchman's good to wish for it.

'Aristotle and you are a couple of choice philosophers. Instead of endeavouring to allay the fever of the passions, you encourage and promote it. But we must have something to hope or to seek; and are there no objects of desire or means of activity but deaneries and bishoprics? Are there no books to read or to write? Is there no such thing as conversation or amusement?

——Or, to be grave,
Have we no friend to serve, or soul to save?

Will not all this keep a divine from sinking into insipidity and disgust? * * * But say this of Churchmen if you can. Is a man likely to be the better divine, or to cultivate one useful quality the more, for aspiring to Canterbury? I trow not, and I defy you to make good so outrageous a paradox.'—*Ibid.* pp. 106, 107.

It must be noted that Dr. Balguy so far shared these views that he also subsequently refused the Bishopric of Gloucester. Having thus slighted Canterbury in the distance, we find Dr. Hurd fourteen years after writing to the same friend.

'Upon the death of Archbishop Cornwallis, May 1, 1783, Bishop Hurd was pressed by the King, with many gracious expressions, to accept the archbishopric of Canterbury. This, however, as he himself states, "he humbly begged leave to decline, as a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain, especially in these times." "The King," he adds, "was pleased not to take offence at this freedom, and then to enter into some confidential conversation on the subject." The Bishop, in relating the circumstance to Mr. Nichols, said, "I took the liberty of telling his Majesty that several much greater men than myself had been contented to die Bishops of Worcester, and that I wished for no higher preferment." The result was that the archbishopric was given to Dr. Moore, Bishop of Bangor, it has been stated, upon the recommendation of Bishop Hurd. On the 13th of

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the month he writes to Dr. Balguy: "I am truly happy, as you suppose, in having escaped Lambeth, though the offer of it could not but be flattering to me. A friend of yours would not have said, *Nolo archiepiscopari*; but the King knows his Bishops well, and has provided better for us.'—*Ibid.* p. 146.

This refusal did not in any degree affect the friendship between the bishop and the king, of which there is one curious instance in the king's having actually decided on removing his family to Hartlebury Castle in case of invasion. Twice in this memoir invasion seems to have been considered imminent. In his youth, in the year 1743-4, we find Hurd writing from Cambridge:—

'Nothing is talked of here but an invasion from the French. The Chevalier is at Paris, and we are to expect him here in a short time. Whatever there may be in this news, it seems to have consternated the ministry. The Tower is trebly guarded, and so is Saint James's; and the soldiery have orders to be ready for action at an hour's warning. They are hasting, it seems, from all quarters of the kingdom, to London. I saw a regiment yesterday going through Newmarket. After all, I apprehend very little from this terror; it seems a politic contrivance of the French to give a diversion to our men, and keep the English out of Germany. Let me know what is said in your part of the world.'—*Ibid.* p. 20.

And just sixty years later, in 1803, George the Third writes to his now aged friend, who had placed his house at his service.

'My dear good Bishop,—It has been thought by some of my friends, that it will not be necessary to remove my family. Should I be under so painful a necessity, I do not know where I could place them with so much satisfaction to myself, and, under Providence, with so much security, as with yourself and my friends at Worcester. It does not appear probable that there will be any occasion for it, as I do not think the unhappy man who threatens us will dare to venture among us; neither do I wish you to make any preparation for us: but I thought it right to give you this information. I remain, my dear good Bishop,

'George.'—*Ibid.* p. 189.

As far as the world had honours to bestow, Dr. Hurd may be said to have attained them. His is an instance of rising in the most real sense. He had not only the externals, but the more solid and intimate circumstances of elevation; and it was the homage of the day to learning (or what had the reputation of such) and good sense, of which our own time does not offer similar examples. Not that distinctions in his person are very dazzling to the imagination. He was so matter-of-fact, made so sober an estimate of men and things, that everything must seem matter-of-fact about him. All is easy and common-place, and not very interesting. Perhaps, too, the old king had so much homely humanity in his nature, his tastes were so essentially domestic and private, that he could not lift people up by his more intimate notice, but rather proved his own yearning for the fuller and freer life of common destiny, by descending to the level of quiet, ordinary, home-bred people.

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No doubt the much-talked-of manner won the king. Dr. Hurd's habitual thoughtful gravity would mould this into the model deportment for a bishop. His well-regulated mind always secured this adaptation. Thus the court learned to feel a reverential confidence in him. It is pleasant to find that good and *spirituelle* old lady, Mrs. Delany, seeking his counsel in her depression.

'This morning (writes Madame D'Arblay) I met the Bishop of Worcester at Mrs. Delany's; he was very serious, unusually so, but Mrs. D. was cheerful. He soon left us, and she then told me she had been ill in the night, and had been led to desire some very solemn conversation with the good Bishop, who is her friend of many years' standing, and was equally intimate with her lost darling the Duchess of Portland . . . she had been discoursing on the end of all things with the Bishop . . . her mind was relieved and her spirit cheered by the conference . . . he had spoken peace to her fears, and joy to her best hopes.'—*Ibid.* pp. 160, 161.

His was, in fact, a pious and devout mind, though constitutionally cold, of which he seems to have been himself aware, for we find in his common-place book speculations on the best mode of treating this temperament.

'They who have calm, cold, and sluggish affections, should endeavour to warm them by reading the Scriptures. If this expedient fail, I would not advise them to have recourse to the *Masters of the Spiritual Life*, as they are called, to enliven their piety. For persons of that temperament will not, perhaps cannot, feel those flights and raptures, however well founded, where the heart is more tender. Their efforts will probably end in hypocrisy or disappointment. Their better way, I think, will be, to study the evidences of true religion in sound reasoners on that subject, their conviction of which will produce a firm faith. And such a faith will have all the effects of love (though not so speedily or certainly perhaps) in leading them to a good life, the end of true Christian religion, *i.e.* of true piety. The spiritual life of the *pietist* may be pleasanter and more rapturous, but will be equally solid in the *rationalist*, *i.e.* the believer, who is such on the grounds of fair reasonable inquiry, and not of feelings and transports, of which his complexion may render him incapable.'—*Ibid.* p. 263.

In his correspondence with Dr. Balguy, we find the great subjects of Christian doctrine frequently discussed with a thought and earnestness which impresses us favourably. In a long letter from Dr. Balguy, mainly on the subject of toleration, in which he was more liberal than his times, we find allusion to some tracts of the time, to which he calls the Bishop's attention.

'It appears to me unquestionable that the death of Christ is the appointed means of our redemption; but the reasons of this appointment may probably lie too deep for our comprehension. To suppose that we know them all would be presumption, and we can know none of them unless from the declarations of Scripture, which, as I think, has not very explicitly declared them.'—*Ibid.* p. 165.

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To which the Bishop replies characteristically:—

'I agree with you that the blood, or, as you express it, the *death* of Christ, is the appointed means of our redemption; of the reason of that appointment I am not anxious to inquire, but I think a solicitude to investigate the reasons inclines many to reject the means.'—*Ibid.* p. 166.

We do not quote these passages—and there are many like them—for their intrinsic value, but to show what were the subjects of thought and mutual interest between these friends. Mr. Kilvert, in speaking of his relative, Richard Kilvert, the Bishop's chaplain, gives testimony to their constant study of Holy Scripture together; and pious notices in advancing age, with apt and simple references to the inspired Word, show a mind watchful and thankful. His common-place book has many reflections, as it were calmly preparing himself for the end, and noting the inevitable accompaniments of even a happy old age.

'Among the inconveniences of a long life, one is, that it brings us acquainted with the moral as well as physical defects of ourselves and others. This unwelcome discovery unfits and indisposes us for society, at a time when we most want the refreshments of it. But let us not complain. It serves, too, by the wise disposal of a good Providence, to dissolve, or loosen at least, our connexion with this world, till we are somewhat prepared to take a final leave of it. . . .

'How comfortable is the idea of living under the constant eye and care of an Almighty and all-gracious Providence! and with what horror must we regard a fatherless world, and the sad condition of being exposed to what the poet calls

Omnipotens fortuna et ineluctabile fatum.
Virg. Æneid. viii. 334.

'Why puzzle and perplex ourselves about the intricacies of Providence? which, however inscrutable to us, we know to be real, and not general only, but particular, since a sparrow falls not to the ground without our Father, nay, and that the hairs of our head are all numbered. (Matt. x. 29, 30, and Luke xii. 6, 7.) Why, then, be alternately elated or dejected at what takes place in the mysterious economy and shifting scene of this world? "O ye of little faith," ὀλιγόπιστοι!'—*Ibid.* p. 192.

He died in 1808, at the great age of eighty-eight, from a gradual decay of strength; his health had never been strong, and all his life he was subject to serious attacks of illness.

It is no wonder, after such a life of success, that we should be told of little vanities, of a willingness to receive the flatteries of acquaintances and friends, of occasional testiness in old age, especially where his own particular speciality was concerned. Mr. Cradock writes—

'When Mr. Mainwaring paid his last visit to Dr. Hurd, then Bishop of Worcester, it was his public day. His Lordship, always rather irritable, was now become considerably captious and peevish, and, Mr. Mainwaring at dinner

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giving some account of the French emigrants he had seen in passing through Worcester, his Lordship suddenly exclaimed, laying down his knife and fork, "Have I lived to hear the Lady Margaret's Professor of Cambridge call it emigrant?" The company was struck with astonishment, and the professor only coolly replied, "My Lord, I am certainly aware that the *i* in the Latin of *emigro* is long, but modern usage—" "Nay, Sir, if you come to modern usage, I can certainly say no more." Mr. Mainwaring, considering his Lordship's age and increasing infirmities, said no more.'—*Ibid.* p. 127.

But these and like infirmities we ought surely to be indulgent to; for if we live long enough, it is pretty certain we shall all fall into kindred ones.

It is as a life, as a characteristic of an age, that we have treated Dr. Hurd, not as an author. He was one of the many who influence their own time, in distinction from the few who can hope for a lasting rule over men's minds. The neglect of his works, of which Mr. Kilvert complains, will probably be permanent. What Hurd himself somewhere says is very true, that every age must have its own books, and the truth told in its own way, even though less forcibly than by preceding writers, and Hurd suited his own time, but not ours. As a critic, his influence was mainly for good. He steadily opposed the fashion of grandiloquent writing, which came in in his time, and the world has come round to his opinion, though not, perhaps, in its strength and prejudice of expression.

'Simplicity in writing, practised by the best writers ancient and modern, has been growing out of fashion in England (I write this in 1800) for some time. The pompous, or what may be called the *swaggering*, manner, was introduced by Bolingbroke; continued, or rather heightened, by Junius and Johnson; till now it is become the only style that pleases the mob of readers, and aspires to be taken notice of in reviews and magazines.'—*Ibid.* p. 296.

Of Gibbon he writes—

'As to Gibbon, I have read a part of his third volume. Though a writer of sense, parts, and industry, I read him with little pleasure. His loaded and luxuriant style is disgusting to the last degree; and his work is polluted everywhere by the most immoral as well as irreligious insinuations.'—*Ibid.* p. 167.

Of Burke, of whose fantastic modes of expression he elsewhere complains—

'Burke's writings are such as may be expected from a man long habituated to extemporary harangues in a popular assembly, and perhaps for that reason afford a presumption that they are properly written to answer his end; as to the multitude of words, Cicero, on the like occasion, would have used as many, only he would have put them together in a better method and in a purer style.' —*Ibid.* p. 179.

Johnson he calls a pedant, and can't write of him with patience.

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'Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson" exhibits a striking likeness of a confident, over-weening, dictatorial pedant, though of parts and learning; and of a weak, shallow, submissive admirer of such a character, deriving a vanity from that very admiration.'—*Ibid.* p. 254.

Simplicity is his constant watchword. He detects the want of it in the wits that preceded Addison, in many of the ancients, as well as in the new lights who were clouding the fame of his own great example. 'I have lived,' he writes pathetically, 'to 'see the day when some have called in question the claim of 'Addison to be a good writer in prose,' adding, 'and of Pope 'to be a good poet.' His enthusiasm for Addison was a kindred passion with his friendship for Warburton. They were the two excesses of his life. His edition of the great essayist marks the difference between the criticism of his day and our own. Verbal criticism is with us mainly confined to the dead languages. We do not pick the sentences of our contemporaries to pieces; we leave men to express themselves, as we say, according to their genius, keeping no particular watch upon words and phrases. Few, we suspect, analyse very exactly why they are pleased, though we still confer the praise of a classical style on composition where a full meaning is rendered in clear musical English. But men would think it derogatory to wait upon an English writer as Hurd does on Addison, noting his felicities, detecting minute inaccuracies, fondly exulting over any particular success. Such criticism belongs to a reading as opposed to a writing age. The critic of a hundred years ago is a writer now. We will give an example or two of this obsolete style of criticism, with Hurd's Addison before us; and first, one sentence will show the 'word-picking' department. Addison writes:—

'It is impossible to enumerate the evils which arise from those arrows that fly in the dark.'

Hurd's comments:—

'This sentence had been more exact, and less languid, if he had said, "Innumerable evils arise from those arrows that fly in the dark."'

Addison says:—

'How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court?'

In a note we find:—

'*Many a man* is used in familiar discourse for *many men*. This way of speaking is anomalous, and seemingly absurd, but may in some sort be accounted for by observing that the indefinite particle "*a*" means "one" in reference to *more*; so that "*many a man*" is the same thing as one *man of many*, &c.'

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Addison speaks of Sir Roger's chief companion:—

'Who has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain.'

The note, fearful lest so great an example should mislead, appends a caution:—

'The word "*nature*" is used here a little licentiously; he should have said, "in the *office*" or the "*quality*" of a chaplain.'

Many of the notes, however, take a higher stand, and might, we think, be valuable to the student as going into the causes of beauty in style, telling us how we are pleased. Thus, in Addison we read:—

'It is there said [in the Alcoran] that the Angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the Prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcoran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet, at his return, found his bed still warm.'

On which the note remarks:—

'*Which the Prophet took a distinct view of.* This way of throwing the *preposition* to the end of a sentence is among the peculiarities of Mr. Addison's manner, and was derived from his nice ear. The secret deserves to be explained. The English tongue is naturally grave and majestic. The *rhythm* corresponds to the genius of it, and runs almost, whether we will or no, into iambics. But the continuity of this solemn measure has an ill effect, where the subject is not of moment. Mr. Addison's delicate ear made him sensible of this defect in the rhythm of our language, and suggested to him the proper cure for it, which was to break the continued iambic measure, especially at the end of a sentence, where the weight of it would be most felt, by a *preposition* or other short word, of no emphasis in the sense, and without accent, thrown into that part; whence a trochee being introduced into the place of an iambus, would give that air of negligence, and what the French call "*légèreté*," which in a work of gaiety or elegance is found so taking. For instance, had the author said, "of which the Prŏphet tŏŏk a distinct vĭew," the metre had been wholly iambic, or, what is worse, would have been loaded with a spondee in the last foot, and the accent must have fallen with solemnity on the word *view*. But by reserving the preposition "*of*" to the end of the sentence he gains this advantage, that "*view of*" becomes a trochee, and the ear is not only relieved by the variety, but escapes the "ictus" of a too important close. For the same reason, he frequently terminates a sentence or a paragraph by such unpretending phrases as "ŏf ĭt," "ŏf hĭm," "tŏ hĕr," "from thĕm" . . . In the *formal* style it is evident this liberty should be sparingly used, but in *conversation*, in *letters*, in *narrative*, and universally in all the lighter forms of composition, the *Addisonian termination*, as we may call it, has an extreme grace.'—*Addison's Works*, vol. iii.

We fully agree with all this, but apprehend that the language has drifted away from the form, so that the habitual use of the preposition as a termination would now be a mannerism. The subject of English composition is so seldom treated now with this close analysis, that we are tempted to give one further

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extract, trusting to its finding interest with those who like to trace sensations to their causes. No teaching can make men write musical prose if they have not certain natural felicities of taste and ear, but care and study may turn these precious gifts to vastly greater advantage.

'*A man who has any relish for fine writing.*' This mystery of *fine writing* (more talked of than understood) consists chiefly in *three* things. 1. In a choice of *fit* terms. 2. In such a *construction* of them, as agrees to the grammar of the language, in which we write. And 3. In a pleasing *order and arrangement* of them. By the *first* of these qualities, a style becomes what we call *elegant:* by the *second, exact:* and, by the *third, harmonious.* Each of these qualities may be possessed, by itself; but they must concur, to form a finished style.

'Mr. Addison was the *first,* and is still, perhaps, the *only,* English writer, in whom these three requisites are found together, in, almost, an equal degree of perfection. It is, indeed, one purpose of these cursory notes, to show, that, in some few instances, he has transgressed, or rather, neglected the strict rules of *grammar;* which yet, in general, he observes with more care, than any other of our writers. But, in *the choice of his terms* (which is the most essential point of all), and *in the numbers of his style,* he is almost faultless, or rather, admirable.

'It will not be easy for the reader to comprehend the merit of Mr. Addison's prose, in these three respects, if he has not been conversant in the best rhetorical writings of the ancients; and especially in those parts of Cicero's and Quinctilian's works, which treat of what they call *composition.* But, because the *harmony* of his style is exquisite, and this praise is peculiar to himself, it may be worth while to consider, in what it chiefly consists.

'1. This secret charm of *numbers* is effected by a certain arrangement of words, in the *same sentence:* that is, by putting such words together, as read easily, and are pronounced without effort; while, at the same time, they are so tempered by different *sounds* and *measures,* as to affect the ear with a sense of *variety,* as well as sweetness. As, to take the first sentence in the following essay: "*Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses.*" If you alter it thus:—"Our sight is the *perfectest* and most delightful of all our senses." Though the change be only of one word, the difference is very sensible; *perfectest,* being a word of difficult pronunciation, and rendered still harsher by the subsequent word *most,* which echoes to the termination *est.*

'Or, again, read thus—"Our sight is the most perfect and most *pleasing* of all our senses." Here, the predominance of the vowel *e,* and the alliteration of the two adjectives, *perfect* and *pleasing,* with the repetition of the superlative sign "*most,*" occasions too great a *sameness* or similarity of sound in the constituent parts of this sentence.

'Lastly, read thus:—"Our sight is the most *compleat* and most delightful *sense we have.*"—But then you hurt the measure or *quantity,* which, in our language, is determined by the accent: as will appear from observing of what *feet* either sentence consists.

'"Ŏŭr sĭght-ĭs thĕ mōst-cŏmplēte-ănd mōst-dĕlĭght-fŭl sēnse-wĕ hāve." Here, except at the second foot, which is an anapæst, the rest are all of one kind, *i.e.* iambics. Read now with Mr. Addison—"Ŏŭr sĭght-ĭs thĕ mōst-pērfĕct-ănd mōst dĕlĭght-fŭl ŏf āll-ŏŭr sēnsĕs."—And you see how the rhythm is varied by the intermixture of other feet, besides that the short redundant syllable, *sĕs,* gives to the close, a slight and negligent air, which has a better effect, in this place, than the proper iambic foot.

'2. A sentence may be of a *considerable length:* and then the rhythm arises

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from such a composition, as breaks the whole into different parts; and consults at the same time, the melodious flow of each. As in the second period of the same paper,—"It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments."

'A single sentence should rarely consist of more than three members, and the rhythm is most complete, when these rise upon, and exceed, each other in length and fulness of sound, till the whole is rounded by a free and measured close. In this view, the rhythm of the sentence here quoted, might be improved by shortening the first member, or lengthening the second, as thus:—"it fills the mind with the most ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance," &c. Or thus—"it fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, has the advantage of conversing with its objects at the greatest distance," &c.

'These alterations are suggested only to explain my meaning, and not to intimate, that there is any fault in the sentence as it now stands. It is not necessary, nay it would be wrong, to tune every period into the completest harmony: I would only signify to the reader, what that arrangement of a complicated period is, in which the harmony is most complete. We have numberless instances in Mr. Addison's writing; as in the next of his papers on the imagination—"the eye has room to range abroad, to expatiate at large on the immensity of its views, and to lose itself amidst the variety of objects that offer themselves to its observation."

'The instance, here given, is liable to no objection. But there is danger, no doubt, least this attention to rhythm should betray the writer, insensibly, into some degree of languor and redundancy in his expression. And it cannot be denied, that Mr. Addison himself has, sometimes, fallen into this trap. But the *general rule* holds, nevertheless; and care is only to be taken, that in aiming at a beauty of one kind, we do not overlook another of equal, or, as in this case, of greater importance.'—*Addison's Works*, vol. iv. pp. 331—333.

It is not a little curious that, with all this keen appreciation of grace, and clearness of diction, Dr. Hurd should, on the occasion when he would most wish to excel, have made a signal failure. He had a taste for inscriptions, which demand a particularly terse, correct, and harmonious style; and distinguished himself by some excellent Latin performances in this line, noted by his biographer—himself well known for his admirable inscriptive Latin. As a matter of course, Hurd was deputed to compose the epitaph on his friend Warburton, and we may be sure would summon all his skill to the work. But when terseness is the one thing aimed at, it seems always to give a writer the slip, or betray him into some blunder or other. How it is that it is so difficult to write a decent epitaph has to be explained, but we suspect all who have tried know it as a fact. Here is Hurd's on Warburton:—

'To the memory of
WILLIAM WARBURTON, D. D.
for more than XIX years Bishop of this See.
A Prelate
of the most sublime Genius, and exquisite
Learning.
Both which Talents
he employed through a long life,

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in the support,
of what he firmly believed,
the Christian Religion;
and
of what he esteemed the best establishment of it,
the Church of England.
He was born at Newark-upon-Trent,
Dec. 24, 1698;
was consecrated Bishop of Gloucester, Jan. 20, 1760;
died at his Palace, in this City, June 7, 1779,
and was buried near this place.'

Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, vol. v. pp. 635-6.

A transparent failure certainly, on which two very just comments have been made. Dr. Warton notices the *two talents* as an improper expression: 'His Genius and Learning are called two *talents*, but Learning is an acquirement.' And Cradock writes:—

'After his death Hurd wrote his epitaph, which was placed against a pillar in Gloucester Cathedral. A brother Bishop, Dr. Thurlow, once said to me afterwards, "Could your friend find nothing better to say, in honour of his former idol, than that he died in the belief of what he conceived to be Christianity"! I gave a copy of Hurd's epitaph soon after it was put up to some learned dignitaries, and one could scarcely believe it was exactly copied.' —*Cradock*, vol. iv. p. 205.

Mr. Kilvert concludes his volume with an imposing list of Bishop Hurd's works, consisting of criticism, controversy, moral and political dialogues, sermons, and charges, and a variety of tracts. These are already before the public, though not in a very practical form; Mr. Kilvert adds to them a variety of extracts from the bishop's unpublished record of thought, his common-place book. They show a mind constantly busy in worthy subjects of thought, of considerable power and clearness, and with a wider range of sympathies than perhaps might have been expected; with the one exception of 'enthusiasm.' We will give an instance or two, though we are drawing to an end of our space. There is, we think, a touch of modern thought in the following passage on illusions:—

'One of the ways by which human life becomes tolerable is through the illusion of hope. It would be a curious subject to inquire how much of what we call *happiness* in this life arises from such sort of illusions. I doubt, if things appeared to us just as they are, we should not only lose a great deal of needful comfort, but deprive ourselves of much useful *instruction*. What child, for instance, would submit to the drudgery of his education, if he were not led on and *deluded*, as we may say, by certain fond and extravagant fancies of the excellence and advantages of learning, much beyond what he finds it to yield to him, when he comes to grow up to years of observation? But by that time, luckily, *habit* supplies the place of his former *illusion*, and he continues his studies, though he no longer dreams of the prodigious importance of them. The same may be said of the other pursuits of life, such as greatness, wealth,

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titles, &c. In short, make all men philosophers, that is, instruct people from their earliest entrance on life to regard things but *for what they are*, and you cut the sinews of all human industry and virtue. We are made happy by *shadows* here: the *substance* is to be sought in other regions.'—*Life and Correspondence of Bishop Hurd*, p. 268.

In his own line of criticism we find the following tacit apology for the rougher forms of controversy (he is speaking of writers):—

'The views, humours, and characters of, very different. This is not always considered when some are applauded and others condemned, *e.g.* as much of the positive and dogmatic spirit may lie hid in the diffident writer as is expressed in a confident one. The mode of writing makes all the difference, and this may proceed from different causes, and may in either case be justified from them. Would you convince or proselyte the person you write against? The way of insinuation is preferable. Do you despair of this, and would you guard others from being misled by him? The direct and peremptory method is better. Besides, would the decorum of character be preserved if the bold-spirited wrote with the cautious reserve of the timid? But you "like the softer character better:" that is another consideration, and may as well mean your pride as your humility.'—*Ibid.* pp. 294, 295.

On the question of tediousness he says:—'a tedious writer is one, not who uses many words, whether in long or short sentences; but who uses many words to little purpose. Where the sense keeps pace with the words, though these be numerous, or drawn out into long periods, I am not tired with an author: when his expression goes on, and the sense stands still, I am presently out of patience with him. Of all the great writers of antiquity, Cicero is perhaps the least tedious, and Seneca the most so.'—*Ibid.* p. 289.

He was noted amongst his friends for his skill in drawing historical characters; many of these are given, but at too great length for our purpose. We extract the one of Erasmus, as coming within our limits:—

'Two infirmities in this great man account for all the inconsistencies of his character. These were vanity and timidity. His vanity led him to expose the abuses which his penetration and love of truth had discovered in the Church: for Protestantism, or a free vein of disquisition concerning the then state of religion, was as fashionable in his time as infidelity is become in ours. But as such freedom in writing and speaking was sure to give offence, and could not but be attended with danger, his timidity led him again to palliate or explain away what he had justly advanced. Hence he was obnoxious both to Protestants and Papists. He certainly wished and aimed at a reformation of religion; but he wished, at the same time, that this reformation might be brought about by gentle and pacific means only: a thing impossible after a ferment had been raised in men's minds by his own free writings, and especially by the furious invectives of Luther. If his scheme could have been effected, the mischiefs and miseries (which were innumerable and excessive) of the Reformation had been avoided. It might have been effected if all men had been as prudent and conciliatory as he was disposed to be; but by slow degrees and in a greater compass of time than the passion of the two parties would allow. On the whole, Erasmus was an excellent man as well as writer; and, though the

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boisterous hand of Luther did at once what the other had projected, yet it was done the easier for the agreeable and popular information conveyed by Erasmus. And therefore it was truly but coarsely observed, that the one laid the egg which the other hatched.'—*Ibid.* p. 219.

We must now take our leave of Bishop Hurd. If our effort to bring him and his times before our readers should induce them to penetrate into the history of the last century for themselves, our end will have been answered. It has been the fashion with authors and thinkers of the most various aims to cry down the period on which we have been engaged, in its politics, its society, its religion. The reigns of the Georges are held up to popular ridicule and reprobation by a fascinating writer who has seen little in a range of a hundred years but matter for his pungent wit. But people only find what they go to seek. The satirist of our day has gone to the satirists of the past for his pictures of the period he contemns: all times furnish food for such a temper; few, we gladly think, are so barren of good but they can also supply the contrast, to those who will patiently look for it; for worth, and steady principle, and purity of life do not catch the eye as readily as do vanity and folly in high places. These and other kindred virtues may surely be found in the company to which Mr. Kilvert's book has led us, not without ready wit and learning to give them edge and freshness; and these where the satirist would least bid us look for them, in the studies of deans and the palaces of bishops.

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ART. III.—1. *Is Educational Reform required in Oxford, and what?* Oxford and London: J. H. & J. Parker. 1859.

2. *Pass and Class. An Oxford Guide-Book through the Courses of Literæ Humaniores, Mathematics, Natural Science, and Law and Modern History. By* MONTAGU BURROWS, M.A. J. H. & J. Parker. 1860.

3. *The Voluntary System applied to Academical Instruction. Suggestions by* D. P. CHASE, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, and Principal of St. Mary Hall. J. H. & J. Parker. 1859.

4. *The Voluntary System applied to University Examinations. By* D. P. CHASE, M.A. J. H. & J. Parker. 1859.

5. *Two Letters on the Examinations, to the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor. By* J. P. TWEED, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College. J. H. & J. Parker. 1859.

6. *An Inaugural Lecture, delivered by* GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A, *Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.* J. H. & J. Parker. 1859.

IN the course of the last fifty years, the University of Oxford has been the scene of three different movements, which have stirred the usually quiet waters of academical life into an unwonted excitement. Ordinarily, nothing can be more still and unmoved than the appearance of the University. Each man has his own work to do, and he has the good sense to do it, and when he has done it, he finds but little time for other occupation. It requires, therefore, a strong necessity, or a master's hand, to evoke the fund of energy which exists, but exists usually in a latent form, except so far as it expends itself in the efficient fulfilment of the daily duties of the place. It was a strong necessity—no other than the apparent necessity of saving the Church from ruin—which co-operated with Mr. Keble, Dr. Pusey, and Mr. Newman, in producing the great Religious and Theological movement which forms the first of the three movements to which we have referred. The second, which we may call the Constitutional movement, as it had for its object the creation of a new constitution for the University, was forced upon the residents from without. The third, or Educational movement, was the natural product of the general advance and change of thought which has taken place, both within and without the University, in the course of half a century.

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I. With the Theological movement we do not here deal; enough that it stirred the University to its depths, that it passed from the University to the Church at large, and that its effects are now felt throughout the length and breadth of England in increased zeal and love to God's service displayed in many a village parsonage, and in the midst of the hitherto unreclaimed masses of our great towns and cities; and in the fact that principles are now universally recognised as axioms which had previously been overlooked and forgotten. But its original home knows it no more. Coldness, deadness, indifference, have taken the place of theological excitement, and 'the great storm of religious controversy,' says Mr. Goldwin Smith, 'through which the Uni-'versity has just passed, has cast the wrecks of her most gifted 'intellects on every shore.'—P. 34.

II. The origin and progress of the Constitutional movement is known to none better than to the writer whom we have just quoted, and to Professor Stanley, the secretary of the original University Commission. There was a small party in the University, styling itself liberal, which was unable to carry out its pet theories for remoulding and rearranging everything, or at least many things, about them, because they found themselves in a minority amongst their peers. As they did not doubt for a moment that the whole wisdom of the University was centred in themselves, they were unable to endure the tyranny under which they were suffering, and in virtuous indignation,—warmed into action, it was whispered, by a fellowship being refused to an able candidate on the ground of his having, in the opinion of the electors, too large an income to allow him to be eligible,—they appealed to Lord John Russell. Lord John was prepared at a moment's notice to undertake the reform of the universities. He announced his resolution—a Royal Commission should be issued. The Commission was appointed, and it was found that everyone upon it was a party man, more or less committed to the same views, so that the nature of the Report might be easily guessed from the character of the Commissioners and of the Secretary. It was not of course likely that the University authorities would act cordially with such a body. Moreover, there was a doubt hanging over the legality of their acts. Papers of questions were sent out by the Commissioners to persons selected by themselves, so framed as commissioners know how to frame questions which are to produce answers on which to frame a given report. In due time the Report appeared, together with the evidence so collected, and a questionable sketch of the past and present state of the colleges, contributed by Mr. Goldwin Smith. A great stir at once arose in the University. The Report was diligently studied, and its

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essence appeared to be this:—That it was the opinion of the Commissioners that the University should no longer govern itself by its Hebdomadal Board and its Convocation, but that it should be controlled by a wise oligarchy, which should direct it aright in spite of its own conservative perversity. This oligarchy was to be found in the Professors, the majority of whom were to be nominated by the Crown, and who were to be the preponderating element in the new governing body. Further, the Collegiate system was to be weakened and depressed in favour of the University, both by taking from the Colleges to give to the Professors, and by permitting young men to lodge freely where they would throughout the town during their academical career, thus raising up an University distinct from the Colleges and Halls which composed it, at the expense of all efficient moral control.[1] 'Clerical restriction' and poverty, of course found little favour at the hands of the Commissioners.

What was to be done by those members of the University to whom the modest recommendations of the Commissioners were distasteful? The Proctors proposed the appointment of a mixed delegacy, one-half consisting of Heads of Houses, and the other half of Masters of Arts, to consider the suggestions, and to report upon them. The Heads, being now demented before their fall, refused to acquiesce in the Proctors' proposal; even the able and far-seeing Dr. Harington, whose unexpected death, which occurred shortly afterwards, was a heavy blow to the University, counselling them in the negative. The Heads appointed a committee of themselves to consider the Commissioners' recommendations, and invited evidence from the Masters. The Masters resuscitated the Tutors' Association, which had previously existed under Mr. Jelf's presidency for the purpose of discussing educational changes, and they appointed Mr. Hansell their chairman. It was a busy time—there was the whole of the ordinary work of the term to be carried on as usual, and in addition there were discussions to be held in

[1] The one-sided character of the Commissioners' Report was shown in nothing more than in their having no fault to find with the state of the Halls, at the time that they issued their Report. At that time, with the one exception of S. Edmund's Hall, all the Halls were conducted in such a way as to be a scandal to the University—the only patent scandal then existing at Oxford. Yet the Commissioners were quite blind to their shortcomings, because their theory was that it was the Colleges which produced all the evils of the place, and the Halls were the only representatives of the separate university life which they desired to encourage. It is the less difficult to speak freely of the evils which were at that time embodied in the Halls, because they have now been done away, though not by any action of the Commission. There is no other place in the University, in which young men are now so carefully taught and trained as S. Edmund's Hall, and S. Alban Hall, and we believe that we may add S. Mary Hall. New Inn Hall still remains to show in what the Commissioners could *not* discover anything with which to find fault.

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common-rooms, and reports to be drawn up by committees and sub-committees, occupying almost every evening in the week. Those who took the most prominent part in guiding the deliberations of the Association were Mr. Charles Marriott, Mr. Lake, Mr. Rawlinson, and Mr. Mansel. It was in these deliberations and discussions that Mr. Mansel, whose fame had been hitherto somewhat confined to his college, laid the foundation of his reputation for consummate ability and practical wisdom which he now eminently enjoys. At the same time there appeared one of the wittiest poetical satires which ever poured ridicule on an antagonist, entitled *Phrontisterion,* imitated from Aristophanes, and breathing the Aristophanic spirit, assailing the Commissioners and their scheme, now with broad jest, now with keen irony, and now with a wail of indignation, such as forms the undersong (unheard by some,) of the patriot Athenian's poems. It was published anonymously, but no concealment was made about its author's name. There was no man in Oxford but Mr. Mansel who could have written it. We hope that it will not suffer the usual fate of fugitive pieces. It deserves to live for its intrinsic poetical merits.

Reports were issued by the Tutors' Association on the Constitution of the University, on the Professoriate, and on the Collegiate question, which had considerable effect on after legislation, as Mr. Gladstone was now in power. After a while the Report of the Committee of the Heads of Houses appeared. It contained some good sense, but it did not go nearly as far as had now become necessary in concession. The Heads of Houses had never been conspicuous for knowing what it was that the Masters of Arts wished or meant, and they offered what might once have satisfied but was now rejected with contempt—they were too late.

The most valuable part of this volume, and that was very valuable, was Dr. Pusey's evidence. There was one man in the University whom the Heads in their days of power had set themselves deliberately to crush. The Rector of Exeter, the Principal of Brasenose, the Warden of New College, perhaps the Warden of All Souls, and of course the venerable President of Magdalene, all of whom are now passed away, held themselves aloof from such counsels. But scarcely one, if one, of the others can be excused: they had warned the young men in their respective colleges against listening to him; they had denounced his doctrines as dangerous; they had condemned him for something, they did not venture to say what; they had gone the length of suspending him from preaching before the University; they had driven his friends from the University and from the Church. This was the man who stood

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forth as their protector in their hour of danger. Unmoved by the indignities which they had poured on him, Dr. Pusey pleaded and argued for them with a power which no other man in the University could exercise, and if he could do nothing else for them he at least broke their fall. We should be glad to know if the Warden of Wadham and the President of S. John's felt a glow of shame when they found his protecting shield thrown over them.

But the most important part of his evidence was not on the constitution of the Hebdomadal Council, but on the comparative merits of Professorial teaching, and Collegiate teaching and training. On this subject Mr. Henry Halford Vaughan had contributed evidence to the Royal Commissioners, couched in such strikingly metaphorical language as to have caused merriment throughout the University. Mr. Vaughan was at that time Regius Professor of Modern History, and he was not remarkable for the excellence or for the number of his lectures. Generally, indeed, he appeared in the summer term, when the University was well supplied with ladies, and gave in the theatre a series of lectures, which, for grandiose language, emptiness, and even less desirable qualities, have seldom been equalled, at least in Oxford. Once the University was obliged to pass a special statute exempting undergraduates from the necessity of attending two courses of professors' lectures before their examination in the schools, because Mr. Vaughan did not lecture. The purport of this gentleman's evidence was, that Tutors were wretched inventions, which it would be better to do away with as soon as possible, and that Professorships ought to be established for the instruction of the academical youth. These Professorships were to be well endowed, but at the same time no conditions with respect to lecturing were to be enforced on the Professors,—that would be cramping genius. In all probability they would lecture, and, if they did not, they would still serve the purpose of some curious water-engine, whose functions were dimly shadowed out, cleansing and purifying the cities of the earth, while the drops which unconsciously fell from them would give sufficient refreshment to the soil around them. Mr. Vaughan's views were, to a considerable degree, adopted by the Commissioners. Dr. Pusey drew upon the store of his enormous erudition, and of his own experience as a student at a German University, to prove the great superiority (when only one of the two was to be had) of Collegiate to Professorial teaching. This elicited a pamphlet from Mr. Vaughan, written in his usual arrogant style, which met with a crushing reply from Dr. Pusey, in his 'Professorial and Collegiate Teaching.'

But a mightier power than argument was bringing the aca-

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demic debates to a conclusion. Mr. Gladstone, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell, brought in a Bill for the purpose of carrying out, so far as they thought fit, the suggestions of the Royal Commissioners. No doubt the University owes much to Mr. Gladstone—how much it cannot tell—for preventing the admission of what might, but for him, have found its way into the Bill. His courtesy and considerateness in weighing and replying to the suggestions made to him by any of his constituents who thought fit to write to him, won him the affection of many. Sir William Heathcote and Mr. Roundell Palmer earned the gratitude of the University by their endeavours, sometimes successful, sometimes unsuccessful, in her behalf. The Bill met with much opposition, and it was only by the singular and indomitable perseverance of Mr. Gladstone that it was pushed through in a shorn condition at last. At the very latest moment a clause was tacked to it, opposed by the Ministry in the Commons but accepted in the Lords, requiring the admission of Dissenters to the University. In the House of Lords, Lord Canning took charge of it, and delivered a speech which showed that though a First-class-man himself, he knew very little about the University and its needs. Indeed, the only two Peers who seemed to be at all conversant with the details of the subject on which the House was legislating, were Lord Derby and the Bishop of Oxford. The latter gave a 'grudging' but yet an active support to the Bill. The former had his hands tied by his previous enunciation of liberal sentiments as to the admission of Dissenters: nor has Oxford yet forgotten that her Chancellor—the leader, and if he chooses the controller, of the House of Lords—allowed the Bill to pass through the House with a hasty debate and an illusory opposition, because the Liverpool races were expecting his noble presence. The Bill became law, and the Commissioners for carrying out its provisions with respect to the Colleges were appointed. Here again, we do not know how much the University may not owe to the influence of Mr. Gladstone as to the *personnel* of the Commission, which was on the whole fair and equitable. This Commission in due time brought its work to a conclusion (except in regard to S. John's College), and we see the results of the whole movement in the present state of Oxford. We may now ask what is the good and what is the evil which has been effected?

Among the good things which have been wrought, we may first name the breaking down of the hebdomadal oligarchy and the institution of Congregation. Secondly, the abolition of local restrictions, and the revising of certain trusts, which, though objections may be easily raised, appear to us both justifiable and expedient. Thirdly, the abolition of certain oaths, which seem, though without good reason, to have been a snare to some

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consciences. Fourthly, a general life which was imparted to the University, not by any specific enactments, but by the very stirring of University questions. We are unable to see any other advantages which have resulted from the University Reform Bill.

The evils are more patent. First, the theoretical position of the University is very different from that which it held before. What has been thoroughly remodelled once may be more thoroughly remodelled a second time with less offence to general sentiment, and even to justice. When Founders' wills have been put aside, not only in their accidents but in their essential provisions, it will be difficult hereafter to appeal to Founders' wills. When 'some portion of the revenues of colleges has 'been taken away with the conqueror's hands (I admit it is 'small, but it is the act of a conqueror, nevertheless,) to swell 'the pomp of the University' (*Chase*, p. 13), it is strange if the *væ victis* argument is not some day pressed further. When Nonconformist undergraduates have been recognised as existing by Parliamentary right, it is less easy (though, no doubt, possible and right) to argue against the existence of Nonconformist graduates.

But we pass from theoretical difficulties to practical evils. Formerly, fellowships were given to those persons for whom fellowships were founded, that is, for those who were, or who were about to be, ordained. Now they are to a great extent tenable by laymen. Formerly, they were held by poor men, or at least by men who made a profession of limited means by the very fact of holding them. The claims of poverty have now been ignored. Formerly, fellows were bound to reside, unless they received special permission from their college dispensing with their residence. Now, residence is not one of the qualifications for holding fellowships. Formerly, fellowships were regarded as implying some duties and sentiments—duties towards brother-fellows and scholars, sentiments of affection and gratitude towards founders. Now, they have become 'college emoluments' gained as prizes, and involving no duties to any one. These contrasts take but a few lines for their expression, but the distinction effected by them between fellowships as they were and fellowships as they are, is world-wide. Mark each one of them.

A certain proportion, and in many colleges a very large proportion, of fellows *must* now be laymen. We pass by the fact that Colleges were founded specially for the education of secular clergy in distinction from regulars, and that, consequently, the primary purposes of Founders in establishing them have been violated. We ask what will be the practical result? As yet the enactment has not had time to bring forth its fruits, but it

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will do so surely, and is beginning to do so already. The first apparent effect will be, that the junior fellows in each College will be unsettled as to their profession. On the one hand, there will be the temptation of a tutorship, which with the fellowship would produce some 500*l.* or 600*l.* a year, but would offer no prospect beyond itself—nothing on which to rest after labour or to settle upon in life. On the other side, there will be allurement offered by the Bar, the medical profession, the public office, the Horse Guards, or (why not?) the hunting box. Suppose they take the former alternative, then the character of Oxford education will greatly change; for, whatever may be said to the contrary, the only way of securing a Churchman's education is that of placing education mainly in the hands of the clergy of the Church. Suppose they choose the latter course, then the whole of the emoluments which they draw from the University will be subtracted from the support of education and religion, which the University and Colleges were specially founded to encourage. Nor was there any just cause for the change on the grounds of scandal produced by the present system. If we were to take the same number of clergymen in Oxford and in the country, we are bold to say that among the former would be found fewer who had entered Holy Orders improperly, and were a disgrace to their profession, than among the latter.

Then, with regard to poverty. On this point Mr. Chase and Mr. Neate fought a brave but an unsuccessful battle. 'We 'have seen,' says the former in the pamphlet before us, 'poverty 'and struggling merit pushed to the wall, and the advantages 'of wealth at last admitted to that preponderance here, which 'elsewhere, in our commercial nation, they had long enjoyed.' And yet, with what probable result, except to increase non-residence?

'The pretext for the innovation is, that since the Colleges have become the educational bodies in the Universities, all other considerations should give way to the paramount necessity of providing the ablest instructors. But is it at all probable that when the fellowships have been bestowed on able and brilliant men, who are in easy circumstances, their services will be available for the work of instruction? . . . We must face the facts of the case. Putting aside those few places of educational employment, the high position and large emoluments of which amply account for the readiness with which they are filled, do we find that men in easy circumstances usually give themselves up to the work of education? And if they have not hitherto done so, why are we to take it for granted that they will do it in future?

'An able young man of two or three-and-twenty, with independent means, will never undertake *the drudgery* of instruction. Some few may turn from more ambitious employments to the learned leisure of academical life; but they will prefer to educate themselves, and so cultivate their own powers, and follow their own pursuits. The *delicia* of instruction they may condescend to; but, if experience may be trusted, we must look for academical instruction to the ranks of those who, obliged to work for their livelihood, find a satisfaction in directing their energies into this channel.'—*Chase*, p. 9.

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And next, as to residence. Before now, it is true that some have not resided; but there has been no right of non-residence, and generally, when non-resident, men have been employed as schoolmasters (so preparing themselves for Tutorships) or as curates. In either case, they were advancing education and religion, and could be summoned to the College, if needed. The young barrister is not specially promoting education or religion, and it is utterly impossible to summon him into residence without ruining the whole prospects of his life. It will never be done.

And lastly, what a difference between a fellow as he was and the holder of a 'College emolument!' There was an old fashion of President, Fellows, and Scholars meeting yearly, and reading over together the statutes which their Founder laid down for the regulation of his College. Generally, at the end of the statutes, was found an address, wherein the Founder earnestly besought those who subsisted upon his bounty to look on themselves as one family, to live with one another as brethren, and to do their duty one to another. The tie was felt; the younger felt themselves drawn nearer to the elder,—the teacher to the taught; they were all members of their Founder's family, and to him they bore a common feeling of gratitude. We trust and believe, that by force of *genius loci*, and old traditions, this feeling will continue still. For 'the unity of the college has been,' on Mr. Goldwin Smith's testimony, 'a strong band, not only of 'affectionate association, but of duty,' which 'it is hard to break through.'—P. 39. But so far as the Reform bill goes, it has been swept away ruthlessly. A fellow having gained his 'College emolument' by his bow and his spear, enjoys it of right, as a reward for past exertion. The successful student who has won the Hertford or the Ireland Scholarship, owes thereby thanks to none and duties to none. So far as the Bill has been able to effect it, the gainer of a fellowship has been put in the same position of cold independence.

We say, then, that the abolition of each one of these things, the 'Clerical restriction,' Poverty, Residence, and Collegiate duties, is in itself a great evil; but the abolition of them all at once intensifies the evil more than fourfold:—

'You forget the Reform for which you either clamoured, or over which you chuckled or allowed yourself to go to sleep. Allow me to inform you, that fellowships have been stripped of every vestige of their eleemosynary character—that they no longer bind to residence—that they may be enjoyed (to the exclusion of your own sons, who need them) by men whose fathers should be ashamed to benefit by them—that, in consequence, you may expect they will be used by their holders as a useful help in their professional life in London, and will not unfrequently supply better lodgings, a horse for the park, longer and pleasanter continental tours than before, to some of those fortunate youths who draw ample supplies already, either from the paternal purse, or, by favour of

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the powers that rule in Downing-street, from the bottomless purse of the nation. The plea on which the rights of *indigentes* were sacrificed was that you would get abler men to hold College Tutorships. That plea unfortunately answered its immediate purpose, and it has done its work; but I confidently anticipate that the "abler men" who are to carry off our fellowships will more than ever be tempted away from their Colleges and from the University to try their fortune in the world outside, and will consider their duty done when they have acknowledged the receipt of the Bursar's cheque.'—*Chase, p. 7.*

'It is my belief that the late changes are so far from being likely to improve the means at our command as even probably to make these means less efficacious than they have been. A premium has been given on going away, and we have not the power to outbid by a premium on remaining.'—*Ibid*, p. 9.

We have not named among the advantages of the reform the increased life and power with which the Professoriate has been inspired. We have deliberately not done so. The Professor-cry was a folly, but it was successful. It was set afloat by the original University Commission, who made the Professors their pets, because they are University as distinct from Collegiate teachers, because many of them are nominated by the Prime Minister, or by some body external to Oxford, and because, always accepting the theological Professors, the subject of their studies necessarily puts them, more than others, outside the flow of ordinary academic thought and feeling. Now, when the cry has done its work, we are told that 'the modern press is 'the mediæval Professor; and it is absurd to think that in these 'days of universal mental activity, and universal publication, 'men can be elected or appointed by Convocation or by the 'Crown, to head the march of thought, and give the world new 'truth;' and that 'the Professor is henceforth the colleague of 'the Tutor in the duties of university education' (*Prof. Smith*, p. 40). This is good sense, but it was the idea that is now pooh-poohed, which was strong enough to carry through the scheme of laying hands on Collegiate property in order to endow the Professoriate. In matter of fact, so far as Professorial *work* goes, no appreciable difference has been wrought by the Bill. It is slightly increased, and slightly better, but not much. The real work of education in its main branches is done, as we trust it will always be done, by the College Tutors, while the Professor adds some ornamental touches:—

'"Happily," writes Captain Burrows, "these controversies on the respective merits of the Professorial and Tutorial systems which divided the University some time ago, have left it, for all practical purposes, pretty near where it was before they began; it is sufficient for the reader that both systems are working on side by side, and we have only to inquire how best to combine them. The proper adjustment seems to be simply this:—The Professor's lectures must be considered as *supplementary* to the College Tutor's, and by no means a substitute for them."'—*Pass and Class*, p. 54.

That which the University Reform Bill did well, it might have done better. As we have said, the chief good effected by it is the alteration of the constitution of the Hebdomadal Board.

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But this alteration has not been effected in the way which would answer best to the interests of the University. Professor Smith feels confident that 'jealousies between Professors and 'Tutors, which were never very rational, may now surely be 'numbered with the past' (p. 40). We hope so likewise. But the constitution of the Hebdomadal Council seems to be expressly framed for the purpose of keeping alive a distinct and separate feeling in the Professors and in the rest of the Masters. There is no conceivable reason for one-third of the Council consisting of Professors as such. Had the election of the members of the Council been left free to the Masters (with, perhaps, a certain reserve in favour of the Heads of Houses for old tradition's sake), there would have been an equal number of Professors chosen as there are at present; indeed, we feel sure that almost every Professor now sitting in the Council would still be there; but then they would not have sat *as* Professors, but as the delegates of the Masters; and that would have been likely to have made no little difference in their feeling towards the bulk of the University, and in the feeling of the bulk of the University towards them. But Oxford cannot complain of the framers of the Bill on this score. Even the Tutors' Association recommended, as an alternative plan to a much better scheme, the creation of the three-bodied board. It is to the Bishop of Oxford, if we recollect right, that thanks are due for having carried an amendment, vesting the election of the Heads of Houses, Professors and Masters who constitute the Council, in the members of Convocation; whereas, according to the original proposal, the Heads of Houses were to have been elected by the Heads of Houses, the Professors by the Professors, and the Masters by the Masters, which would have effectually prevented the Council from enjoying the confidence of the University.

On the whole, we may say that the Constitutional changes effected by the University Reform Bill have done some little good, some present harm, and very serious prospective evil, and that the best interests of the University would have been better served by a short Bill altering the constitution of the Hebdomadal Board, giving the board so constituted a power of revising certain trusts within a limited period, abolishing local restrictions, and either forbidding certain oaths, or adding to them an explanatory clause. But whether such a measure as that which we have sketched in the last sentence would have satisfied the House of Commons after the publication of the Royal Commissioners' Report, is perhaps doubtful. That both her burgesses strove to effect in Parliament, and out of Parliament, what they were convinced was the best that could in difficult circumstances be effected for the welfare of the University, we do not doubt.

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III. We now proceed to the Educational Movement, on which the publications which we have placed at the head of the present article have a more direct bearing. The two that stand first we cannot be wrong in attributing to the same author, although the first is published anonymously, for the same principles, pervade both, and there are passages in 'Pass and Class' which are expansions of passages in 'Educational Reform.' The preface of 'Pass and Class' ends as follows:—'If those who have 'been trained up from their youth on the knees of Alma Mater, 'can forgive the presumption of the undertaking, they will 'perhaps make allowance for any errors which may have been 'committed in details, by one who, before his seven years' ap- 'prenticeship at the University, received his own training under 'a nurse much more resembling the "Sabine Mother" of the 'poet' (p. viii). This allusion to himself gives us a right, which we should not otherwise have, of inquiring into the antecedents of the writer. The modesty displayed in the sentence which we have quoted is not misplaced, for modesty is never misplaced; but, if we mistake not, our readers will see that no one could be better situated for forming a clear and dispassionate judgment as to the state of University education and its merits than Mr. Montagu Burrows. The 'Sabine Mother,' to whom he refers, is the Royal Navy. His boyhood and early youth—all that period which is generally devoted to Greek and Latin, and to the studies of the University—were spent on board ship, where he rose by successive steps to the post of Commander. During this time his physical training was perfect of its kind, and his powers of observation were quickened and drawn out by that experience of 'the manners of many men and their cities' which is one essential part of education. Nor were the advantages of the 'Sabine' training lost. But still Captain Burrows felt, what most men would not have felt, that there was a want of systematic intellectual training to make him the fully-developed man that, with the powers that God had given him, he might become. Accordingly, as soon as he found himself ashore, he determined to spend such time as he might have before he was again called into active service, in the cultivation of his mental powers. The best place for carrying out his purpose he judged to be Oxford—where his brothers, we may add, had already distinguished themselves. He matriculated, and set himself to work diligently and faithfully upon the studies of the place. Of course, a Commander R.N. could not have that familiarity with the niceties of Greek and Latin composition which a young man coming straight from the public schools would have; but he had, instead, the firm and strong purpose which the discipline of his Sabine nurse had taught him, and the vigour and determination of a man's will. These qualities made

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the balance more than even. Science, history, and scholarship were alike mastered, and at the end of three years, Captain Burrows was found to make one of a small first-class in the classical schools. He was not yet satisfied. For the next half-year he devoted himself to the study of law and modern history, and at the end of that time he obtained the honour of a first-class here likewise; a 'better first,' it was currently reported, than had ever been achieved in these schools, with the sole exception of that won by the Marquis of Lothian a year or two previously. Captain Burrows is the first Commander R.N. who has ever gained the honour of an Oxford double first-class, as Lord Lothian is the first Marquis, and we believe the first actual Peer who has obtained the same honour. The position which such a man must hold is singularly good for judging of the merits of the Oxford system in general, as well as for acting as a guide to others through the country which he has himself traversed. Coming to the University with a man's matured mind, he is able to grasp the system in all its bearings, and he is able to look inwards upon himself and mark the effect of the course on his own mind, in a way which a boy cannot do who has just arrived from school, and who has not yet learned the art of speculating on himself as though he were an external object. Whatever, therefore, may be Captain Burrows' conclusions, we may be sure that they will be well worth consideration.

What the system of education in Oxford was before the commencement of the present century, we do not presume to guess. Certainly, some well-educated men came forth from the University, but we suspect that the educational system had little to do with it. But in the year 1802 the class system was introduced; and it continued, with slight modifications, down to the year 1850. Half a century is as long a time as any system of examinations can be expected to remain unchanged, even when it is as good as the 'old system' undoubtedly was. It was based solely on Classics and Mathematics; and Mathematics were as subordinate to Classics at Oxford, as Classics to Mathematics in Cambridge. Each student passed two examinations, one, called by the gods, Responsions, but by mortals, Little-go, the other, known as the Public Examination, or Great-go. For men ambitious of double honours, the latter examination was divided into the classical and the mathematical schools, but no Mathematics were *required* of a man who took honours in Classics. It was under this system that the following statesmen obtained the highest honours,—Sir Robert Peel, Sir Richard Bethell, Lord Harrowby, Sir William Heathcote, Lord

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Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Frederick Rogers, Lord Canning, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Roundell Palmer, Mr. Cardwell, Lord Carnarvon; and the following Bishops,—the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Chichester, St. Asaph, Hereford, Oxford, Gloucester and Bristol, Salisbury, Lincoln, London, Carlisle.

In 1850, the claims of Physics, Law, and Modern History, were recognised by the University as competing with Classics and Mathematics for the right of being regarded as instruments of education. But were they all to be placed upon an equality, or were the new subjects to be admitted in subordination to the old? It was determined that the essential character of the educational course was to be Classical, but that it was to be supplemented in each case by Mathematics, or by Physics, or by Law and Modern History, (which were thrown together so as to constitute one subject,) according to the taste of each individual. Accordingly four final schools were constituted; the Classical school, to be passed by all, and the Mathematical school, the Physical school, the Law and Modern History schools, one of which was to be passed by each. At the same time the examinations were remodelled, and were now increased to four: 1. Responsions, or Little-go; 2. Moderations; 3. Final Classical School; 4. Final Mathematical (or, perhaps, Physical or Historical) School. This was the system which the present Vice-Chancellor, then a junior Head of a House, carried through the Hebdomadal Board and Convocation. We shudder at the thought of the labour which he must have undergone in doing so; but his success was creditable both to his own assiduity and to the Hebdomadal councillors. The change effected was enormous, and might well have roused prejudice against it; but the Board was not obstructive, and it was accepted by the Masters. This system is at work still. But it was not to be expected that it would be free from assault. It is of the nature of a compromise. Classics yielded so far as to admit not only Mathematics but Physics and Modern History into the curriculum. Therefore the ultra-classicists were opposed to it. But Classics did not yield up the supreme place, or grant her young brothers and sisters an equality with herself. Therefore the 'advanced' party was discontented with it. Twice have efforts been made to overthrow it,—once in 1857, and again in 1859. Each time the object was to dethrone Classics more completely; but these efforts were so far from being successful, that the last attempt resulted in a reaction which nearly succeeded in reinstating something very like the old system, such as it was before 1850.

It was on the last of these occasions that Captain Burrows published his 'Educational Reform.' He states 'the principles

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which the present system was intended to express' as follows:—

'1. To insure in the case of every member of the University a knowledge of the ordinary elements of a gentleman's education, grammar, arithmetic, &c., as a condition of proceeding to the proper work of the place.

'2. To make the main study of the University a uniform training in language (taking the Latin and Greek as the most highly developed, and enshrining the best masterpieces), logic, philosophy, and ancient history; at the same time requiring a certain elementary knowledge of divinity, as a necessary accompaniment to the *Literæ Humaniores*.

'3. To append to this, the principal object of the course, an examination which should enforce an acquaintance with at least the elements of some one out of three other subjects: subjects which might be either useful as subsidiary species of mental training, or introductory to some professional career.'—*Educational Reform*, p. 5.

These principles he accepts as the legitimate principle on which the University ought to base her educational system:—

'They will not be impugned by those who regard Oxford as a place for the general training of the mind, rather than for a direct commencement of the pursuits of after life; assured as they are that any future work will be of a far higher order if grounded on such a foundation. They will not be thrown aside as old-fashioned by those who have watched with hearty satisfaction the revival at Oxford, in a form suited to the requirements of the age, of those truly liberal studies for which she was once so famous, and which she almost alone in their general decay kept alive; who have along with that revival cheerfully accepted those further changes which the circumstances of the times invited, and have admitted, but only to a secondary place in the course, along with and on the same footing as Mathematics, the subjects of Natural Science, of Law and Modern History. No essential departure from these principles will be tolerated by those who are resolved that Oxford shall not descend from the leading position which has hitherto, with all her shortcomings, been generally assigned to her.'—P. 6.

But although Captain Burrows, and, as it turned out, the majority of Convocation, 'accepted these general principles as those which should guide the University,' there was a section, both in and out of the Council, which was by no means satisfied with Mathematics, Natural Science, Law, and Modern History being 'appended' and 'subsidiary' to training in scholarship, logic, philosophy, and ancient history. They accordingly proposed an *optional school scheme*, that is, a plan which allowed the student to pass his final examination either in Classics, or in Mathematics, or in Physics, or in Law and Modern History, as he pleased, without necessarily passing through a final Classical school. On this point Captain Burrows writes:—

'The Classics under this plan would no longer form the main element in Oxford education. An entire revolution would have taken place. The great majority of pass-men would consider one question only,—Which examination is the easiest?—and they are not likely to prefer Latin and Greek to English. An Oxford degree would be more generally taken in Natural Science, in Law

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and Modern History, or even Mathematics, than in Classics. The training of the last year of the course, which is more valuable than that of the other two put together, would thus cease to be given by those studies which, it has been assumed, are the best for that purpose. The non-classical schools, being final, and the *sole* final schools, would give their colouring to the whole career of each man; the previous Classical work, finished and thrown aside at Moderations, would be looked on as only a hindrance to the other, with which it would have no visible connexion, and far less interest would be taken in it than even at present.

'Nor would the effect be confined to the pass-school. It would be similar in kind, though not in degree, in the class-schools. The fellowships at Colleges would of course influence the latter to a considerable extent, and at present the great majority of these being given away for Classics, that school would for a time attract the greatest numbers; but it can hardly be doubted that such a premium on the Classical school would be of a very precarious nature when the change now under consideration had had time to make itself generally felt. As a matter of course the fellowships would gradually follow the change in the University studies, and those given for Classics would diminish in number till they amounted to no more than a proportion corresponding to the extent to which those studies were pursued.'—P. 13.

One more passage:—

'The Oxford course has certainly proved itself inferior to no other in producing that well-balanced character, religiously, morally, and intellectually,—that richness of mental culture, that capacity for the highest attainments, which are the true objects of education. Without making invidious comparisons with any other institution, one has only to take the hastiest glance at any of the higher departments of society, in order to find abundant evidence of her success. Whether we look at our statesmen, our divines, our men of letters, our more cultivated gentry, our upper schoolmasters, we shall find no lack of Oxford men in their highest ranks. While, then, it may well be hoped that under present arrangements we may see Oxford take a more effective possession of the world of science also, it is just to pause before we do anything to damage the position she has already won.'—P. 49.

The pamphlet, though published anonymously, had considerable effect on thoughtful minds, and several of the speeches in Congregation were avowedly based upon its arguments. The result of discussion was that the *Optionalists* were routed, and the scheme of 1850 confirmed, with a few modifications of detail. Twice the Master of Pembroke has had the satisfaction of seeing his scheme triumphantly vindicated—but it has been against assaults headed by himself. On the second occasion the reaction ran so high, that had it not been for the (liberal) obstructiveness of the Hebdomadal Council, a main feature of the 1850 scheme would have been swept away in favour of the old or 1802 system. A petition to that effect obtained, we believe, the signature of a majority of Congregation.

In the course of this debate Mr. Chase put forth his pamphlets (in place, as he said, of a speech) on the Voluntary System as applied to University Examinations and to University Instruction. We have already quoted passages from them with approval,

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but we trust that the Principal of S. Mary Hall will allow us a word of friendly remonstrance. We cannot help most sincerely regretting that a man of his high character and undoubted abilities should so throw away his influence as he does by his love of paradox. His proposal of admitting students to any examination as soon as they brought testimony of having passed their previous examination, is one against which argument preponderates, but yet it is worthy of consideration. But when he coupled with it a proposal of delegating all pass-examination to the Colleges, and of substituting for College Tutors 'any men of good character,' who were to 'form classes' throughout the University, 'the questions of ability and payment settling themselves,' he must have known that he could only hope to raise a smile in his audience. We do not doubt that he relished the propositions himself all the more because he knew that no one else would think with him. But this is not the way to gain for himself that influence in the councils of the University which his great talents and his known integrity of purpose deserve that he should have.

The result of the struggles of 1857 and 1859 being the confirmation, as we have said, of the system of 1850, Captain Burrows has published his 'Pass and Class' as a guide-book through the courses of *Literæ Humaniores*, Mathematics, Natural Science, and Law and Modern History.

'The want of such a work for the use of Oxford Undergraduates has been long avowed. To meet that want is the chief aim of this attempt: but a straightforward description of the education given at the University seemed also desirable for an ulterior purpose. It was thought it might be useful at schools to those preparing for Oxford; to parents, who naturally wish to know what sort of teaching modern Oxford proposes to give their sons; to those of the general public who care to consider the subject either abstractedly or otherwise, and whose ideas, not previously very clear perhaps as to the meaning of the words "University education," have been in a chronic state of mystification ever since the introduction of the "new system" in 1850.'—*Preface.*

It will not be only to these classes that this book will be useful. Does any one who is anxious to educate himself, wish to know how to begin, and what books he is to set to work upon? He will find this little volume invaluable. Is his subject ancient history? He will find his books chosen for him, and the order of his studies laid out, in the fourth chapter. In the tenth chapter he will find the same done for modern history and for law; in the fifth, for moral philosophy and logic; in the eighth, for mathematics; and in the ninth, for natural science. And not only are courses of study prescribed, but the reader is instructed as to the manner in which work must be done in order really to 'get it up,' in the Oxford sense of the word.

To the student therefore, in general, and to the man who desires to become a student, 'Pass and Class' will be useful, but

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more particularly to the Oxford undergraduate, for whom it was primarily intended. Too many young men go to the University with a full intention of devoting themselves to their studies, who do not know how to begin, and never grasp the what, and the when, and the where, and the how, of their work. The consequence is, that they flounder through the wrong books, or use the wrong editions, or waste their energies on unimportant questions, and the result at last is failure, in spite of honest work done, and good talents ill-employed. This is especially the case with young men who have been educated at private schools, or by private tutors who have themselves been absent from the University for a considerable length of time. We will add, that there is a reverent tone and religious spirit which run through the book, enhancing its value to the student at all times, but especially in the present state of Oxford thought.

Mr. Tweed was not contented with the vote of 1859, and in the following term (May, 1859) he wrote his 'Two Letters to the Vice-Chancellor on the Examinations,' urging further changes of detail. His letters seem to have fallen dead. The University was weary of legislation, and, like the nation, preferred expending its energies in enrolling and organizing volunteer bands, to debating and carrying doubtful measures of reform. The University was right. No doubt the present system is a compromise, but it is a fair compromise, and it is best to hold by it.

The real point which has been in debate for the last fifteen years in Oxford, has been often overlaid by non-essential questions reading to false issues, and has often narrowed itself to some slight matter of detail utterly incomprehensible to outsiders, such as whether the poets should be brought up at moderation, or at the final examination. But there has ever been a real question at the bottom, and it is this:—Shall Oxford education be (1) classical, (2) general and liberal, (3) tutorial, *i.e.* moral as well as intellectual? or, shall it be (1) non-classical, (2) special and professional, (3) professorial? The first is the programme of the Conservatives, the second of the Radicals. The present system is plainly a compromise between these two views. For (1) Classics, *i.e.* ancient moral philosophy, ancient history, logic founded upon Aristotle, and a critical though not hypercritical knowledge of Greek and Latin, are the main study of the place, but they admit Mathematics, Natural Science, Law, and Modern History, to a seat, not on a level with, but next below themselves. The student (2) continues to be *περὶ πᾶν πεπαιδευμένος*, and his education is therefore a liberal education, but still room is made in the second schools for 'subjects which may be introductory to some professional career.' The training (3) is mainly Collegiate and Tutorial, but it is supplemented by Professorial teaching.

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We counsel both parties to rest contented with what they have gained, and not to push the struggle *à l'outrance*. Twice the present *status* has been assailed from the Radical side, but let the assailants recollect that each time they were unsuccessful, and that the second time they provoked a reactionary feeling, which would infallibly have carried all before it had it not been for the interposition of the Hebdomadal Council. Let them reflect that a man may pass through the University with only a smattering of Classics, and yet earn honours in any other subject that he may choose, and that he *may* make his studies almost wholly professional, though the majority of students (we trust) will not. Let them be contented with seeing one-third of the *power* in the University placed in the hands of the Professors, while the *drudgery* is cheerfully undergone by the Tutors.

On the other side the Conservatives have their share of benefits from the compromise. Nor should they forget that there are reasons for their not holding by Classics so stiffly, as from 1800 to 1850, while yet they maintain their supremacy. Training in Classics is the best training that can be had, and the classical models are the best models that can be had. Even Lord Brougham may be brought forward in testimony. His remarkable letter to Mr. Zachary Macaulay, published at the time of the death of Lord Macaulay, will not have escaped our readers' memory. Sir William Hamilton's opinion of the immense superiority of Classics to Mathematics, which 'tend to cultivate only a few of our faculties in a partial and feeble manner,' and to Natural Sciences, which are 'essentially easy, and do not cultivate the mind,' will be found in his 'Discussions,' as well as M. Cousin's declaration, that 'classical studies maintain the several traditions of the intellectual and moral life of our humanity,' and that 'to enfeeble 'them would be an act of barbarism, an attempt against true 'civilization, and in a certain sense the crime of lese-humanity.' We accept the pre-eminent value of Classics as an undoubted fact. But we desire to offer one caution and two observations respecting them. Our caution is that Classics are not to be confounded with philology. Philology is as much a *specialty* as osteology, or numismatology, and is to be condemned as confidently when under the disguise of scholarship it encroaches beyond its limits. To use the words of Mr. Tweed and Mr. Linwood, both of them excellent scholars:—

'The English gentleman, the future barrister, physician, theologian, senator, will certainly not be content to wear away even the whole of his academical life in the study of words and phrases. "There are two kinds of knowledge," says Erasmus, "*Verborum prior, rerum potior;*" and the Oxford man must be encouraged to proceed from the former to the latter, by an examination, making scholarship subservient to the illustration of history, of poetry, and oratory, and lastly of philosophy itself, if we hope to engage and to retain the

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interest of the class which probably will always furnish by far the largest number of our students. . . . We must not, so far as we can help it, allow the Oxford scholar to be less of the *περὶ πᾶν πεπαιδευμένος* than he is at present. . . . Let philology be recognised as a *specialty*, in which distinguished proficiency is to be rewarded; but not as an essential and indispensable qualification for the first class. In an examination system like ours, the popular use of scholarship "for the speedy and perfect attaining languages, for understanding of authors," is more to be regarded than the *special* objects pursued by those who are charged with the duty of advancing philological science.'—*Tweed*, p. 19.

And similarly Mr. Goldwin Smith:—

'A classical education meant then, not a gymnastic exercise of the mind in philology, but a deep draught from what was the great, and almost the only spring of philosophy, science, history, and poetry, at that time. It is not to philological exercise that our earliest Latin grammar exhorts the student, nor is it a mere sharpening of the faculties that it promises as his reward. It calls to the study of the language wherein is contained a great treasure of wisdom and knowledge; and, the student's labour done, wisdom and knowledge were to be his meed. It was to open that treasure, not for the sake of philological niceties or beauties, not to shine as the inventor of a canon or the emendator of a corrupt passage, that the early scholars undertook those ardent, life-long, and truly romantic toils which their massy volumes bespeak to our days—our days which are not degenerate from theirs in labour, but in which the most ardent intellectual labour is directed to a new prize.'—*Smith*, p. 20.

If 'Classics' were to be confounded with this 'gymnastic exercise' in the Greek and Latin language, there would be no defence for them. By the term 'Classics' is meant ancient literature in its purest types, more particularly comprehending the philosophy, history, and poetry of Greece and Rome, illustrated by the works of modern philosophers, historians, and poets; and it is quite true, as Mr. Tweed warns us, that while avoiding other specialties, it is necessary to guard against the specialty of Greek and Latin hypercritical scholarship.

Next, it cannot be denied that some advantages which belonged to Classics have been diminished, though not destroyed, in the course of the last fifty years. Formerly, the grand old writers of antiquity were left to say for themselves what they had to say, but now they are treated much as the Fathers are treated by the Church of Rome. They are *interpreted* by a modern authority. And unhappily, by a great error of judgment on the part of Examiners, these interpretations are required even more rigorously than the author's sentiments or statements. Under this system even Aristotle and Plato are not allowed to lay down the principles of morals and metaphysics without having modern theories attributed to them which they never dreamed of. But more particularly is this true with respect to history. Under the manipulation of Niebuhr, Arnold, and Dean Liddell, the aristocratic Livy has been made to teach democracy, while Mr. Grote has turned the genial stories of Herodotus and the grave unbiassed wisdom of Thucydides into vehicles for philosophic Radicalism.

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'"Ancient historians," says Professor Smith, "have, or seem to have, this advantage over the modern as instruments of education. They are removed in time from the party feelings of the present day. They might be expected to be as far from our passions as they are, considering the wide interval of ages, marvellously near to our hearts. And, undoubtedly, they are farther from our passions than the historians of the present day. Yet even to those serene and lofty peaks of the old world, political prejudice has found its way. The last great History of Greece is at once a most admirable history and a pamphlet which some may think less admirable in favour of universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and mob courts of law." '—P. 24.

These are words worthy of serious consideration. According to Professor Goldwin Smith's testimony, Mr. Grote's History of Greece is a *political pamphlet in favour of universal suffrage, vote by ballot, and mob courts of law.* And yet this is the book which every young man who goes up for a class must, as the examinations are at present conducted, not only read, but study so diligently as to saturate his mind with it. Captain Burrows is plainly aware of Mr. Grote's faults and deficiencies. He speaks of his History as 'being wanting in that spirit of fairness and moderation which distinguish Bishop Thirlwall's' (p. 73), and warns the student against being misled by his views 'on the 'primitive legends, on the democratic character of many events 'of which he treats, and on the character of the Sophists' (p. 106); and he significantly adds: 'The more faithfully 'Thucydides' own spirit is caught by the particular mind 'brought to bear impartially on the text, and the less attention 'that is paid to the colouring which is put upon him by others, 'the better.' (*Ibid.*) Yet Captain Burrows recommends Mr. Grote as the scholar's guide. And he could not do otherwise, while Examiners examine in Grote instead of, as they ought, in Herodotus and Thucydides. We think, indeed, that Captain Burrows overrates the value of 'Mr. Grote's critical treatment of the text of Herodotus and Thucydides' (p. 73). Mr. Shilleto's pamphlet, 'Thucydides or Grote?' was no doubt written in a more off-hand and contemptuous manner than the subject of his criticism deserved, but he has proved Mr. Grote—Mr. Grote proves himself in every page of his history—a very bad scholar. Whenever he does find his way through a difficult passage which has puzzled previous commentators, it is by his historical instinct, not by his critical acumen that he is led right. We cannot pause to point out his many mistakes, sometimes of a word, as when he says that Timocrates 'fell overboard into the harbour of Naupactus' (vol. vi. p. 283), which would have been a hard feat as his ship was not in the harbour, instead of 'that 'his body was washed into the harbour and thrown up there:' ἐξέπεσεν ἐς τὸν Ναυπακτίων λιμένα (Thucyd. ii. 92); sometimes of a construction, as in his rendering of Thucyd. ii. 60: 'Καιτοὶ 'ἐμοὶ τοιούτῳ ἀνδρὶ ὀργίζεσθε· ὃς οὐδενὸς οἴομαι ἧσσων γνῶναί τε 'καὶ ἑρμηνεῦσαι ταῦτα φιλόπολίς τε καὶ χρημάτων κρείσσων,

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'Ye are now angry both with me, who advised you to go to war, 'and with yourselves, who followed the advice. Ye listened to 'me, *considering me* superior to others in judgment, in speech, in 'patriotism, and in incorruptible patriotism' (vol. vi. p. 223). Nor can we stay even to refer to his many political sophisms. Mr. Goldwin Smith's words are not a whit too severe. Mr. Grote's History is a pamphlet written to suit and to bolster up certain preconceived notions, and the method which he adopts is to misrepresent everything Spartan when conflicting with anything Athenian, and everything done by the Conservative party at Athens, when brought into comparison with the exploits of Cleon and the mob. Nor is Mr. Grote the only culprit. In reading the first decade of Livy we are no longer reading the History of Livy, but an imaginary account of an imaginary people, which being 'an expansion of a subjective consciousness' on the part of Niebuhr, has been dressed up in a spirited and genial way by Dr. Arnold, and more dryly by Dean Liddell. It would surely be a great improvement if Examiners would encourage the second decade of Livy, which does contain acknowledged history, though, it is true, not of a political character, in place of the first, with respect to a great part of which Sir George Cornewall Lewis has proved, that if it contains any history at all, it is impossible for us to know what that history is.

We say then that the value of the study of ancient history has been considerably diminished by the glosses of modern historians on history as written by the ancients. The same may be said in a less degree of moral science and of logic, though Mr. Mansel's *Prolegomena Logica* has done something towards correcting the evils resulting from a too confiding study of Mr. Mill, and we trust that Sir William Hamilton's volume, lately published, will do more.

Our other observation is that from the progress of modern literature, and the general spread of information, it would be neither wise nor safe to ignore 'modern things,' as compared with ancient. The 'younger' studies have a position of their own, and that position is fairly assigned to them at present; and where they are, they are most advantageous.

On the whole, then, we repeat—Let the compromise stand.

It is likely that it will be again assailed. Professor Goldwin Smith (after the manner of Professors who have special interest in the supplemental studies of the University) is anxious for alterations in the Law and Modern History school, and he has published his inaugural lecture, with the view of bringing such alterations 'under the consideration of the Council' (p. 35), and of 'drawing the attention of the University to the state of the school' (p. 38). Dean Liddell, who is supposed to be much under the influence of the Regius Professor of Medicine, has

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vaguely pledged himself to do something more for the Physical school.[1] It is natural for active-minded Professors to try to make the study which they represent a more substantial part of the studies of the University. Consequently they are seldom at rest, and here is a reason why that 'jealousy,' to which Professor Smith refers, is not so 'irrational' as he would have us regard it to be.

There is one improvement which we do earnestly desire to see carried out in the University, but it would be by way of addition, not of alteration. Something must be done for the study of theology. True, there are difficulties and objections in the way—objections which sensitive and religious minds will be the first to feel. But we say that something *must* be done. What is the state of theology in Oxford at present? There are four Theological Professors, Canons of Christ Church, each of them excellent men, and representing, singularly enough, the four chief schools of religious thought in the Church of England, each of the four being, perhaps, the best specimen of his school that could be found in the whole of England. There are also the Ireland Exegetical Professor, who is Provost of Oriel, and the Laudian Professor of Arabic, who is Principal of Magdalen Hall. The two last are doubtless greatly engaged with the business of their College and Hall, and with the affairs of the University, as they are also members of the Hebdomadal Council. We may, however, consider these six men to be engaged in the prosecution and advancement of theology, and to them we must add the name of the Rev. W. J. Burgon, the products of whose pen show him to be a theological student, and a promoter of the study of theology, and the highly respected Principal of S. Edmund's Hall. With the exception of these eight men, we believe that there is not a single man in Oxford, among graduates or undergraduates, who systematically studies or promotes the study of theology. Professor Hussey—no alarmist, no utterer of unconsidered and exaggerated words, but a grave, wise, thoughtful, reverent-minded man—in the last sermon which he preached before the University, solemnly warned his hearers that the study of theology was dying out. So long ago as at the time of his installation, Lord Derby urged that something should be done for theology. Nothing has been done, and meantime the 'mediæval and *clerical* colleges have been adapted to the purposes of modern and *lay* education'

[1] The bad taste of Lord Wrottesley, in mixing himself up in the internal struggles of the University, when he was invited to preside over the British Association in Oxford, was excused on the score of his ignorance of the delicacy of the ground on which he was treading. The speech of the Dean of Christ Church, when in moving a vote of thanks to Lord Wrottesley he commented upon his previous remarks, was by so much in worse taste, as it could not be excused on the score of ignorance.

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(*Smith*, p. 39), so that the evil has been increasing. There are regulations for a theological examination laid down in a statute-book of the University, but there are no examinees, and the statute is a dead letter. An attempt was made a year and a half ago to turn the Johnson theological scholarship into a reality, by making it an annual object of competition, and remoulding it in certain particulars. It failed, because members of the Hebdomadal Council would not consent to expend so much as 100*l.* on such a scheme, while they were pouring out thousands and tens of thousands to be used or wasted on the Physical Professors' palaces in the parks. In the course of the present year an effort has been made to institute a theological school. It failed—whether rightly or wrongly, we do not say—but this we say, that if the Council could devise, and Convocation accept, some unobjectionable plan, whereby young men, whether after their B.A. degree, or after their final Classical examination, would receive a real training in the study of such books as Pearson and Hooker, S. Augustine and S. Chrysostom, Eusebius and Bede, a great good would be effected. We are disposed to think that young men—particularly if they are going into Holy Orders, and like too many are *not* going to a Theological College—would find such a training more useful than attendance at two sets of lectures from the Divinity Professors, or even than a slight acquaintance with a certain number of curious physical phenomena, or a few events which occurred in England between 1066 and 1509.

*** We have not spoken of the middle-class examination, because our subject has been rather the examinations of Oxford than those conducted by Oxford. But we cannot refrain from expressing an earnest hope that before next long vacation the Delegacy will have altered its regulations with respect to that part of the examination which has to do with the rudiments of faith and religion. The uncertainty of men's minds at the time at which the statute was passed, with regard to the religious *status* of Oxford herself, and the haste with which the promoters—Mr. Chase says, dictators—of the scheme hurried the statute through the Council, and Congregation, and Convocation, may be an excuse for the arrangement, as at first made. But there is no excuse for its continuance. Religious knowledge is ignored in a way which Sir James Kay Shuttleworth did not venture to propose. It is more than ignored, it is discouraged; and the practical result is each year in this respect less and less satisfactory. We call the special attention of the delegates to this point, and we would remind the non-resident members of the Delegacy that it is a point of sufficient importance to require their attendance at the meetings of the Delegacy, as well as that of the residents.

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ART. IV.—*Essays and Reviews.* London: John W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1860.

As a general rule, we are not disposed to think highly of volumes of essays and reviews, whether the composition of one mind or the contributions of several. Few writers are either brilliant enough or deep enough to justify the republication of fugitive pieces which have appeared in monthly and quarterly reviews; and even when the subjects are new, and the writers varied, the very form of publication seems to indicate that the authors have nothing of great importance to communicate to the world, and that they have rather found a vent for the transmission of the casual thoughts of leisure hours than that they hope to produce anything of permanent value to society at large. Nevertheless, essays are the fashion of the day, and for four successive years we have been presented with one of these purposeless volumes from each of the two English universities; and the fashion has even extended itself to our more sober and cautious brethren of the North, and Edinburgh has produced its rival volume to compete with the productions of Oxford and Cambridge. These essays exhibit, as might have been expected, very different degrees of ability and very different phases of opinion. Some of them have been written on topics of the highest interest, whilst some have from the nature of their subjects secured a very limited circle of readers and admirers. We have called them purposeless, and if the word be objected to as not being a word to be found in Johnson's, or even in more modern English dictionaries, we answer that we think we have a kind of right to invent a new term to describe a new phenomenon in literature. Such essays are wholly destitute of unity of purpose, and the writers are only connected together by the somewhat artificial and, if one may so call it, accidental link of having been educated at the same university. During the year 1859 there seems to have been a pause. Probably there was not to be found a sufficient number of persons connected with either university who had enough to say to fill an octavo of four or five hundred pages; and the occasional repetition of the same name during the four years of their duration seemed to point to a probable termination of this fancy. The idea has, however, revived, and indeed we suppose may be said to have culminated in 1860 in a new volume which represents the thoughts of certain writers without distinction of the univer-

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sity at which they were educated. Some of the writers of the work before us have tried their hands before, and the subjects to which they have applied themselves in the present volume are a continuation of those which appeared in previous volumes of the series. Thus Dr. Temple has followed up an essay on national education by some strictures on the education of the world; Professor Powell has advanced from natural theology to the study of the evidence of Christianity; whilst the dissertation on schemes of comprehension by Mr. Wilson is appropriately concluded by an attempt to show how a national Church may adapt itself to the advancing intelligence and developed scepticism of the nineteenth century; and the hieratic papyri of Mr. Goodwin are supplemented by an attempt to show that the Mosaic cosmogony is altogether unworthy of credit. Mr. Pattison alone of the septemvirate has given us his thoughts on a subject which, though certainly not new to him, has never before, we believe, employed his pen. The other two writers, though new names in the series, have devoted themselves to subjects such as might have been expected from them. Dr. Rowland Williams's account of Baron Bunsen's Biblical researches touches upon matter which had been noticed before by him in his essay on Christianity and Hinduism, and the concluding essay, on the interpretation of Scripture, both in tone of writing and in subject-matter, reminds us forcibly of the unhappy attempt of Professor Jowett to elucidate the Epistles of S. Paul to the Romans and Thessalonians. Such are the subjects of the seven essays which fill this remarkable volume. Unlike those that preceded it, it has a purpose; it is prefaced by ten lines of advertisement to the reader; and the object, as stated by the authors themselves, is 'to illustrate the advantage to the 'cause of religion and moral truth from a free handling, in a 'becoming spirit, of subjects peculiarly liable to suffer by the 'repetition of conventional language, and from traditional 'methods of treatment.' We do not know which of the seven composed the sentence, but we have no hesitation in saying that it ought to have come from Mr. Jowett. It may be a matter of taste how far the prevailing tone of the essays indicates 'a becoming spirit.' None of them, undoubtedly, are wanting in free handling; and if a becoming spirit is indicated by unscrupulous assertion of unproved propositions, and an arrogant contempt of those who differ from him, Dr. Rowland Williams must be considered to bear the palm. Certainly none of the essayists can be accused of any respect for conventional language, or deference to traditional modes of treatment. Yet conventional expressions and traditional authority are the especial objects of Mr. Jowett's detestation; and the essay on the interpretation

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of Scripture is the particular one which has moulded itself according to this view. The only other subject touched on in this short advertisement, is to deprecate the notion that the authors are responsible for anything beyond the essays to which their respective names are appended, on the ground that 'they 'have written in entire independence of each other, and without 'concert or comparison.' It may seem a fair request on the part of a writer, that he should not be considered responsible for what another writer has said; yet, upon the whole, there is enough of uniformity of tone about the articles in the volume before us to enable us to say that we have no doubt most of them would endorse most of what the others have written. And even were this not the case, a question may be raised whether he who gives his name to a publication like this does not in some degree sanction the views adopted by the rest of the writers, though he may not be made answerable for every expression of opinion, or called upon to approve of every argument adopted by his colleagues. Under this view we must express our deep concern at seeing the name of the Head Master of Rugby connected with the other sceptics who have composed the volume. We trust this significant fact will have the effect of opening the eyes of parents and guardians to the real tendency of the teaching which has with more or less uniformity prevailed at Rugby for the last thirty years. The essay itself is too insignificant to require any further notice at our hands. In an intellectual point of view it is poor; and though there are many questionable statements in it, it is far too dull to be likely to do any mischief. It is based on a comparison of the mode of education adopted in the case of an individual and that which seems to have been employed in the education of the world; and the manner in which the comparison is drawn out appears to us to be exceedingly forced and unnatural. We do not, therefore, purpose to notice this essay at greater length, nor to allude to it otherwise than as one of a series of seven essays, of the general tone of which we proceed to give some account before entering upon a more particular criticism of individual writers.

If, then, the religious reader is willing to adopt the views advocated in this volume, let him be prepared for the denial of the canonical authority of several books of Scripture. Mr. Goodwin's knowledge of geology is not profound, but it goes far enough to enable him to pronounce on the impossibility of showing an accordance between the description of Creation and the facts established by modern science. The Mosaic narrative does not correctly represent the history of the universe up to the time of man. It contains the speculations of a Hebrew Des Cartes, promulgated in all good faith, on the best and most

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probable account that could, at the time, be given of the universe. The author gives us no explanation of the fact that there were no facts or supposed laws of nature known at the time which could have led the Hebrew lawgiver to give any preference to the history of creation which he has given us over any other conceivable theory of the world's origin. The doctrine of the inspiration of Moses does not preclude the idea of Moses having received his narrative, either in part or in whole, from tradition; nor does it imply that Moses understood the account of creation which he was inspired to record; but only this, that Moses knew that he was a prophet of God, commissioned to deliver a true account, to be received by his people, as containing all that it was sufficient for them to know for their guidance in life, neither the prophet nor the people understanding the full meaning of the history, and both being liable to mix erroneous conceptions of their own with the truth which they received. Modern geological discovery *seems* to indicate a profounder knowledge of physical science in the Jewish lawgiver than we can possibly attribute to him: neither is it to be expected, as time goes on, that either geological or any other science will indicate much approximation to or discrepancy with the literal text of the Mosaic narrative. However, we do not propose to refute Mr. Goodwin; we are now endeavouring to give our readers some idea of how much of their belief they must give up if they would acquiesce in the conclusions of the seven reviewers. Mr. Goodwin's view, and he has certainly two at least of his colleagues who coincide with him in opinion, is that Moses' account is false, but that he believed it to be true. We urge that if it was false, Moses must certainly have known it to be false, and must be charged with the accusation of palming upon an ignorant multitude for political purposes a pure invention, for the probability of which there was no assignable ground. It is not, it will be observed, the inspiration of the narrative that is called in question; that is a previous question, the solution of which has been taken for granted by our reviewers. The question is, whether the narrative is true, and from the establishment of its falsity it obviously follows that we are at liberty to disbelieve anything else in the Pentateuch that may happen to offend our prejudices. It is true no one is obliged to disbelieve the story of the miraculous gift of speech to Balaam's ass; but neither, on the other hand, need it be regarded as of any greater credit than the history of the Creation. It has unfortunately been quoted in the New Testament by S. Peter, who says,—'Balaam was rebuked for his iniquity: the 'dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbad the madness of the 'prophet.' And it certainly is a most awkward quotation for

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those who believe the New Testament, but demur to the authority of the Old. But there is a remedy for this difficulty. Our reviewers do not receive the Second Epistle of S. Peter as genuine. It is the work of a later age, and therefore a mere forgery, for it professes to be written by S. Peter. There is no room for any one who may wish it to take the intermediate ground, that though not written by the Apostle, yet it may form a part of canonical Scripture. Not that this is at all the view adopted by the essayists. We only insist upon this because of course it directly militates against the Sixth Article of the Church of England, so that the deniers of the authenticity of the Epistle *seem* to be at issue with the Article to which six out of the seven at least are bound to profess their assent. It is worth while just to notice the calm and cool way in which questions of some moment, as it appears to us Churchmen, are disposed of by these gentlemen. We do not find any direct assertion, much less any elaborate proof, of the forgery of the Epistle. It is quite taken for granted that we are all possessed of the knowledge of so very elementary a truth, and it is only implied in the way of innuendo, the First Epistle of S. Peter not being called by Mr. Wilson by its usual name, but being designated as *the* genuine Epistle of S. Peter. With regard to the difficulty about the Article, we shall recur to that presently. We confine ourselves for the present to the illustration of the amount of disbelief which is necessary in the reader who would conform himself to the doctrine of the reviewers.

Again we repeat, we are not offering any refutation of their views, but only presenting our readers with a bird's-eye view of the whole, as they appear to the gaze of an exoteric criticism. It was not worth while to argue the point of the inspiration of the books of Moses. The absence of any quality such as is usually meant by the term inspiration, in the lowest sense in which it is understood by ordinary readers of the Bible, or used by divines of the Church, from the whole of Scripture covers this argument, just as the greater implies the less, and the whole includes its parts. The non-existence of inspiration is too obvious a point with our reviewers to need proof. The variations in the Gospels, such for instance as the remarkable one discovered by Mr. Jowett, that S. Matthew and S. Luke are at issue about the place of residence of Joseph and Mary, need only be glanced at to satisfy any reasonable inquirer that the Gospels cannot claim to be inspired in the sense of being guaranteed from errors of historical fact. The inspiration of the Gospel narratives being thus summarily disposed of, the rest of the New Testament and the whole of the Old of course easily follow in the train; and when once we have dismissed the tra-

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ditional conception of inspiration, it necessarily follows that the books of Scripture may be handled like any other human compositions. This is a great assistance to us as we proceed to the later books of the Old Testament, because it enables us to decide at once and peremptorily, that when in the prophetic books allusions are made to events which are posterior to their supposed date, all such passages are interpolated and belong to a subsequent date. This method is particularly useful when names or events are too definitely alluded to to allow of the allusion being explained away on the principle of vagueness and generality; and has been largely employed by Dr. Rowland Williams, or rather by Baron Bunsen, whose exponent he is, in accounting for the prophetic element in the Psalms, and in Isaiah and Jeremiah. In cases where prophecy has usually been interpreted in a double sense, or a multiple sense, and where there might be difficulty in recognising the fulfilment unless it had been authoritatively explained in the Gospels and Epistles, the answer is obvious: the Jewish mind was full of these prophecies, and saw the accomplishment of type and prophecy in events to which the type or prophecy presents scarcely the faintest resemblance; and the evangelists and other writers of the New Testament were either led away by the common prejudice, or condescended to it. Dr. Williams's essay professes to give an account of Bunsen's Biblical researches—and in point of fact consists of a fulsome panegyric of the author, ending with the following ridiculous couple of stanzas—from which it would appear that the cosmogony of Moses, demonstrated to be false by Mr. Goodwin, is destined to yield to that of Bunsen. To exhibit the complete idea of the ludicrous, as presented by these verses, we should have to wait for a few years, when some more sagacious sceptic has overthrown the theories of the Baron, and established a more satisfactory contradiction of the chronology of Scripture history. Nevertheless, they are good enough under present circumstances to be worth transcribing; they run as follows:—

'Bunsen, with voice like sound of trumpet born,
Conscious of strength and confidently bold,
Will feign the sons of Loyola the scorn
Which from thy books would scare their startled fold—
To thee our Earth disclosed her purple morn,
And Time his long-lost centuries unroll'd;
Far realms unveiled the mystery of their tongue,
Thou all their garlands on the CROSS hast hung.

'My lips but ill could frame thy Lutheran speech,
Nor suits thy Teuton vaunt our British pride—
But ah! not dead my soul to giant reach,
That envious Eld's vast interval defied;

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And when those fables strange our hirelings teach,
I saw by genuine learning cast aside,
Even like Linnæus kneeling on the sod,
For faith from falsehood severed thank I GOD.'

We have represented Dr. Williams as principally concerned in the attack on the prophetic writings. But he deals an occasional blow at other parts of the Old Testament. He does not, it is true, interfere with Mr. Goodwin's province, which appears to be the lead of the philosophical attack on the historical parts of Genesis; Dr. Williams's line is purely historical, and it is satisfactory to learn, on his authority, that there may be some truth in the narrative of the first book of Moses from the time of Abraham onwards—not that we are to believe the history precisely as is there related. The temptation of Abraham appears under a new version. We are told that 'when the fierce ritual 'of Syria, with the awe of a Divine voice, bade Abraham slay 'his son, he did not reflect that he had no perfect theory of the 'absolute to justify him in departing from traditional revelation, 'but trusted that the *Father*, whose voice from heaven he heard 'at heart, was better pleased with mercy than with sacrifice, and 'this trust was his righteousness.' We are describing a volume, and need not concern ourselves with individuals; but it is scarcely possible to avoid noticing the arrogant and sneering tone of this writer in attacking those from whom he has the misfortune to differ. He has devoted four pages to the one object of holding up to ridicule the hypocrisy of writers who, from Justin Martyr to the present day, have believed in what this author calls the predictive element in prophecy. The invectives on Mr. Mansel and Dr. Pusey are consigned to a note, we suppose because the former has never written anything on the subject of prophecy, and the volume of the latter on the minor prophets was when this volume appeared unpublished. Dr. Rowland Williams's intellectual as well as moral career has been rapid since the publication of the volume on Christianity and Hinduism. It is fearfully instructive. He has one idol, and that idol is Baron Bunsen. With regard to almost every English Churchman mentioned in this essay his tone is altogether offensive and unbecoming; and it is the more unbecoming in one whose belief is such as, according to ordinarily received canons of honesty, must exclude him from the position which he holds in the Church of England. We proceed to the continuation of the subject of prophecy as interpreted by the seven reviewers. Prophecy with them resolves itself into, (I.) Sagacious conjectures about the future when coming events are casting their shadows before them; and this is an adequate account of the denunciations of Nahum against Nineveh, and of Jeremiah against Tyre, on the ground that the

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Babylonian power was extending itself over Asia, to which is added for the occasion the fiction that Nebuchadnezzar was mustering his armies; (II.) Into descriptions of contemporary events which have no reference whatever to any future event, such as the Christian Church, following the line of interpretation adopted by the canonical writers of the New Testament, has uniformly adopted, as the fulfilment of the prophecy; and on this ground the prophecy of Micah about Bethlehem Ephratah is explained away, no notice being taken of S. Matthew's exposition of it. This method affords also an easy explanation of the prophecy of Isaiah vii. 16. He, we are told, he, that is Baron Bunsen, can never listen to any one who pretends that the maiden's child of Isaiah vii. 16 was not to be born in the reign of Ahaz, as a sign against the kings Pekah and Rezin. We pass over the appearance of wilful misapprehension here, as if those who cherished the words of prophecy in their application to the Messiah were bound to ignore every other possible interpretation of them.

But our reviewers consider that the Scriptures have but one sense, and that sense being discovered to their satisfaction, ignore all other meanings, and write as if the catholic interpretation must needs be fettered by the same narrow rule. Again we say we are not refuting but explaining; yet, for the sake of exhibiting the contrast between the modern interpretation of Rationalism and the received sense of eighteen centuries, as interpreted by the authority to which till lately all Christendom bowed, we will merely extract the prophecy and its interpretation, at the risk of being charged with unnecessarily quoting passages which most people know by heart. The passage in Isaiah runs as follows:—

'Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call 'his name Immanuel.' S. Matthew tells us that 'All this was 'done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord 'by the prophet, saying, Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and 'shall bring forth a son, and they shall call his name Emmanuel, 'which being interpreted is, God with us.' The question as to the truth of the facts themselves will come before us hereafter. We are now representing the reviewers' interpretation of prophecy. (III.) A third method of diminishing the force of prophecy consists in objecting to the versions of the original, whether the Greek, the Vulgate, or the English, on which stress has usually been laid. Thus a clause of another grand prophecy of Isaiah is disposed of. We will first give the prophecy. 'For unto 'us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government 'shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called 'Wonderful, Counseller, The mighty God, The everlasting Father,

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'The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and 'peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon 'his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and 'with justice from henceforth even for ever.' There is just a doubt whether the term Mighty God may not be more correctly rendered The strong and mighty One; and granting the fact to be established ever so clearly, what, it will be asked, is its value? How much does it weaken or invalidate the splendid passage in which it occurs? Is it meant to be insinuated that the mistranslation of this passage makes any conceivable amount of diminution from the evidence of the true Deity of the Child spoken of by the prophet? (IV.) Lastly, when the allusions are so distinct that there is no other method of evasion, a little conjectural criticism is applied, by which it is made to appear so plainly that he who runs may read it, that the prophet is describing past events, and thus the period of weeks ending in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes, and those portions of the Book of Daniel supposed to be specially predictive, are represented as a history of past occurrences up to that reign. There is no pleasing Dr. Williams. Prophecies are either too vague or they are too definite; the poetical and the historical element are alike got rid of: nay, so greedy is our author in his work of destruction, that he will not allow standing room for such parts of Scripture as cannot by any possibility be included by any criticism under any of the four heads of destruction which have swept away so much.

The eminently philosophical method which consigns the remaining prophecies to annihilation, is by means of the assertion that if they do not come under the same category with the rest, they ought to do so. In the words of the essay, 'It 'avails little that some passages are doubtful, capable of being 'made directly Messianic,' or 'foreshadowing the final fall of Jerusalem.' Even these few cases, the remnant of so much confident rhetoric, tend to melt, if they are not already melted, in the crucible of searching inquiry. Our author's admiration of his hero goes great lengths. On the one hand, he thinks that if in the course of these investigations Bunsen had ignored the discoveries of modern philology, unable to survive the storm of ridicule to which he would have subjected himself from his countrymen, he must have committed suicide by drowning himself in the Neckar (p. 70). On the other hand, he cannot sufficiently admire the mind which amidst such a flood of light still does not despair of Hebrew prophecy as a witness to the kingdom of God—but here the disciple outstrips his master—and when Bunsen in a fit of passing generosity admits a sort of clairvoyant vision of particulars, as a natural gift however, and

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of course consistent with fallibility, his encomiast ventures to hope that he only intended the power of seeing the ideal in the actual, or of tracing the Divine government in the movements of men. The writer thinks it unfortunate that Bunsen seems to have believed in something more than presentiment or sagacity, and demurs to the want of evidence for this element in his system. Neither can he relate without a smile the opinions of his hero as to the truth of the personality of Jonah. It would be too painful a task to follow the writer through the series of denials and disbeliefs which appear in the account of the mode in which the most sacred parts of Isaiah and the other prophets are explained away; but as in the examination which we propose to give of some of the essays in this volume, we shall not recur to this particular one again, we extract the following passage as exhibiting a fair specimen of Dr. Williams's sneering tone and unscrupulous misrepresentation of those who differ from him. It will moreover give the reader some idea of what his belief really is, and what are the ends he proposes to himself to accomplish.

'It provokes a smile' (p. 77) 'on serious topics to observe the zeal with which our critic vindicates the personality of Jonah, and the originality of his hymn (the latter being generally thought doubtful), while he proceeds to explain that the narrative of our book in which the hymn is imbedded contains a late legend founded on misconception. One can imagine the cheers which the opening of such an essay might evoke in some of our own circles, changing into indignation as the distinguished foreigner developed his views. After this he might speak more gently of mythical theories. But if such a notion alarms those who think that, apart from omniscience belonging to the Jews, the proper conclusion of reason is Atheism, it is not inconsistent with the idea that Almighty God has been pleased to educate men and nations, employing imagination no less than conscience, and suffering his lessons to play freely within the limits of humanity and its shortcomings. Nor will any fair reader rise from the prophetical disquisitions without feeling that he has been under the guidance of a master's hand. The great result is to vindicate the work of the Eternal Spirit; that abiding influence, which as our Church teaches us in the Ordination Service, underlies all others, and in which converge all images of old time and means of grace now: temple, Scripture, finger, and hand of God; and again, preaching, sacraments, waters which comfort, and flame which burns. If such a Spirit did not dwell in the Church, the Bible would not be inspired, for the Bible is before all things the written voice of the congregation. Bold as such a theory of inspiration may sound, it was the earliest creed of the Church, and it is the only one to which the facts of Scripture answer. The sacred writers acknowledge themselves men of like passions with ourselves, and we are promised illumination from the Spirit which dwelt in them. Hence, when we find our Prayer-Book constructed on the idea of the Church being an inspired society, instead of objecting that every one of us is fallible, we should define inspiration consistently with the facts of Scripture and of human nature. These would neither exclude the idea of fallibility among Israelites of old, nor teach us to quench the Spirit in true hearts for ever. But if any one prefers thinking the sacred writers pas-

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sionless machines, and calling Luther and Milton "uninspired," let him co-operate in researches by which his theory if true will be triumphantly confirmed. Let him join in considering it a religious duty to print the most genuine text of those words which he calls Divine; let him yield no grudging assent to the removal of demonstrated interpolations in our text, or errors in our translation; let him give English equivalents for its Latinisms, once natural, but now become deceptive; let him next trace fairly the growth of our complex doctrines out of scriptural germs, whether of simple thought or of Hebrew idiom; then, if he be not prepared to trust our Church with a larger freedom in incorporating into her language the results of such inquiry, and adapting one-sided forms to wider experience, he will at least have acquired such a knowledge of this field of thought as may induce him to treat labourers in it with respect. A recurrence to first principles, even of Revelation, may to minds prudent or timid seem a process of more danger than advantage, and it is possible to defend our traditional theology, if stated reasonably, and with allowance for the accidents of its growth. But what is not possible with honesty, is to uphold a fabric of mingled faith and speculation, and in the same breath to violate the instinct which believed, and blindfold the mind which reasoned. It would be strange if God's work were preserved by disparaging the instruments which his wisdom chose for it.'

The reason which we have already urged for quoting this passage, in a portion of our article in which we had not at first intended to allude to separate writers in this volume, must serve as our excuse also for extracting one or two more passages, referring not to the subject of prophecy, but to the New Testament.

'The verse, "And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down," is intelligible as a free comment near the end of the first century, but has no meaning in our Lord's mouth at a time when the ascension had not been heard of.'—P. 84.

Again:—

'The Apocalypse, if taken as a series of political visions which represent the outpouring of the vials of wrath upon the city when the Lord was slain, ceases to be a riddle.'—*Ibid.*

Again:—

'The second of the Petrine Epistles having alike external and internal evidence against its genuineness, it necessarily surrendered as a whole; and our critic's good faith in this respect is more certain than the ingenuity with which he reconstructs a part of it. The second chapter may not improbably be a quotation; but its quoter and the author of the rest of the Epistle need not therefore have been S. Peter. Where so many points are handled, fancifulness in some may be pardoned, and indulgence is needed for the eagerness with which S. Paul is made a widower, because some fathers misunderstood the texts "true yokefellow, and leading about a sister."'—P. 86.

Again:—

'The first Christians held that the heart was purified by faith; the accompanying symbol, water, became by degrees the instrument of purifi-

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cation. 'Holy baptism was at first preceded by a vow, in which the young soldier expressed his consciousness of spiritual truth; but when it became twisted into a false analogy with circumcision, the rite degenerated into a magical form, and the Augustinian notion of a curse inherited by infants was developed in connexion with it.'—P. 86.

Again:—

'Salvation from evil through sharing the Saviour's spirit was shifted into a notion of purchase from God through the price of his bodily pangs'! (P. 87.) And, 'The fall of Adam represents with him ideally the circumscription of our spirits in limits of flesh and time, and practically the selfish nature with which we fall from the likeness of God which should be fulfilled.'

Lastly, we do not know whether more to wonder at the impudence, or to be indignant at the dishonesty, of the following attempt to identify the precise and definite statements of S. Athanasius with the vague and misty analogies of the German Rationalist.

'Being, becoming, and animating, or substance, thinking, and conscious life, are expressions of a Triad which may be also represented as will, wisdom, and love, as light, radiance, and warmth, as fountain, stream, and united flow, as mind, thought, and consciousness, as person, word, and life, as Father, Son, and Spirit. In virtue of such identity of Thought with Being, the primitive Trinity represented neither their originant principles nor their transient phases, but their eternal inherencies in one Divine Mind. The Unity of God as the eternal Father is the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. But the Divine Consciousness, or Wisdom, consubstantial with the Eternal Will becoming personal in the Son of man, is the express image of the Father, and Jesus actually, but also mankind ideally, is the Son of God.'

One word more, and we have done with Dr. Williams. His contemptuous mode of speaking of the advocates of the catholic doctrine, and classing them under an indiscriminate head as ignoring the whole field of modern theological literature, and repeating the unmeaning shibboleths of a party, shows that he is either very ignorant or very dishonest. If he does not know, he certainly might if he would take the trouble to become acquainted with the fact that the Anglican school, whom he takes so much pains to vilify, contains men who are as well acquainted as himself with the writings of the rationalist party, but who are not quite so precipitate in rushing into their conclusions;—men who have seen the same philosophical system in the writings of Spinoza, and to whom the whole theory, with the exception only of the Biblical criticism, which is new, was known long before the appearance of the Egypt or the Hippolytus. Moreover, it may be worth Dr. Williams's while to consider whether what may be excusable in a Lutheran who, to use his own language, is 'a philosopher sitting loose to our Articles,' is becoming or in any way justifiable in a clergyman who is

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bound by the Articles and the Prayer-Book of the Church of England. We have no wish to interfere with the speculations of a Lutheran, but it is idle to pretend that such theories are reconcileable with the doctrines of the Church of England.

We have digressed considerably from our subject in order that we might dismiss this essay—once for all. We have attempted no refutations of its criticism; as that would be the work of a volume rather than an article. The essay itself, as distinguished from the others, is principally remarkable for its attack on prophecy. Of the two bulwarks of revelation, according to the view of Protestants, one has been cut clean away; the other, the evidence of miracles, is undermined in the succeeding essay, on the study of the evidence of Christianity, from the pen of Professor Powell. We shall happily be excused from saying much on this snbject; the recent death of the author prevents him from defending his own views, but we may observe, that the essay contains little that is new. In a previous number of this Review we endeavoured to do justice to the remarkable view of the writer insisting on the absolute impossibility of a miracle, and his simultaneous profession of belief in the facts recorded in the New Testament, including the birth, death, resurrection and ascension of our Blessed Lord. All we here insist upon is, that the 'free handling' which the volume claims as its right, issues on the denial alike of prophetic inspiration and miraculous agency; that the becoming spirit has shown some tolerable consistency in its rejection of the Old Testament history, but is somewhat illogical when it attempts to deal with the New. We have also just touched upon the previous question, how far the adoption of such view is consistent with good faith on the part of the writers.

It may not, however, be entirely out of place here to notice the entire want of real philosophical power that characterises these essays. The most striking instance of this occurs in Professor Powell's Essay, in a passage in which he is arguing against the value of testimony, which he calls a secondhand assurance and a blind guide which can avail nothing. He takes the opportunity to contrast a most undeniable truth—which has been enunciated many times before, and will have to be insisted upon again whenever Professor Faraday or any other experimental lecturer is illustrating this subject—with another truth which is quite independent of it, and has, in point of fact, nothing to do with it. Professor Faraday is quoted in defence of the position, that as the mere contracted experience of the senses is liable to deception, the errors of sense ought to be corrected by a careful recurrence to the consideration of natural laws and extended

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analogies. In contradiction to this is alleged the dictum of Abercrombie and Chalmers, that 'on a certain amount of testimony we might believe any statement, however improbable.' Now what is meant by this last proposition is clear enough and undeniable, though Professor Powell has expressed it in most inaccurate language. But what we are concerned with here, is that in endeavouring to put out this dictum in antagonism to the other, he applies it in the following words: 'So, that if a 'number of respectable witnesses were to concur in asseverating 'that on a certain occasion they had seen two and two make 'five, we should be bound to believe them.' (P. 141.) Now, not to insist on the gross error of confounding probable and demonstrative evidence which is shown here, what an extreme confusion is there in this writer's mind between '*fact*' and '*truth*.' Surely testimony has to do with fact. Imagine the concrete phenomenon with its accidents of time, and place, and circumstances, which should suggest the idea of the abstract property of numbers that two and two make five! Now this is seriously proposed by Professor Powell as what he calls an extreme case. The other alleged instance is almost equally absurd, but we have no space to expose its extravagance here; we are not arguing in favour of testimony, but exhibiting the confusion of thought of the writer; and one instance of want of logical power is as good as a thousand in showing the untrustworthiness of his whole argument.

We proceed to give some account of the more remarkable of these essays, in particular. And first we have to notice the essay on 'The National Church,' which, though not professedly introductory to the rest, for it occupies the centre, may be considered the pioneer essay, as it in fact breaks the ground for the rest by incidentally showing what amount of dissent from the Articles of the Church of England is thought to be compatible with an honest profession of adopting them. The advantage which this essay gains for its associates, if the author's theory may be considered tenable, is this, that in estimating the remaining dissertations in the volume we may keep out of sight the fact that the authors are all not only members of the Church of England, but, with a single exception, clergymen who have professed their assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion and the formularies of the Church of England as contained in the Book of Common Prayer; for there will be no difficulty in extending the argument which the Vicar of Great Staughton confines to the Articles, so as to make it include the Prayer-Book also. It is true that the Prayer-Book is not in itself ambiguous, whilst the Articles unquestionably are so, whether intentionally or not, and the

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difficulty of setting aside the Prayer-Book, which is in reality greater, is, under Mr. Wilson's hypothesis, considerably less, inasmuch as he does not affect to agree with the expressions of the formularies or the intentions of their framers. He is content if he can establish that there is some mode in which they can be acquiesced in, the statements of them being taken in separate parcels, and the colouring, tone, effect, or purpose of the whole being entirely ignored. From what has been already said, it will have been seen that we consider it simply dishonest to profess the compatibility of such views as are contained in this volume with the doctrines of the Church. We should be content to leave the issue to the judgment of any intelligent and fair dissenter; but as it is obvious that doctrines are rather for the most part implied than expressed in a book of devotion, the writer directs his special efforts to show that what he holds is not absolutely inconsistent with adherence to the formularies, his assent to which entitles him to hold the vicarage of Great Staughton.

Many of our readers will be old enough to recollect the publication of the celebrated tract which brought the 'Tracts for the Times' to an abrupt conclusion. For such as may not be able to remember much of Church controversy as it existed fifteen or twenty years ago, we may be permitted to explain that the author of this essay is the same individual who figured upon that occasion as one of the four tutors who signed the protest against No. XC. Surely a heathen would have read the Nemesis which a Christian's thoughts will construe as the necessary consequence of erroneous views, viz. to be obliged to contradict themselves, as time goes on, and change of circumstances arise. Here is the very person who was so shocked at the attempt to reconcile Anglican with Roman doctrine, in a portion of their developments, bent on showing that a Churchman may receive the Articles though he does not believe them, may profess his assent to them at the same time that he differs entirely from certain statements contained in them, and from what he admits to be the general tenor of their meaning.

It is but justice to Mr. Wilson to observe, that he does not understate what he believes or disbelieves in order to screw it into conformity with statements which appear to contradict it. He does not for a moment attempt to conceal, for instance, his belief that the Second Epistle of S. Peter is a forgery; that the Gospel of S. John was written long after S. John's death; that if priests and ministers of religion, including heathen and Christian, were swept from the face of the earth, they would soon be reproduced; that the brotherhood of men

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does not really depend upon the material fact of their fleshly descent from a single pair; that we cannot depend upon the accuracy of the Old Testament history of any period anterior to the taking of Jerusalem by Shishak; that though Buddhism may be called the gospel of India, preached five or six centuries before the Gospel of Jesus was proclaimed in the nearer East, it would be nearer the truth to say that the Christian revelation was given to the western world because it deserved it better, and was more prepared for it than the East; that Calvinistic and Lutheran theories, as well as sacramental and hierarchical ones, must be abandoned, now that people have attained to the true understanding of the words of the Lord Jesus, which appear to the writer to declare that the conditions of men in another world will be determined by their moral characters in this, and not by their hereditary and traditional creeds; that S. John's expression, 'the whole world lieth in wickedness,' compared with S. Paul's exhortation 'to make prayers and supplications for all men,' seems to prove that S. John's charity, though more intense towards the brethren, was circumscribed within narrower limits than S. Paul's; that it is an erroneous notion to style the Jewish constitution a theocracy in a peculiar and exclusive sense because the religious element was much stronger than has been supposed in other nationalities; and that in respect of a State religion, Jew and Gentile were much alike; that the Bible, though it contains a bright centre of spiritual truth within, is disfigured by dark patches of human passion and error; that accounts of things such as occur in the four Gospels, which are only to be reconciled in the way of hypothesis and conjecture, cannot be supposed to have been suggested by the Holy Spirit; that the restraints of creeds and articles, implying as they do the expectation that all ministers, however much they may know, shall be of one opinion in theoreticals, show a strange ignoring of the constitution of the human mind; that the course of preparation for ordination, implying a system of truth of which the candidate ought to be convinced, has an enervating effect upon the mind; that we ought not to consider the Church of Christ to be founded on the possession of an abstractedly true and supernaturally communicated speculation concerning God, but upon the manifestation of a Divine life in man; that the idea of rescuing oneself from perdition, attaining a crown of glory in which so many have no share, and of the finality of the sentence of the day of judgment, rather tends to unfit men for this world, and in so doing prepares them very ill for that which is to come; that Christianity is very different from what it would have been without the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle; that Jesus is no

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less the son of David in idea and spiritually, even though He were not so really; that all, both small and great, good and bad, shall find a refuge in the bosom of the Universal Parent, to repose or be quickened into higher life, in the ages to come, according to His will.

Such are a few of the expressed opinions of Mr. Wilson which we have extracted from his essay, and given as nearly in his own words as was consistent with brevity and perspicuity. It will be thought strange if the sanction of the Thirty-nine Articles be claimed for these opinions; neither does the writer claim it; he limits himself to the vindication of his right to hold them simultaneously with subscription to the Articles. Neither must it be supposed that the writer is anxious to try the case of compatibility. The statements which we have collected by no means appear as an isolated series of propositions, put forth as a challenge, like the reckless assertions which many of our readers will remember in the 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' upon which it was intended that an issue should be tried. On the contrary, they appear as it were only incidentally in the course of a dissertation, the subject of which is the prospects and the duties of the National Church. Most unprejudiced readers, probably the writer himself, would admit that they are far more audacious, though not so tauntingly expressed, as the views which Mr. Ward attempted to exhibit as consistent with the theory of Anglicanism. But fifteen years have wonderfully changed the position of affairs; and the writer who in his letter to Mr. Churton endeavoured to show that the Articles had a meaning, is now bent upon proving that that meaning, whatever it be, need not be held by those who profess to accept the formularies of the Church of England. We believe the term non-natural sense, which has almost become proverbial since that time, was then invented by Mr. Ward, as he honestly admitted that his sense was not the sense intended, though he contended it was consistent with their grammatical phraseology. We shall not be overstating the case, if we say that Mr. Wilson's explanations strike us as being exceedingly non-natural. But the reader shall judge for himself how far Mr. Wilson's justification of his position may be admitted. We repeat, however, that it is not with the view of justifying his position that the explanation of the true mode of subscription to the Articles is introduced, but rather with the view of showing, that however advisable it would be to do away with the Articles, such a course being manifestly impracticable, the next best solution of the difficulty which they present to latitudinarians is to establish if possible, that though they must be signed, they need not be believed.

The chief point made, is the absence of certain expressions

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from the Sixth Article, which the author of the essay calls the pivot article of the Church. In it he observes there is no definition of Inspiration, and there is nothing to show that 'Canonical' means 'miraculously inspired,' though he tells us that the Fathers usually considered these as synonymous terms. Accordingly, with the help of the logical formula that universal affirmations are not convertible propositions, it comes out that the Word of God, though contained in Scripture, is not co-extensive with it. Hence it is made to appear, that under the terms of the Sixth Article, one may accept literally or allegorically, or as parable, or poetry, or legend, the story of a serpent tempter, of an ass speaking with man's voice, of an arresting of the earth's motion, of a revival of its motion, of waters standing in a solid heap, of witches, and a variety of apparitions. In like manner, he continues, every one is free, under the terms of the Sixth Article, to disbelieve the primeval institution of the Sabbath, the universality of the Deluge, the confusion of tongues, the corporeal taking up of Elijah into heaven, the reality of demoniacal possession, the personality of Satan. Now if the Sixth Article of the Church of England were the only document that alluded to these doctrines, there is no denying that it will not touch him who impugns them, so far that is as the grammatical construction of its terms goes; but to represent this argument in its true light, we will add, that neither, so far as this particular document is concerned, can there be any necessity for belief in the Trinity of Persons, in the Unity of the Godhead, in the Incarnation of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Personality or existence of the Holy Ghost, nor in a number of other doctrines which perhaps Mr. Wilson may wish to leave open questions, but which members of the Church of England are happily not yet prepared to surrender. Again, the same kind of reasoning might be extended to any other Article which alludes to some definite subject. Thus it would be very consistent to deny that the three Creeds could be proved from Holy Scripture, and to assert that they ought therefore to be dismissed from the Prayer-Book, at the very time that the person doing so asserted his unequivocal belief in the Seventh Article, which affirms that there is no contradiction between the Old and New Testaments. It would be easy for any one to say that he adopted this Article in its strict letter, for that neither the one nor the other in his judgment gave any countenance to the dogmatic statements of the Creeds. It will be said that Mr. Wilson is putting an extreme case, and that we ought not to tie him down so exactly to that which is only an illustration which he brings to throw light upon his argument. Moreover, he has

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selected the Sixth as the pivot Article of the Church of England, and does not at all mean to intimate that persons may, under cover of its grammatical expression, disbelieve what is contained in the other Articles. Of course he does not. And yet his mode of stating the case, which looks peculiarly logical, amounts nearly to this. He does in reality ignore every other document which asserts or implies that the Church of England adopts any of these statements. And above all, and what is much more important, he ignores the whole body of truth which the Church of England inherited from antiquity, and has, with almost no variation, consistently maintained since the Reformation. It is quite childish to say that in any communion a person is at liberty to hold any statement as true, the formal contradiction of which in words is not imposed upon him as a test of membership. A man would be thought to act dishonourably who for motives of gain or for whatever reason joined the fraternity of Quakers, and who should allege in justification of his conduct in breaking any one of their rules that he had not subscribed any agreement to observe it. And equally dishonest is it to continue in office teaching in the Church of England doctrines which the teacher (if so be) knows to run counter to the whole tenor of her history, and which have no countenance in the words of her formularies or the teaching of her divines.

Mr. Wilson, after having shown what latitude with regard to points not alluded to in the Sixth Article is allowable to a person who is obliged to subscribe this particular Article, proceeds to argue the case of subscription generally; and here he appears to be aware that the pivot Article does not embrace and comprehend within itself the other Articles, or he would probably not be so anxious to establish a point which would be clear, viz. that any opinions whatever may be held consistently with the subscription to the remaining thirty-eight. He must surely feel the difficulties of subscription to be great. His wish is to establish an equal freedom for ministers and laity. The freedom, he says, which is enjoyed by the members of a congregation cannot be denied to its ministers without injustice. This is a simple absurdity, and may be shown at once to be so by a *reductio ad absurdum,* for as there is nothing in point of law to allow persons professing themselves members of the Church of England, in private life to hold what they please, for they are never obliged to express their assent either to articles of religion or formularies of faith, so the clergyman who was under the same law of liberty might be allowed also to believe anything or nothing. The restraints, or the appearances of restraints, as they are correctly termed, on the supposed truth of the author's hypothesis, are these same awkward Thirty-nine Articles of Religion.

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He is far too honest to wish to shield himself under his own allegation, that as far as opinion is privately entertained, the liberty of the English clergyman is complete, as he cannot be troubled for that which he has not actually expressed, it having been expressly ruled that the *ex-officio* oath, compelling a person to confess or accuse himself, cannot be tendered to any person whatever. The grievance is not that clergymen are restrained from thinking what they like, but from expressing their opinions; and the imposition of subscription to the Articles is the burden from which relief is sought. The author is well aware that this is not to be had; that temporary as is the nature of many of the Articles, and ambiguously expressed as many more are, which is Mr. Wilson's opinion of them, there is no probability of the present or the next generation witnessing their authoritative removal from the law of the Church. We say from the law of the Church, not from the Prayer-Book; for in point of fact they have no business in the Prayer-Book, of which they form no part, neither can they be fairly called the inheritance of English Churchmen in that sense which the Prayer-Book undoubtedly is. They form no part of the 'Sealed Books;' neither are they printed in the Editio Princeps of the Prayer-Book in 1662; nor again was it customary to insert them in Prayer-Books till quite recent times. We can only suppose that the custom of having them bound up at the end of the Prayer-Book with the Constitutions and Canons Ecclesiastical, gradually led to their being retained in the smaller Prayer-Books when the Canons were excluded as increasing the bulk of the book too much.

To return to Mr. Wilson's method of enlarging the liberty of the English clergyman. The difficulty of defining the legal obligation of those who sign the Articles (and the legal obligation is the measure of the moral obligation) is considerable. The very vagueness of subscription may be thought imperative on the conscience, as the act is enjoined, but the effect or meaning of subscription not stated. Mr. Wilson gathers the meaning from the Fifth and Thirty-sixth Canons:—

'Quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam.'

Who would have ever thought of a latitudinarian appealing to the Canons of the Provincial Council of Canterbury as containing anything binding on the Church at large? But Mr. Wilson's desire of explaining what the words of a Canon do not necessarily include in their grammatical meaning, outweighs even the consideration that he might have slighted the Canons as applicable only in the province of Canterbury, and perhaps intrenched himself in the position that the meaning of

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subscription to the Articles is unexplained and inexplicable. With regard to the Fifth Canon, it forbids any one to call the Articles superstitious or erroneous, and it would seem obvious that the person who signs an Article believes it to be in some sense t ue, and therefore not erroneous. The addition of the word s perstitious we should have thought somewhat abridged the liberty of conscience, as it is quite consistent with believing statements to be true in words, to consider them as superstitious, *i.e.* tending to create false ideas of God and religion. But Mr. Wilson finds no such difficulty in the wording of this Canon. He says, and truly, that an Article may be very inexpedient, or become so; we are quite prepared to admit that some of the Articles may not have been very expedient at the time when they were drawn up, or may have become much less so now. He continues, 'It may be unintelligible, or not easily intel-'ligible, to ordinary people; it may be controversial, and such as 'to provoke controversy, and keep it alive when otherwise it 'would subside; it may revive unnecessarily the remembrance 'of dead controversies—all or any of these without being 'erroneous; and though not superstitious, some expressions may 'appear so, such as those which seem to impute an occult 'operation to the Sacraments. The Fifth Canon does not touch 'the affirming any of these things, and more especially that the 'Articles present truths disproportionately, and relatively to 'ideas not now current.' When one thing does not touch another at all, we should have thought it unnecessary to add that more especially it does not touch a particular part of it. Perhaps the mode of expression may indicate a little misgiving on the writer's part whether contact is so entirely disproved. As to the gradual ascent from the idea of being inexpedient, to that of being and then appearing unintelligible, controversial, and seemingly superstitious, we will not call the style of innuendo Jesuitical, because it is not nearly clever enough to deserve the epithet. The animus is far too transparent. There is another Canon however, the Thirty-sixth, which, as this writer thinks, affords some light as to subscription. The wording of it is to the effect that the subscriber '*alloweth* the book of Articles,' and that he 'acknowledgeth the same to be agreeable to the Word of God.' And here again, in attempting to explain and modify these expressions, we have a curious mixture of self-evident propositions and evasive arguments. The writer begins as usual with the self-evident, and the appearance of candour and moderation carry us a great way; but whether the apparent ease with which he takes us across the country will enable us to take the ugly fence at which we arrive at last, this the reader shall judge for himself from the following account of the run.

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Allowance is not altogether the same thing as cordial approval. We allow much that we do not think wise or practically useful; as the less of two evils, or an evil which cannot be remedied, or of which the remedy is not in our power, or concerning which there is much difference of opinion, or where the initiation of change, or the responsibility does not belong to us. People gladly and in conscience submit to and 'allow' a law which they would be horror-struck to have enacted, as part of a constitution under which they live, and against which they would not rebel, which they would on no account undermine, for the many blessings of which they are fully grateful. This is Mr. Wilson's argument. But we may reply that it may be questioned whether the term 'allow' has not been lowered in meaning by modern usage since it was first used in the canon. So much for the word *allowance;* we come next to *acknowledgment.* Here, too, we begin with an incontrovertible truism. In acknowledging the correspondence of a proposition to the Word of God a man does not regard it as self-evident, nor originate it as his own feeling, spontaneous opinion or conviction, but when it is put in a certain shape, when the intention of the framers is borne in mind, their probable purpose and design explained, together with the difficulties which surrounded them, he is not prepared to contradict, and he acknowledges. There is a great deal to be said which had not at first occurred to him; many other better and wiser men than himself have acknowledged the same thing—why should he be obstinate? Besides, he is young, and has plenty of time to reconsider it; or he is old, and continues to submit out of habit, and it would be too absurd at his time of life to be setting up as a Church Reformer. The absurdity of this, as an instance of conscientious subscription to the Articles, is too glaring to be commented on. The provision for the subscriptions of the young and the old strikes us as irresistibly ludicrous when we remember that no provision is made for those who have the misfortune to be middle-aged.

But we have not yet done with this writer's special pleadings. Supposing that the explanation given above does not seem satisfactory, we have yet another refuge left. The important phrase is, that the Articles are agreeable to the Word of God, a phrase which is explained to mean what we suppose no one was ever idiot enough to doubt, that the Articles are not precisely coextensive with the Bible, much less of equal authority with it as a whole. What the appearance of *à fortiori* argument in this is, we are quite at a loss to conjecture. They are either expressed in Scripture terms or they are not so expressed. If they are, there can be no difficulty to anybody in accepting them who

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accepts Scripture; and if they are not, the pivot Article undertakes for them that they do not contradict Scripture. If we were to argue that this mode of reasoning renders the Articles absolutely nugatory, and shows that the Church of England had better have imposed Scripture upon its members, and left alone the use of dogmatic phraseology, we have to observe that that is exactly the conclusion the writer wishes to be drawn. We may add, that it is a conclusion far better drawn out and shown to be in accordance with the principles of Protestantism by Archdeacon Blackburn in the celebrated 'Confessional.' We have followed the author far enough in this discussion, and we have only to add, that he concludes it with urging the claims which disbelief in certain doctrines and propositions more or less controverted in the volume has to coexist with a reception of the Articles. Such are the questions concerning the dates and composition of the books of the Old Testament, the compilation of the Pentateuch, the introduction of Daniel into the Jewish Canon, the authenticity of S. John's Gospel.

It would be very unjust to accuse Mr. Wilson of dishonesty after speaking so pointedly and openly his opinion as to the honesty of subscribing to the Articles without believing them; yet it certainly seems like a dishonest evasion when he endeavours to represent the statute 13 Eliz. cap. 12, which requires a declaration of *assent* from beneficed persons, as in accordance with his theory. Many people will think it a very poor justification, but the fault we find is not that the case is but poorly made out, but that the writer has wholly ignored the provisions of the Thirty-sixth Canon, which are much more stringent than those of the statute, and which exact a declaration that the subscriber willingly and *ex animo* sets his hand to all contained in the Thirty-nine Articles. If willingly and *ex animo* means in the case of a young person that he will think about it, and in the case of an elderly person that he is too old to think about it, then Mr. Wilson's theory of subscription is all that can be desired. We are anxious, however, not to deprive Mr. Wilson of the benefit of an argument to which he is quite entitled if he thinks it will assist his views. Many people think that there is absolutely no such thing as a complete and entire assent to, and cordial acceptance of, the Prayer-Book of the Church of England and the Thirty-nine Articles without a preference being entertained for one or the other. It would be unfair if we did not state the case as plainly as we can, for it is at first sight a startling phenomenon—it is this: that most people think it impossible to accept the Prayer-Book in its obvious sense —that is, in the sense in which the prayers and formularies were first drawn up, and the Articles in the sense which their framers

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attach to them. There is a *primâ facie* appearance of dishonesty in such a double subscription.

We do not care to endorse the assertion of the statesman who described the Church of England as having a Popish Prayer-Book, an Arminian clergy, and Calvinistic Articles; but the description has so often been repeated, that we may say it is one which is not unlikely to suggest itself to a mere looker on. Let it be granted then for the sake of Mr. Wilson's argument, that in many minds there must be a silent preference for either the Prayer-Book or the Articles; and that those who prefer either, must ease one into accordance with the other. And it may be asked what right we have to draw the line arbitrarily at this exact point, and say that any subscription that involves a greater inconsistency than this is dishonest. We should like to have such questions as open as possible, but we must be permitted to observe, that there appears to us a long interval between the endeavour to reconcile two, if so be, apparently conflicting documents, and the attempt to explain away a set of statements like those in the Articles as meaning nothing at all; whilst distinct implications like that of conferring the power of the keys in the Ordination Service, and the power of absolution in that for the Visitation of the Sick, are wholly ignored, though clergymen have to express their concurrence in them, and though they are more directly opposed to the author's theory than any of the statements in the Articles to which he pays exclusive attention. Such is the author's attempt to exhibit the Articles of Religion and the law of the Church of England as liberal and flexible. He appears to have some misgiving as to the success of the undertaking, and comes forward as the advocate of the relaxation of subscription, considering that the total abolition of the Articles is for the present impracticable. He considers, however, that they are not successful in the direction in which he would be most glad for them to be effective, viz. in excluding Roman doctrine. It is evident, he says, that the act of signature to the Thirty-nine Articles contributes *nothing* to the exclusion from the Church of Romish views. The premises by which this extravagantly exaggerated conclusion is sustained will be thought scarcely adequate to the purpose: 'for, as it is, opinions and practices 'prevail among some of the clergy which are extremely dis-'tasteful to the generality of the people, by reason of their 'Romish character.'

We have said that it did not appear to form part of the author's plan to explain the Articles, and that the dissertation upon them is only an episode in an essay which concerns the National Church. The object of the dissertation is to show

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the best method in which the National Church can go on from its present imperfect state to one of greater perfection; and in defect of the abolition of Articles, which the people of England would resist, lest the barriers between the National Church and the encroachments of the Church of Rome might be weakened, the object of Mr. Wilson is to suggest that at least the test of subscription to them on the part of the clergy be abolished, and so the laity and clergy be placed upon an equal footing of liberty of thought and action.

We had hoped to have comprised our notice of this volume in a single article, but we have neither time nor space to do so. We hope to recur to the subject in our next number, and shall then endeavour to expose some of the glaring fallacies with which these essays abound. Meanwhile, it has been thought advisable to let our readers know what is the nature of the last great effort of Rationalism in this country. Perhaps they will think with us, that such dishonesty is not likely to make much impression upon candid and fair minds. Probably also they will share our conviction, that such lamentable weakness of intellect and poverty of theological learning will not seem very attractive to our young aspirants after intellectual distinction. The tone of these essays is not openly, but it is formally, an abandonment of Christianity. Let us hope that its authors will soon be brought to a sense of the hypocrisy of continuing to be teachers in a Church, all of whose fundamental doctrines they disapprove and disbelieve.

Thus far this paper had been written and was intended for publication in our last number. An accident which occurred at the last moment prevented its appearance, and it has been thought desirable to leave it unaltered and continue our notice of the remaining essays in this volume, at the risk of inflicting an unusually long article upon our readers.

There are two of these essays which strike us as being quite out of place in the companionship in which they appear. We mean Dr. Temple's account of the Education of the World, and Mr. Pattison's strictures on the tendencies of religious thought in England during the eighteenth century. We call them out of place because we do not detect in them any direct attack upon miracle or prophecy; they neither attempt to show that the Old Testament is altogether incredible, nor that the New Testament must be explained away to suit the prejudices or meet the claims of the philosophy of the nineteenth century. Neither do they, for the most part, contain statements such as would substantiate a charge of dishonesty against their writers for holding their present positions in the Church of England.

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With regard to the other clerical writers, we repeat that we have never met with so flagrant a case of dishonesty within the pale of the Church of England; and it is worth while to call attention to this point. Those who are old enough to remember the burst of indignation which followed the publication of the last of the Tracts for the Times, and the condemnation of the opinions advocated in the 'Ideal of a Christian Church,' together with the persecution of their author on the score of dishonest subscription to formularies, may well be astonished at the turn which events have taken. Not twenty years have elapsed from the time when an attempt to show that the Thirty-nine Articles were intended to condemn the practices rather than the doctrines of Rome, roused a controversy, the most important in its consequences of any that have convulsed the Church of England since the Restoration. And now we witness the publication of a volume, six of the writers of which are clergymen, which denies that the Articles have any sense at all in which they need bind the consciences of their subscribers, which refuses credit to a miracle however well authenticated, which resolves all prophecy into human sagacity, which denies the inspiration of Apostles and Evangelists, and which criticises their opinions as if they were entitled to no more credit than those of any other profane author of the period, and which impugns either directly or by implication all the fundamental doctrines of the Church of England. Not only has this volume appeared without a disclaimer from either of the Universities in which the writers occupy prominent places, without the smallest notice on the part of any Bishop to whose jurisdiction some of the writers are amenable, but it has run its career of six months, passed through two editions, and been favourably noticed by more than one periodical, and, as far as we know, been met with no sign of disapproval excepting from the *Christian Observer*, the organ of a party fast hastening to decay, and utterly incapable of meeting the objections or even appreciating the difficulties suggested from the side of unbelief.

The two essays of which we are now speaking do not, we repeat, come under the same imputation which lies so heavily upon the rest. They stand apart and must be classed by themselves; but having so classed them as distinguished from the other five, we must add that the two appear to us to have no other quality in common beyond that negative one, the praise of which we have already assigned them, of not containing any direct attack on the Christian Revelation in general or Christian doctrines in particular. Dr. Temple's is a very weak production, whereas Mr. Pattison has given us a most masterly analysis of

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the course of religious thought from the Revolution to the first publication of the Tracts for the Times. This essay is a very remarkable specimen both of extensive research and logical thought. It is singularly interesting, and contains a really valuable addition to the literature of the day. The author is well known as one of those persons whose opinions on theological subjects have been entirely changed, and perhaps few persons could have written such an essay but those who from an Anglican point of view have first despised and then ignored the theology of the eighteenth century, and afterwards, having ceased to be interested in the theology, have come to regard with curiosity the historical connexion of the literature and theology of the one century with the productions of that which immediately followed it. Anglicans very naturally despise a century which on the showing of all parties produced nothing great either morally or intellectually, an age in which zeal and earnestness, depth and reality, were all but unknown, and they of course have turned their thoughts away from a period notorious for disgusting licentiousness of morals and laxity of religious faith. Perhaps no works contributed so much to disseminate this dislike of the eighteenth century as the pamphlets and treatises written by the authors of the Tracts for the Times, and no readers would have so fully appreciated the fact or have been so disinclined to venture on the study of the phenomenon itself as the school of Dr. Newman, of which Mr. Pattison was an acknowledged and somewhat prominent disciple. Accordingly Mr. Pattison has all the advantages of past position and circumstances for understanding his subject; and his very abandonment of his position, coupled with the appearance of standing aloof from all schools of theology, has led him to investigate the pretensions of writers for whom he has begun to feel a reactionary interest. Yet with the exception of a few passages which indicate a contemptuous view not only of Anglican theology, but of all the religious teaching of the day, the essay is remarkably calm and unprejudiced in its tone. There is no other summary of that part of the literature of the eighteenth century which bears upon religious subjects in which so much information is to be found, or which will enable the Churchman to form so true an estimate of this dark portion of the history of the Church of England. And it is under this view that we purpose to say a few words about it, though it may seem somewhat irrelevant to the main purpose of this paper.

Mr. Pattison starts with the fact so familiar to all who are acquainted with the theological movement of the last thirty years, that the *catenæ* alleged by the High Church party in defence of their own position and as proving an uninterrupted

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succession of doctrines which were often at that time considered novelties in the Church of England, and really alien to her system, uniformly omit nearly a century, from about 1740 to 1833. The representation, if not strictly true, is certainly near enough for us not to have any desire to gainsay the statement. The extension of the limits of the period by a few years, and the omission of one or two names like those of Bishop Butler, of Jones of Nayland, and of the apostolic Wilson, makes no real difference in the fact which must be admitted—that a system of doctrine which, emanating from the Tracts for the Times, has in much of its outline become the received doctrine of most educated persons among the clergy, can scarcely be found at all during the latter half of the last century. We have always thought that too much weight was assigned to these *catenæ;* but the opinions of most of our writers, as well as the judgments given in courts of law and the arguments alleged there, seem to lay stress upon the fact that a doctrine has been all along held, as evidence that it had a right to be held still. Churchmen, however, seem to think less of this argument than they used to do, and undoubtedly it has stood in good service to the opposite party, especially in the Gorham controversy. However, it will not be denied that the peculiar doctrines, as they have often been considered, of the Tracts for the Times cannot shelter themselves under the authority of the eighteenth century. Probably no school of the present day would care much for the support of the times of the first three Georges, and none could establish any considerable amount of agreement between their teaching and that of at least the first half of the century. Yet it is no unprofitable task to trace the connexion between the thoughts of any given age and that which succeeded it, though the latter may have mainly sprung out of the former by virtue of a reaction. And though entirely dissenting from the views which certain passages pretty plainly indicate Mr. Pattison to hold, we must express our obligations to him for a very lucid and concise historical account of the freethinkers and their opponents. It appears that Bishops and Deans of the period were the controversialists on the side of the Church. We fear the Church would fare badly if it depended on the same class of dignitaries for its preservation from the assaults of rationalism and infidelity in the present day.

Mr. Pattison divides the century at the middle, which for all practical purposes is accurate enough, in order to distinguish the prevailing tone of the first from that of the latter half. He dates the commencement of the period from the publication of Locke's 'Reasonableness of Christianity,' a title which he justly observes may be said to have been the solitary thesis of Christian

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theology in England for the greater part of a century. Adopting Cave's style of nomenclature, he calls this century the *Seculum Rationalisticum*. And the distinction we have already adverted to between the character of the writings of the former and the latter half of the century may be briefly summed up as follows:—that the first half was occupied with the general proof that there was nothing in the contents of revelation which was not agreeable to reason; whilst the latter part of this period concerned itself with the subject of external evidences. Mr. Pattison is of opinion that one of these schools was the logical as well as the historical consequent of the other; the contents having been shown to be credible on the score of their being reasonable, the next step naturally was to endeavour to substantiate the facts alleged. Now if the reception of the truths of revelation depended only on the speculative faculty and had nothing to do with the state of the heart and affections, a position which as far as we can see represents this author's view of the matter, this would undoubtedly be the natural course of the argument, though even on that supposition we see no necessity for the precedence in point of time of the defence of the credibility of revelation in general. Most people in point of fact would have proceeded the other way, and fortified their position first, by the study of the evidences, and then have gone on to the defence of the outworks. But Mr. Pattison's sympathies are wholly on the side of the 'Reasonableness of Christianity.' He appears entirely to ignore the fact that the reception of truth is mainly dependent upon the moral state of the recipient; and conceiving that the defenders of revelation against the Deists had rather the best of the argument, the consequence of which was that the Deists had ceased to exist after the middle of the century, he represents the clergy as having no longer any antagonists of this class to deal with, and so proceeding in the natural course of things to the subject of evidences. This error of ignoring the connexion of faith with the state of the heart and the affections, appears here for the first time explicitly, and it may be well to observe that it gives its tone to the whole of the essay. The truth of the sequence of the study of the evidences upon the conclusion of the Deistical controversy was simply this. The divines of the earlier half of the eighteenth century had conceded everything mysterious in revelation when they admitted that reason was a sufficient guide; there was literally therefore no subject of theology properly so called for the clergy to write about, and they expended all their energies on the preliminary question as to the evidences in favour of Christianity, and perhaps in many cases suggested more difficulties than they solved. It could scarcely be otherwise when the issue was made to rest upon each person's uneducated

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reason. Nevertheless such books as Addison's did more good than harm. Religion had been reduced to a level where it scarcely interfered at all with the wishes and desires of the more respectable part of the community, and people having no particular temptation to doubt or disbelief were content to accept what appeared to them irrefragable proofs of a comfortable form of religion; and so it passed current in society in general, that there was nothing that could be alleged in the way of reason against so reasonable a Christianity.

It is but natural that Mr. Pattison should estimate highly the writers of this century. Not only is there a silent reaction in his mind towards a system which he considers he has been taught unjustly to depreciate, but the results which they seem to him to arrive at legitimately must appear to him much more valuable than they would do, if he had a deeper appreciation of the truths which exclusively belong to revelation. He appears to us to be in the unhappy position of a man who has let go his hold upon one system without adopting another in its place. He writes like a person who is fully aware of the necessity of religion to mankind, but who is unable to choose for himself any communion with which to cast in his lot. He considers the writings of this period as chiefly serviceable in showing what common sense can and what it cannot do in theological matters.

We should have preferred expressing our conclusion as follows:—that the chief advantage to be derived from the historical study of English history of the eighteenth century consists in the information it gives us as to how little the most unexceptionable arguments of reason and common sense can affect the hearts and lives of people. Moreover, Mr. Pattison overrates the amount of what he calls the truths of natural morality. Has he ever considered that pride is the deadliest of all sins, and that natural morality, with its overweening estimate of the dignity of human nature and its entirely ignoring its actual state of sinfulness, can scarcely construct an argument in favour of humility? In another respect he underrates what can be effected by the argument in favour of revelation. He considers that, upon the whole, the defence is better than the attack; that there are, so to say, three chances for revelation and only two against.[1] But here Mr. Pattison again misses the point of the argument, simply because the matter is so entirely a matter of intellect with him. He does

[1] How came the writer to express the meaning of the author of Tract No. 85, quoting, we suppose, from memory, in such unphilosophical language as the following: 'that there are three chances to one for revelation and only two against it'?

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not care to distinguish between the direct and the indirect value of an argument. Of course in a case where there were three favourable and two unfavourable chances, every person with intelligence enough to understand the case, supposing there were no interference of inherent inclination, &c. would choose that which gave him most probability of success; yet there are but few instances, perhaps, where people are guided by the reasonable consideration, yet it may be of the last importance to show on which side even a small balance of probability lies, not so much for the object of influencing one in doubt as to which he shall choose, as for the indirect effect such knowledge exerts over the minds of those who have already chosen. There are few people, probably, who are accustomed to weigh evidence and to combat objections, who are not at times painfully sensible of the temptation to disbelief, and we believe most could bear witness to the sustaining power of the thought that eventually the mere intellectual difficulties of unbelief would appear greater than those of faith.

Again, we are sorry to see Mr. Pattison quoting with approbation the coarse and vulgar dictum of Mr. Maurice. 'It is a *reductio ad absurdum*,' he says, 'of common-sense 'philosophy, of home-baked theology, when we find that 'the result of the whole is that it is safer to believe in 'a God, lest if there should happen to be one He might send 'us to hell for denying his existence.' It is difficult to understand how it is that writers of ordinary intelligence are guilty of such palpable fallacies. The insinuations in the above statement seem extremely disingenuous, and we do not know how to rescue them from the charge of wilful misrepresentation except at the expense of the writer's understanding. If the argument implied in the above passage is of any force at all, it ought to mean that there is no conceivable amount of evidence for the truth of revelation that amounts to more than this, that the probability of its truth is slightly greater than that of its falsehood. Surely there is nothing so very absurd in the supposition that revelation should propose itself to mankind for adoption on the ground that if they would weigh the *primâ facie* evidence of its claims, they would find them possessed of some small degree of probability, premising that greater degrees of light should gradually dawn upon those who followed the little light they had. But it is a convenient fallacy to represent the conclusion of a preliminary inquiry as identical with the results arrived at, after going through the whole of the science. It is the same kind of absurdity as it would be to compare the state of the learner's belief, after reading the introductory chapter to a treatise on physical astronomy, with the appreciation of the

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subject which we would have gained by reading and mastering the whole of the treatise. This then is the fallacy contained in the words '*the result of the whole.*' The conclusion of the sentence which comes from Mr. Maurice's essays, viz. 'it is 'safer to believe in a God, lest if there should happen to be 'one, He might send us to hell for denying his existence,' is entirely off the point, and has been added, we suppose, for the sake of representing in stronger colours the '*reductio* '*ad absurdum* of common-sense philosophy, of home-baked 'theology.' And the expression is particularly uncalled for if, as we suppose, we may take it for granted that Mr. Pattison's belief as to a future punishment is entirely identical with that of Mr. Maurice and Mr. Mill, from both of whom he quotes expressions on the subject which are nearly equivalent to each other. We have noticed the expression for the sake of saying a few words on the fallacious mode of reasoning adopted by all these sceptical writers, and apparently by Mr. Pattison amongst their number. The favourite mode of conducting the attack upon the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment is by representing it as if it were the sole motive to good, held out by those who believe it; and with superficial thinkers, it carries weight to represent this form of belief as tending to foster a selfish style of morality, just as if virtue were a mere selfish calculation of the chances of life, or as if, as it has been expressed, it were the height of virtue to be rightly selfish. The view is in reality intimately connected with the line adopted by all writers of the latitudinarian school; viz. the ignoring the fact that character is at all concerned in preparing the recipient for the faith, or in confirming him in it after he has adopted it; and it is eminently unphilosophical to isolate this doctrine from the other doctrines of the faith with which it is intimately connected, as if there ever could have been a single individual in any stage of his religious life wholly influenced by this to the exclusion of the other doctrines of the Christian faith. This ignoring of the influence of right conduct upon right faith, exhibits itself in the impatience with which all these writers receive any allusion to the various kinds of immorality which have associated themselves with different heresies, or the decline in strictness of life which has been witnessed in individuals who have fallen from the true faith. It is very easy to call those who insist upon this obvious truth uncharitable; moreover, these are circumstances where it is almost impossible to lay stress upon it; but it is manifest that if it is a truth, it ought to be insisted on, and probably there is no doctrine of the Church which is more eagerly assailed, no view more eagerly adopted than its denial by persons whose mode of life would lead them

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to wish that it should be false. Mr. Pattison truly observes that the divines of the Hanoverian school had in a manner precluded themselves from the advantages of this truth; they had, as it were, challenged people on the score of reason, and therefore had no right to turn upon those who were unconvinced by their reasonable considerations, with the accusation of moral culpability. It was not that they were wrong in bringing the charge, but only inconsistent, for they had started from the theory of the reasonableness of Christianity. Mr. Pattison observes that the assertion that speculative unbelief is the consequence of a bad heart is a poor controversial shift as levelled against an individual opponent. We do not wish to defend the policy of the argument as used towards an individual, but it must never be forgotten that the statement is true. Mr. Pattison has evidently a decided antipathy, not only to the use of the argument, but he faintly impugns the truth of the proposition on which it is founded. He alleges that many of the Deists were men of worth, and that probably of none of them is anything known which would make them worse men than the average of their class of life. But upon the whole, such an allegation is worth very little, when it is remembered that people are what they are very much upon prudential considerations, and that the average respectable character is pretty much the result of a conflict of interests, clashing with each other, and a prudential calculation of consequences. Deists and infidels possessed of the resources of intellectual power will often appear more respectable characters than professors of Christianity of an inferior intellectual calibre, who continue in the faith in which they have been brought up.

We will part from Mr. Pattison with the concluding remark, that one great fault in his essay is that it is pointless. As an historical investigation, as we have already said, it puts together an immense mass of useful information. It contains an able writer's appreciation of the theology of an age which is past. It suggests what the author does not appear willing to enter upon himself—a similar analysis of the theology of the present age. This will, no doubt, be attempted in a future generation, when the controversies which convulse the present times will appear in a light in which none of the disputants can yet view them. Mr. Pattison is not unaware of the difficulties of the task which he proposes.

The conclusion of his essay is as follows:—

'Such appears to be the past history of the Theory of Belief in the Church of England. Whoever would take the religious literature of the present day as a whole, and endeavour to make out clearly on what basis Revelation is supposed by it to rest, whether on authority, on the Inward Light, on Reason, on self-evidencing Scripture, or on the combination of the

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four or some of them, and in what proportions, would probably find that he had undertaken a perplexing but not altogether profitless inquiry.'—*Essays and Reviews*, p. 329.

We come next to Mr. Jowett's, which is at once the most important and the most dangerous essay in the series. Its professed subject is The Interpretation of Scripture. Those who are acquainted with this author's Commentary upon the Epistles to the Romans and Thessalonians will hardly be surprised at the tone of the essay. It is thoroughly characteristic of its writer. It would be impossible to describe it in a few words. Any question that should be asked about it by an inquirer would have to be answered with some reservation. Is it deep or shallow? Is it earnest or trifling? Is it harsh or tender? Does it exhibit knowledge or ignorance of human nature? To what school of thought does it belong? Is the author satisfied with his position, and does he think that his views will really make way in the world? Is the author learned or unlearned? logical or illogical, &c.? All these questions and many more may be asked, and will be answered in many ways, and with many modifications, according to the prejudices of the answerer, the care he has taken in understanding the essay and the state of mind of the essayist—his acquaintance with his other works, or his knowledge of the position and circumstances of the writer.

There is much that bears the appearance of candour, fairness, and moderation; there are thoughtful suggestions thrown out, and there is a melancholy tenderness of turn about parts of the essay that will exercise a peculiar fascination over youthful minds, as well as over many who have passed the season of youth, without acquiring any definite convictions on religious subjects. On the other hand, those who can see farther will not be slow to detect the symptoms of bitterness and impatience and annoyance, with which the essay is disfigured; and few persons who have lived through the eventful thirty years which have witnessed so marked a change in the character of the clergy and the doctrines preached by them, will fail to discover that Mr. Jowett is still gradually drifting away from all definiteness of faith, that he is quite aware that he will never live to see his views extensively popular in the Church of England, and that he is by no means satisfied of the truth of all the ideas which, as he imagines, form part of his present creed. One would not willingly speak with severity of a man for whom one must entertain so much pity. He reminds us more, perhaps, than any other individual who is known in the literary world of the saying that one individual is incommensurate with another. And after making all the allowance that can be made for idiosyncrasy, perhaps we shall not be far wrong in

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saying that Mr. Jowett's inconsistencies are owing chiefly to his having lived so much apart from the world, and employing his really acute powers of observation within a narrow sphere, and to the limited range of reading to which he appears to have confined himself. These considerations will in part account for a tone of indirect sarcasm against those who differ from him, as if they totally ignored all the difficulties of the present generation, and his undisguised contempt for the narrow-mindedness of those who are shocked at hearing conclusions which they know are contrary to the faith, though they may not be able logically to expose the fallacy of the arguments on which they rest.

We proceed to notice the essay on the Interpretation of Scripture. It is divided into five sections—the first of which consists of a description of the state of the case as regards the manner in which Scripture is understood by different parties, who bring different prejudices to bear upon its interpretation. Everybody is familiar with the tone of confidence with which disputants of all classes make their appeal to the Sacred Text, and with the surprise that is often expressed at an opponent's inability to see what appears perfectly plain to his antagonist.

Both the learned and unlearned, especially amongst Protestants, have been accustomed to press the letter of Scripture far beyond what it will bear, and preconceived opinions have in many cases led to the ignoring or explaining away of certain texts which did not easily fall in with the views to be maintained; whilst exaggerated importance has been attached to others which fitted the case better, and which have sometimes been erroneously interpreted to make them prove what it is intended they shall prove.

It seems to us that the only possible inference to be drawn from such a state of things is, that as it is impossible for people to come unbiassed to the reading of Scripture, the interest of instructors is to take care that their pupils or children, as the case may be, should come to it imbued with true notions, or at least what they suppose to be true. It is the argument which Catholicism urges with such powerful weight against the principle of Protestantism. It is the point, too, in which the theory and practice of Protestants are irreconcilable with each other. They profess their belief in the ability of each person to find his creed for himself in Scripture, but they are wise enough in practice not to allow any one to run the risk of missing what they think the true creed. And so all sects possess their catechisms and short forms which are to be the guides, at least as to the fundamentals and outlines of the faith. However, be the true inference what it may, the state of things above described undeniably exists; and before suggesting any remedy for it,

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Mr. Jowett gives an extremely clear elucidation of it, the only objection to which that we have to urge is, that it is founded upon a false analogy, and therefore represents the case untruly.

This phenomenon, viz. that Scripture is interpreted in so many different ways, Mr. Jowett says, is so familiar and yet so extraordinary, that it requires an effort of thought to appreciate its true nature. Accordingly, he proceeds to assign it its true value by a comparison instituted between the New Testament on the one hand, and the works of an ordinary Greek writer, as, for instance, Sophocles or Plato, on the other; and the point of the comparison is to show how absurd it is to stick to a *textus receptus* in the one case, because of the undeniable absurdity of it in the other. He seems to be urging a plea for the application of criticism to the text of the Greek Testament, seeing no reason why it should not be treated in the same manner as the text of an ordinary Greek writer, where the antiquity, the relative value, the independence, &c. of certain manuscripts are used to decide in favour of or against certain readings which appear in printed editions, and which, in some cases, have acquired an undue importance because they have been so commonly received. Even in this part of the subject, where we are not really at issue with Mr. Jowett, as far as his conclusions are concerned, he is guilty of very great misrepresentation. There may be many who do not rate the critic's art as highly as Mr. Jowett does, and amongst this number we must be content to represent ourselves. There may be some, perhaps, who are to a fault indifferent about the subject; but we really do not know where to look for the antagonists whom Mr. Jowett's imagination conjures up, who are unwilling to allow the weight of learned criticism to be applied to the elucidating and settling of the text of the New Testament. And yet we ask, what is there but a systematic opposition to all criticism on the part of a body who are supposed to be worth attacking, that could have induced Mr. Jowett to write as follows?

'Up to the year 1550 or 1624, alterations, often proceeding on no principle, have been introduced into the text, but now a stand is made. An edition which appeared at the latter of the two dates just mentioned is invested with authority; this authorised text is a *pièce de resistance* against innovation. Many reasons are given why it is better to have bad readings to which the world is accustomed than good ones, which are novel and strange; why the later manuscripts of Plato and Sophocles are often to be preferred to earlier ones; why it is useless to remove imperfections where perfect accuracy is not to be attained. A fear of disturbing the critical canons which have come down from former ages is, however, suspected to be one reason for the opposition. And custom and prejudice, and the nicety of the subject, and all the arguments which are intelligible to the many, against the truth which is intelligible only to the few, are thrown into the scale to preserve the works of Plato or Sophocles as nearly as possible in the received text.'—P. 335.

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Now, as it is certain that the text of the New Testament must be settled by manuscript authority, much in the same way as that of any common Greek author, inasmuch as it has come down to us by successive transcripts precisely in the same way with all other ancient works; and as there is no body of individuals, either within or without the Church, entitled to any consideration who deny this, or object to true readings being substituted for false ones, when they have been undeniably substantiated, the author might as well have left this part of the parallel alone. Nay, he had better have done so if he had any regard for his reputation as a scholar and a critic, or a logician. The only way in which we can at all account for his perverse imagination, about the resistance that certain parties are supposed to make to critical emendations of the text of the New Testament, except on the score of entire ignorance of the views and feelings of those with whom he is now brought into immediate contact, is that he has confused in his own mind the opposition that has been made in various quarters and from different points of view to a revised English version, with a supposed aversion to any interference with the Elzevir text of 1624. We take leave to add, that in our opinion, Mr. Jowett has considerably damaged any reputation for critical scholarship which he may have been supposed to possess, by his sneer against the preference for later manuscripts over earlier. He is Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, yet evidently knows nothing whatever about collating Greek manuscripts. If he had, he would never have hazarded an opinion which is liable to be contradicted by almost every one who has ever edited a Greek author from manuscripts. There is probably scarcely an author or part of an author of which there are more than ten existing manuscripts, in which it will not be found that at least one more recent transcript is of more value than an earlier one, as representing a better family of manuscripts. The dispensing of the Crown patronage by the present ministry has been in too many cases reprehensible, and we scarcely think they will gain much credit for their recent appointments to the Regius Professorships at the two Universities.

The reader will at once see that all this protest on the part of Mr. Jowett against the supposed impugning of the criticism of the New Testament is entirely beside the point. His subject is the Interpretation of Scripture, but in making a representation of the absurdity of the many different modes of interpreting Scripture which may be found in the world, by comparing the case with the supposed similar state of things as regards Plato or Sophocles, there is a sufficient close analogy between this

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case and the totally distinct case of the application of criticism to the settling the text of a profane and a sacred writer respectively, to pass it off as part of the same argument; and, granting the fact alleged, which, as we have said, is not to be granted, Mr. Jowett's case appears to be materially strengthened. We do not, of course, accuse him of intentional dishonesty. It is only to be regretted that Mr. Jowett, in common with all the other writers of the latitudinarian school, are almost entirely destitute of logical accuracy.

From criticism, which is neither Mr. Jowett's *forte* nor his subject, we proceed to interpretation; and our next extract, whatever be its defects, has at least the merit of being to the point, which the last was not.

'Leaving the text,' he says, 'we proceed to interpret and translate. The meaning of Greek words is known with tolerable certainty, and the grammar of the Greek language has been minutely analysed both in ancient and modern times. Yet the interpretation of Sophocles is tentative and uncertain: it seems to vary from age to age; to some the great tragedian has appeared to embody in his choruses certain theological or moral ideas of his own age or country; there are others who find there an allegory of the Christian religion or of the history of modern Europe. Several schools of critics have commented on his works: to the Englishman he has presented one meaning, to the Frenchman another, to the German a third; the interpretations have also differed with the philosophical systems which the interpreters espoused. To one the same words have appeared to bear a moral, to another a symbolical meaning; a third is determined wholly by the authority of old commentators; whilst there is a disposition to condemn the scholar who seeks to interpret Sophocles from himself only, and with reference to the ideas and beliefs of the age in which he lived. And the error of such an one is attributed not only to some intellectual, but even to a moral obliquity, which prevents his seeing the true meaning.

'It would be tedious to follow into details the absurdity which has been supposed. By such methods it would be truly said that Sophocles or Plato may be made to mean anything. It would seem as if some Novum Organum were needed to lay down rules of interpretation for ancient literature. Still one other supposition has to be introduced, which will appear perhaps more extravagant than any which have preceded. Conceive then that these modes of interpreting Sophocles had existed for ages; that great institutions and interests had become interwoven with them, and in some degree even the honour of nations and churches—is it too much to say that in such a case they would be changed with difficulty, and that they would continue to be maintained long after critics and philosophers had seen that they were indefensible?'—P. 336.

And such is the caricature in which Mr. Jowett shows up the absurdity of the various interpretations of Scripture current in the nineteenth century, and the different methods upon which the work of interpretation has been and is conducted. The criticism has all the advantage of being clear, and distinct, and pointed. There is no possibility of mistaking what the author means. He is indirectly stating the case of the interpretation of Scripture, merely substituting the word Sophocles, with

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occasional additions, when it can safely be added, of Plato, for Scripture. We will therefore take the liberty of resubstituting the word Scripture in the above extract in place of Sophocles, and let us see what its implications and insinuations amount to.

That the meaning of Scripture is uncertain; that there are persons who consider it to contain a history of modern Europe; that different meanings are attached to its expressions by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans as such; that those who understand Scripture as bearing a moral meaning are a totally distinct class from those who attribute to it a symbolical meaning; that people who interpret Scripture from itself, and with reference to the ideas of the times in which its different books were written, are looked upon with suspicion, and the errors into which they fall attributed to a moral obliquity which prevents their seeing the true meaning.

Now this is the very least that Mr. Jowett can be supposed to mean, and we ask any candid person to consider whether this fairly represents the state of the case, or whether it is not an exaggeration, which bears so remote a resemblance to the truth, that it is difficult to discover what the truth is which is so misrepresented. Surely it is absurd to say there are national interpretations of Scripture, or that those who insist upon symbolical interpretations and spiritual meanings are indifferent to the moral or the literal meaning of Scripture. And assuredly there is no school, even amongst the distinctions of opinion prevalent in this country, that objects to an interpretation of Scripture by itself. And whatever be the occasions on which moral obliquity is, whether rightly or wrongly, imputed, we do not remember ever having seen this charge brought either against the practice of explaining Scripture by means of itself, or against individuals who adopt the practice.

So much for misrepresentation of the facts; let us now proceed to the fairness of the comparison. And here we can have no wish to deny the fact of the immense variety of the interpretations of Scripture, and the irreconcilable nature of the schemes of religion which have been reared upon its interpretation. We trust we shall not be tempted to underrate the importance of so plain and undeniable a fact, because we consider Mr. Jowett to have enormously overstated it. Mr. Jowett would, in our opinion, have been far more usefully occupied, if, instead of employing his time in exaggerating a fact, he had taken the trouble to inquire into its cause. Is it after all so very strange that Sophocles should be easy to understand, and parts of Scripture so very difficult? It may help us to appreciate the difference between the two if we for a moment consider Plato as occupying an intermediate place

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between them. The comparison of Sophocles and his interpreters on the one hand, with Plato and his commentators on the other, will supply us with a tolerably striking contrast as regards uniformity of explanation. Whilst no competent scholar is at a loss to comprehend the meaning both of the tragedies as a whole, and of the parts of them in particular; what an endless amount of dissertation has there been both upon the subject of the Platonic ideas in general, and the meaning of certain dialogues or portions of dialogues in his works. Let it be considered, then, that Sophocles wrote tragedies, the plots of which are for the most part founded upon historical and prehistorical, and mythical stories, for the amusement, and, perhaps, for the edification of an Athenian audience, and that Plato was the founder of a school of philosophy, which for two thousand years has moulded the forms which moral and political science have taken, has exerted a considerable influence in preparing the way for Christianity, and directing the course of Christian thought, (an influence by the way which writers of this school are far from underrating,) has had the remarkable fortune of meeting with a set of admirers who go the length of considering him inspired, and forming an antagonist school, who look upon him as a visionary and enthusiast. It is not difficult to account for so very remarkable a difference of fortune in the fate of the two writers. Surely we should not be wrong in attributing it in part to the interest of the subjects handled, in part to the genius of the writer, and partly, perhaps, to the adaptation of the writer's tone of mind to his subject—when we see a single author's works, some thousands of years after he is dead, made the battle-field of controversy. Surely it is at once recognised that in such a subject the feelings and the interests of humanity are deeply concerned, that some mighty issues are involved in the questions discussed, that no mere temporary interests are at stake, but that the matter under discussion is no less than those eternal and unchangeable truths which have all along been deemed to have their existence in one Almighty Being, and which, as continuously, have been impugned by those who do not wish to believe them.

It is unnecessary for us to draw out at length either the comparison or the contrast between the philosophical works of Plato and the Revelation which the Sacred Scriptures profess to contain. The argument, to show that there must of necessity have arisen a great variety of modes of interpretation, would gain strength from probably every difference that could be pointed out between the circumstances of the two. The result would be that even on the Protestant ground of the appeal to Scripture, the comparison between the case of the

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sacred writings and the tragedies of a Greek poet would appear wholly irrelevant; whilst the absurdity of the comparison would be intensely aggravated by the additional consideration that Scripture was written not with the view of teaching people their faith, but for the purpose of confirming them in the faith which they had learned from another source. If this additional circumstance be taken into consideration, it will appear no very extraordinary result if any amount of error should have sprung up from the reading of Scripture by persons who have been entirely neglectful of the caution which Scripture itself supplies to readers not already initiated into the Christian faith. Let it be added to this that Scripture makes its special appeal to the teachable and humble, and has for the most part been interpreted wrongly by the self-righteous and the pretenders to intellectual power. We need not, therefore, stop to discuss with Mr. Jowett the amount of variation in the interpretation of Scripture. Perhaps, if every action in justification of which passages of Holy Writ have been at one time or another alleged be taken into consideration, it might be found that there is scarcely any crime of which man can be guilty which has not been defended in this way. It would be of course absurd to allege extreme instances of this kind. We must suppose Mr. Jowett to be speaking of interpretations such as have found favour with classes of men—such as are usually met with, not wholly wanting in common sense, or entirely degraded in morals. It would not have suited his purpose to distinguish the cases of misinterpretation as applied to doctrinal subjects, and mistakes as to the meaning of history or prophecy.

Any such distinction would be wholly unmeaning on Mr. Jowett's hypothesis. Churchmen at once see that this would be suggestive of the difference of principle between Catholicism and Protestantism. It would involve the settlement of the question, whether it was not intended that people should come to the interpretation of Scripture with a prejudice, the prejudice, namely, of belief in the creeds of the Christian Church. This antecedent question appears to have been set aside altogether, the author taking it for granted that it is better to read Scripture without any such bias, and endeavour to elicit its meaning as best the reader may be able. He seems to take it for granted that all people can be fair and candid, and unprejudiced, and he is sanguine enough to believe, in spite of the unpromising appearance of so many centuries' disputation about the meaning and interpretation of Scripture, that a time will come when there will be a uniform system of interpretation in which all men shall quietly and naturally acquiesce. The only evidence that we can find adduced in favour of the probability of this

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wondrous change in the opinions of the world, consists in a discovery of the author's, that for the first time in the history of Christianity there is an approximation to agreement amongst German critics as to the meaning of certain hitherto doubtful prophecies.

Mr. Jowett does not, indeed, ignore the fact that people have hitherto been prejudiced. He is content to admit that what has as yet stood in the way of a rational interpretation of Scripture is chiefly the desire of people to wrest its meaning to support the tenets of a party. We are not inclined, under existing circumstances, to think there is much approach to unanimity of opinion amongst Protestants, nor much appearance of diminution of that party spirit which we join with Mr. Jowett in deploring. So long as there exist heretical opinions and bodies of schismatics, so long as the Church itself is divided into Eastern and Western, and this latter subdivided into separate Churches, each branch protesting against the supposed errors of the others, we see no likelihood of agreement as to the interpretation of Scripture as to those points which have been thought important enough to warrant a severance of communion. Nor do we think Mr. Jowett's *exposé* of the absurdity of such variations will effect much in the direction in which he is sanguine enough to think things are moving; whilst the comparison which he further institutes between the case we have been considering, and the supposed influence of the same or similar prejudices, if brought to bear upon subjects of mathematics or natural science, shows how entirely ignorant he is of the methods respectively pursued in pure mathematics, and in the physical sciences which have been brought under the dominion of mathematics. It seems to him a sufficient exposure of the prejudices against which he wages battle, to show how absurd would be their operation in the field of science. 'In natural science,' he says, 'it is felt to be useless to build on assumptions: in history 'we look with suspicion on *à priori* ideas of what ought to have 'been. In mathematics, when a step is wrong we pull down 'the whole house, until we reach the point at which the error 'is discovered. But in theology it is otherwise; there the tendency has been to conceal the unsoundness of the foundation 'under the fairness and loftiness of the superstructure.'

Such a flimsy argument might pass muster, perhaps, with readers who have a prejudice in favour of Mr. Jowett, but will hardly, we think, affect any who are acquainted in any degree with the processes of science. Surely it is but throwing dust in people's eyes to compare, not theology, but that part of the theology which is concerned with the right interpretation of Scripture, with pure science. What resemblance is there between

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a deductive system of reasoning, such, for instance, as is contained in Euclid's Elements of Geometry, and the proper method of understanding such a volume as that of Inspiration? Again, what does Mr. Jowett mean by saying that 'in natural science it is felt to be useless to build on assumptions'? Now the exact contradictory of this is the truth; natural sciences are wholly built upon assumptions, and they approach more or less nearly to perfection, according as the assumption can bear being confronted with a greater or less number of facts, a more or less complicated system of phenomena. Had Mr. Jowett stated that in natural science an hypothesis is allowed to stand till it is disproved, he would have been saying what was true, but what would not have suited his purpose so well. Nay, it is not merely in the discoveries of natural science that this method is pursued, but even in teaching it. No teacher would for a moment think of allowing a pupil to commence a treatise on plane astronomy with a protest against believing what he thinks contradictory to his senses. Such an experiment might, perhaps, be tried on a given individual, for the purpose of discovering how long the learner would be in finding his way back to the right path, but would hardly be tried a second time. The comparison we are now making, it will be seen, applies to the interpretation of the Bible, as to fundamental points, such as the Articles of the Christian faith. With regard to other prejudices which interfere with the true understanding of Scripture, as, for instance, the inveterate obstinacy with which some people refuse to open their eyes to the plainest evidence of geological science, or the pertinacious resistance to the proof that a certain favourite text is a mere interpolation of a transcriber, and the like, we do not deny that there is a great deal of unreasonableness exhibited by persons who ought to have known better how to treat such allegations, though even in these cases there is much that commends itself to our sympathy, in the fears which many entertain of arguments which they cannot follow, and which seem to be undermining the faith in which they have been brought up. But Mr. Jowett cannot bear prejudice in any shape, and it is the feeling that these prejudices cannot be swept away by argument that makes him write in a tone of irritation against those who are influenced by them, and also is the cause of a great deal of unfair misrepresentation.

This unfairness is specially evinced in the accumulation of accusations brought against those whom he is attacking, some of which are true, some false, some to the point, some wholly irrelevant, some are more or less connected with his subject, and have more or less introduction of extraneous matter, and some have truth and error mixed in various proportions. People who

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read hastily and superficially, as most people in the present day do, are content to see a general allegation apply to one of the particulars enumerated under it, and do not stop to inquire whether it will include the rest; and thus it requires only the inclination to believe that the writer is correct, to induce the reader to accept a good deal of statement as if it were so much argument. This is a favourite artifice with Mr. Jowett. We do not mean that he designedly adopts it, but only that his tone of thought is so loose and inaccurate that he cannot help falling into it. As an instance of what we mean, take the following passage from the conclusion of the first part of the essay, which, as we have said, contains the statement of his case. It is an illustration of the manner in which the writer says principles have imperceptibly grown up which have overridden facts.

'No one would interpret Scripture as many do, but for certain previous suppositions with which we come to the perusal of it. There can be no error in the Word of God, therefore the discrepancies in the Books of Kings and Chronicles are only apparent, or may be attributed to differences in the copies. It is a thousand times more likely that the interpreter should err than the inspired writer. For a like reason, the failure of a prophecy is never admitted in spite of Scripture and of history; the mention of a name later than the supposed age of the prophet is not allowed, as in other writings, to be taken in evidence of the date. The accuracy of the Old Testament is measured, not by the standard of primeval history, but of a modern critical one, which, contrary to all probability, is supposed to be attained; this arbitrary standard once assumed, it becomes a point of honour or of faith to defend every name, date, place, which occurs. Or to take another class of questions, it is said that "the various theories of the origin of the three first Gospels are all equally unknown to the Holy Catholic Church," or, as another writer of a different school expresses himself, they tend to sap the inspiration of the New Testament. Again, the language in which our Saviour speaks of his own union with the Father is interpreted by the language of the Creeds. Those who remonstrate against double senses, allegorical interpretations, forced reconcilements, find themselves met by a sort of pre-supposition that God speaks not as man speaks. The limitation of the human faculties is confusedly appealed to as a reason for abstaining from investigations which are quite within their limits. The suspicion of Deism, or perhaps of Atheism, awaits inquiry. By such fears a good man refuses to be influenced: a philosophical mind is apt to cast them aside with too much bitterness. Whether those conditions of thought are the traditions of the Church, or the opinions of the religious world, Catholic or Protestant, makes no difference. They are inconsistent with the freedom of the truth and the moral character of the Gospel.'—P. 342.

This passage is, perhaps, the best we could have selected in illustration of Mr. Jowett's style of mixing together in one attack a number of positions and a variety of schools of thought. It serves also as a fair indication of the author's isolated position in the theological world. It exhibits him as entirely at variance with all parties who profess adherence to the Church of

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England as distinguished from bodies of Nonconformists. It indicates plainly that whatever interpretation of Scripture he may be pleased to adopt or recommend, he is not disposed to trust it for the facts of history nor the predictions of prophecy. It seems to imply a denial of any sense in the language of Holy Writ beyond that which is on the surface, and to contain a sort of protest against any allegorical meanings whilst forbidding attempts to reconcile discrepancies of fact or statement.

We cannot undertake to notice all the points to which allusion is made. But it seems just worth while to call attention to the absurd *petitio principii* involved in the assertion that the fact of the name of Cyrus occurring in the prophecy of Isaiah proves the verse in which it occurs to be of later date. Where there are distinct allusions to events subsequent to the supposed writer's time, no doubt a tolerably complete argument for the forgery of the work in which they occur may be established; but surely a book which professes to be prophetical has claims to be measured by a different standard from one which clumsily and accidentally brings in later events which do not belong to its subject. The genuineness of the first verse of Isaiah's forty-fifth chapter may perhaps be controverted, but we submit that it is no argument against it that it is prophetical.

Prophecy is only one way in which the inspired volume differs from other books. This difference, however, is not admitted by Mr. Jowett; and accordingly, on proceeding in the second part of this essay 'to examine some of these prior questions which lie in the way of a reasonable criticism,' the question which first presents itself is naturally that of inspiration. From this second part, which is much the longest portion of the essay, it might have been expected that the author would have given us some positive idea of what inspiration is, for he seems to admit that Scripture is in some sense inspired. The reader, however, will be disappointed at finding that after devoting seven pages to protesting against every reasonable and unreasonable form of belief in inspiration, Mr. Jowett diverges from his subject in order to notice the insufficiency of Scripture texts to prove the doctrines and practices in support of which they are adduced. He admits the practices in certain cases, *e.g.* Infant Baptism and Episcopal Government, to have sufficient grounds, but does not tell us what those grounds are. With regard to doctrines, we infer that Mr. Jowett does not think it much matters what form is held. All that we gather is that he considers, and in this opinion we entirely concur with him, that inspiration is incapable of being defined in an exact manner; beyond this, all is wrapped up in the utmost vagueness of expression, or else is palpably erroneous. What, for instance, can be the meaning

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of telling us that inspiration is reconcileable with the mixed good and evil of the characters of the Old Testament? What has the idea of the style and character and origin of a writing to do with the moral character of people who are mentioned in the writing? And if the following statement is not false, we should like to be informed what it means: 'There is no appear-'ance in their writings that the Evangelists or Apostles had 'any inward gift, or were subject to any power external to them, 'different from that of preaching and teaching which they daily 'exercised;' and why should it be added to this that they do not 'anywhere lead us to suppose that they were free from error or infirmity'?

In Mr. Jowett's tirade against inspiration, for in truth it is nothing else, we have mixed up in hopeless confusion the character of the writers as independent of their writings, the character and contents of the writings themselves, and the character of the persons whose history or actions are delineated in the writings. And the fact that S. Paul was not omniscient, and did not know when the coming of Christ should be, is brought in evidence against the inspiration of his epistles; whilst the assertion that one evangelist was an eye-witness, and another set forth a declaration of what he had heard from eye-witnesses, seems pressed into the same service. It is no wonder that Mr. Jowett should think so disparagingly of inspiration, when we find it asserted that it is a fact, which we infer from the study of Scripture,—that it can be no other than that idea of Scripture which we gather from the knowledge of it, because there is no other source to which we can turn for information. This fact embraces the Book of Esther and the Song of Solomon. We should be glad to know what length of time should be devoted to the study of these books in order to establish their inspiration. The fact, again, is reconcileable with the attribution to the Divine Being of actions at variance with that higher revelation which He has given of Himself in the Gospel; it is consistent with imperfect and opposite views of truth, with variations of fact and inaccuracies of language. Mr. Jowett finds fault with believers in inspiration for agreeing in a term to which they attach indefinite varieties of meaning. He is far more inconsistent in that he adopts the term, and, as far as we can see, attaches no meaning at all to it. If he had rejected the term as well as the thing, he would have written much more intelligibly; but we suppose it would have been going a little too fast for English rationalism to follow.

Of the two considerations which Mr. Jowett offers us for removing the difficulties of the idea of inspiration, the first in effect clears away the difficulty by pointing out that inspira-

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tion means the idea which we gather of Scripture from Scripture itself; a view of inspiration which accommodates itself to the different calibre of each reader, to the different tone of mind in which he may happen to be, and to the different aspects in which different books (the Book of Esther, for instance, and the Revelation of S. John) may present themselves to his mind. The second consideration touches on the delicate question of the relations of Science and Revelation. Again Mr. Jowett finds no difficulty in solving the question. He notices the two cases of scientific conclusions, such as those of astronomical truths which are established, and others, such as those of geological and philological science, which may hereafter be proved, and argues that it is not worth while to fight a losing battle on these latter, on the ground which seems to him to have been won from revelation by the former. Mr. Jowett is here so vague that we can scarcely follow him, but he appears to mean that the results of science are certain, and the statements of Scripture must give way, but he does not go the length of one of his fellow-essayists in therefore throwing overboard the whole Old Testament, as being neither wholly true nor otherwise of any value since the coming of Christ and the New Dispensation. On the contrary, he is anxious to preserve the idea of the Old Testament as a whole, after making due allowance for all blunders of fact and principle which it sanctions. He adopts the Old Testament as containing valuable historical records mixed up with much matter that clashes with profane history, and which may therefore be received, and presenting useful hints for the conduct of life, which may be used with advantage by those who approve of them, or to whose minds they commend themselves. The reconciliation of Scripture and Revelation is too large a subject to be entered upon here, but we may be permitted to refer the reader to some remarks made on this subject in a recent number of this Review.[1] Those who object to the mode in which physical truths are spoken of in Scripture, may fairly be called upon to substitute other language which shall express the same without anticipating those discoveries of science which God has intended shall be won by patient and toilsome investigation. But we must confess our inability to follow Mr. Jowett's bold assumption, which is made in the teeth of those who scoff at all idea of revelation and inspiration, on the very ground of these alleged mistakes of Scripture. He tells us that 'there is no need of elaborate re-'concilements of revelation and science; they reconcile them-'selves the moment any scientific truth is distinctly ascertained.

[1] See *Christian Remembrancer*, No. CIV. for April, 1859.

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'As the idea of nature enlarges, the idea of revelation also 'enlarges.' And extending the same train of thought to the domain of history, he informs us that historical truth must not be tortured into agreement with Scripture, nor tied down to its chronology. 'Again, the idea of inspiration must expand and take them in.' Mr. Jowett does not care to provide a remedy for the equally obvious inference that many minds have drawn and many more will draw, 'As the idea of nature enlarges, the 'field of revelation contracts; as the records of history illu-'minate mankind, the idea of inspiration evaporates.'

And here Mr. Jowett leaves the subject of inspiration, the larger portion of the remainder of the section being taken up with elucidating the mode of accommodation which people who profess to go by Scripture adopt in interpreting it, according to the present usages of society, and in adjusting it to the doctrines of the creeds. The description of the manner in which Scripture has been misinterpreted, parts of it wholly ignored, and undue stress laid upon other parts, by fanatics and others, might probably have been enlarged to a great extent, and yet the author lays far too great weight upon these instances: his view undoubtedly makes out a case against the Protestant notion of the self-sufficiency of the Bible, which may be fairly left to the agents of the British and Foreign Bible Society to answer as best they may be able. But what is specially worthy of note is the enumeration given by Mr. Jowett of passages of Scripture, in which there has been a neglect, and, in some instances, a misinterpretation of words which are not in harmony with the spirit of the age. We have no objection to any one insisting on the marked difference between the practice of mankind in regard to heaping up riches, and the declaration of our Lord, that it is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven; but Mr. Jowett is not entitled to press into his service, for the sake of illustrating the difficulties of interpretation, the folly of which maniacs, fanatics, Quakers, and the like, have been guilty, in imitating the recorded practice of the prophets of the Old Dispensation. It may, perhaps, be a fair question, with what limitations such texts as 'Go sell all that thou hast,' or, 'If a man smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also,' are to be interpreted. It may also admit of difference of opinion how far the stern denunciations of the prophet about cedar and vermilion, or the cry against those that lay field to field, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth, are suitable for imitation in the nineteenth century; but the questions are certainly distinct ones, and it indicates a very illogical state of mind to confuse them as Mr. Jowett does.

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With regard to the objections alleged against that 'temper of accommodation' which 'shows itself in the attempt to adapt the truths of Scripture to the doctrines of the Creeds,' we have a graver charge to bring against Mr. Jowett. The Protestant theory would no doubt, if it were consistent, object to all creeds and formularies; the utmost limit that could logically be conceded to it being a short summary of faith couched in the exact words of Scripture. As, however, in teaching, it is quite impossible for the teacher not to influence the pupil towards the view which he himself holds, the theory of each individual finding his faith for himself in the Bible, which is Mr. Jowett's theory, is quite impracticable. We suppose Mr. Jowett knows that, and is not sanguine enough to hope entirely to do away with prejudices on the part of all learners, and that the utmost he expects to effect is, to induce intellectual readers to divest themselves, as far as they possibly can, of prejudice. The inability of people to act upon this advice to any great extent will probably render such a theory much less extensively mischievous than might at first sight be supposed. But Mr. Jowett has here, in point of logic, the advantage of the narrow-minded school to whose opinions he might be thought to be approximating. The so-called Evangelical school at least sincerely believe that all that they profess, including the Nicene distinction of ὁμοούσιον from ὁμοιούσιον, may be satisfactorily proved from Scripture. Now Mr. Jowett, though he guards himself against the charge of considering the expressions of the Creed false, yet thinks them an unsuitable instrument for the interpretation of Scripture. This disadvantage he considers them to possess in common with every other precise or definite rule of faith, as for example the Unitarian. The principal argument adduced for this belief on Mr. Jowett's part is as follows: 'If the 'occurrence of the phraseology of the Nicene age in a verse 'of the Epistles would detect the spuriousness of the verse in 'which it was found, how can the Nicene or Athanasian Creed be 'a suitable instrument for the interpretation of Scripture?' Putting Scripture on precisely the same level with Sophocles, which was the position from which Mr. Jowett appeared to start, the argument would be conclusive; under the view of Scripture containing a revelation from God of which the Church is commissioned to be the keeper, the witness, and the interpreter, the argument entirely vanishes.

The very least then that we can suppose Mr. Jowett to mean here, is that it is unfortunate that the Nicene formulary was ever adopted. He does not place it in exactly the same category with the rule of faith of the Unitarian body. He thinks their view positively erroneous, because it will not bear being

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confronted with the exact words of S. John: 'The Word was God,' and 'I and the Father are one.' But he adduces these texts in this relation, with the view of pointing out 'the error 'of introducing into the interpretation of Scripture the notions 'of a later age, which is common alike to us and them.'

We are glad to be able to include Mr. Jowett amongst the number of those who still believe in the Godhead of Jesus Christ, and remark that the following passage is written only with the view of showing up the absurdity of the expressions, and not of dissenting from the doctrines of the Nicene Creed. But for the single respectful mention of the Creeds as being an 'acknowledged part of Christianity, standing in a close relation 'to the words of Christ and his Apostles, and making as near 'an approach to a simple and Scriptural rule of faith as any 'heterodox formula,' and as containing expressions, of which the germs are sufficiently apparent in Scripture, with which, therefore, it would not be wise to contrast them; there is nothing in the essay that would lead us to suppose that its author believed the fundamental doctrines of the Christian Church. Whether we are overstating the case shall be judged by the reader from Mr. Jowett's own words:—

'To attribute to S. Paul or the Twelve the abstract notion of Christian truth which afterwards sprang up in the Catholic Church is the same sort of anachronism as to attribute to them a system of philosophy. It is the same error as to attribute to Homer the more developed principles of Aristotle and Plato. Many persons who have no difficulty in tracing the growth of institutions, yet seem to fail in recognising the more subtle progress of an idea. It is hard to imagine the absence of conceptions with which we are familiar; to go back to the germ of what we know only in maturity; to give up what has grown to us and become a part of our minds. In the present case, however, the development is not difficult to prove. The statements of Scripture are unaccountable if we deny it; the silence of Scripture is equally unaccountable. Absorbed as St. Paul was in the person of Christ with an intensity of faith and love, of which in modern days, and at this distance of time, we can scarcely form a conception—high as he raised the dignity of his Lord above all things in heaven and earth—looking to him as the Creator of all things, and the head of quick and dead, he does not speak of him as equal to the Father, or of one substance with the Father. Much of the language of the Epistles (passages for example such as Romans i. 2; Philippians ii. 6) would lose their meaning if distributed in alternate clauses between our Lord's humanity and divinity. Still greater difficulties would be introduced into the Gospels by the attempt to identify[1] them with the Creeds. We should have to suppose that He was and was not tempted; that when He prayed to His Father He prayed also to Himself; that He knew and did not know of that hour of which He as well as the angels were ignorant. How could He have said, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" or, "Father, if it be possible let this cup

[1] We quote Mr. Jowett's own words. We do not pretend to be able to give any account of his language. The process of identification is certainly singular if the Gospel and Creeds can be subjected to it.

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pass from me?" How could he have doubted whether when the Son cometh he shall find faith upon the earth? These simple and touching words have to be taken out of their natural meaning and connexion to be made the theme of apologetic discourses, if we insist on reconciling them with the distinctions of later ages.'—P. 354.

The latter part of this quotation seems to us unintelligible, except on the supposition that Mr. Jowett believes there is actual contradiction between the narratives of Scripture and the doctrines of the Church. It would be unfair not to give the author all the advantage to which his avowal of adherence to the Creeds of Christendom entitles him. We must, therefore, limit our accusation against him within the narrowest compass that is possible. His vague and dreamy mind, wrapt up in what he calls an idea, does not see what other people call logical inconsistencies. To expose him for being guilty of a contradiction in terms would probably have no effect upon him, and to charge him with disbelief in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds would probably astonish him as much as the being called on to sign the Articles in proof that he was still a believer in the Atonement. But the fact that he gives occasion to so much scandal, and is so commonly misunderstood—if, indeed, it be misunderstanding—ought to make him more cautious as to his modes of expression. Extreme inaccuracy in the use of words, and confusion of thought as regards statements, characterise the whole essay, and offer the best defence that can be made of the writer's orthodoxy as regards the most elementary and fundamental truths of the Christian religion. We do not know whether this is the more striking characteristic of his writings, or the profound ignorance which he exhibits in regard to the religious opinions of the Catholic world, and generally of those who differ from him; or, again, of things which are actually going on and patent to the observation of every one. Take for instance the evidence brought to show that the present age, in a part of its intellectual state, has grown out of the mystical methods of the early fathers, viz. 'No one will now seek to find 'hidden meanings in the scarlet thread of Rahab, or the num-'ber of Abraham's followers, or in the little circumstance men-'tioned after the resurrection of the Saviour, that S. Peter 'was the first to enter the sepulchre.' Has Mr. Jowett never heard of Mr. Neale's lately published volume on the mystical explanation of the Psalms, or the elaborate commentary on the Gospel narrative in Mr. Isaac Williams' volumes? If the reading of such works be confined to a party in the Church, we should certainly infer the party to be a large one—large enough we do not say to disprove Mr. Jowett's careless assertion that no one seeks hidden meanings, but to show the reckless style

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of writing in which this author indulges—large enough, perhaps, to suggest that even the modified form of expression adopted in the next paragraph, viz. 'To *most educated persons* 'in the nineteenth century, these applications of Scripture 'appear foolish'—is very far from representing the true state of the case.

Take for instance again the following misrepresentation of the prevailing style of sermons on certain texts, such as the parable of the good Samaritan, or the falling of the tower of Siloam. He thinks the obvious lesson to be learned from the parable, viz. that our neighbour may perhaps be of a different religion from ourselves, is not commonly insisted upon in sermons, and that the improvement usually made of the event of the falling of the tower of Siloam is different from the obvious lesson in the Gospel. We suppose this means that preachers make use of any sudden visitation more in the way of denouncing God's judgment against sinners than in exhorting their hearers to exercise a charitable judgment on the sufferers. Other similar instances are adduced; and we are bound to say that our hearing of sermons has been very different from Mr. Jowett's, and if he will take the trouble to read the sermons upon these texts which have been published within these last twenty years, he will probably alter his opinion. Again, it betrays great ignorance of the meaning of terms used in theology, as well as of the opinions of theologians, to speak of such expressions as 'invincible ignorance' and 'uncovenanted mercies' as being invented by persons 'half reluctant to give up, yet afraid to 'maintain the advantage of denying salvation to those who are '*extra palum ecclesiæ*.'

There is a tacit assumption in Mr. Jowett's mind, of which he never loses sight, that orthodox people do not really believe what they profess. Mr. Jowett is impatient with them for teaching what has been taught them, and expects them to see difficulties in the same light in which they are presented to himself. And when he finds they are not affected by them as he is, he gets angry with them, and accuses them of saying what they do not think. This is the real meaning of another passage in which he is most unjust to those who, whether rightly or wrongly, skilfully or clumsily, attempt a reconciliation of the Mosaic cosmogony with modern geological discovery, or other parts of the Old Testament with other branches of science. He is distinguishing the case of well-ascertained laws of nature and probable presumptions of physical laws, which remain yet to be established, and observes that 'it is not worth while to fight on this debateable ground a 'losing battle, in the hope that a generation will pass away

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'before we sound a last retreat.' Now what else is this but an insinuation that those who maintain what they believe to be the truths of revelation, whether in opposition to, or in the endeavour to reconcile them with, probable discoveries of modern science, are dishonestly upholding a theory which may last their time, but which they suspect is rotten at the core?

It is but fair to Mr. Jowett to say that in all these covert accusations his tone is very different from the arrogant and scornful language of Dr. Rowland Williams towards those he is attacking. Mr. Jowett's tone is not that of contempt, but of surprise, that men of saintly lives should so often seem to be indifferent to truth. The commonness of the fault, instead of setting him upon inquiry as to its cause, only seems to increase the petulant irritation under which he views it; an irritation which seems to take a personal turn, as if he felt that he were especially the victim who had suffered from it. From the conclusion of his essay, it might have been thought that Churchmen were the dominant party in this country, and that he and his friends are looked upon with suspicion, as running counter to the feelings of religious parties. But his isolated position never seems for one moment to raise a doubt in his mind as to whether it may not be possible that others may be in the right and he himself in the wrong. There is a melancholy tone, not unmixed with bitterness, about the concluding paragraphs of his essay; but he consoles himself, and offers the consolation to him who shall adopt the same isolated course of action, that 'he who bears a part in it may feel a confidence which no 'popular caresses or religious sympathy could inspire, that he 'has, by a Divine help, been enabled to plant his foot somewhere 'beyond the waves of time. He may depart hence before the 'natural term, worn out with intellectual toil; regarded with sus-'picion by many of his contemporaries; yet not without a sure 'hope that the love of truth which men of saintly lives often 'seem to slight, is nevertheless accepted before God' (p. 433).

We have made this digression from the subject of the interpretation of Scripture in order to notice and dismiss, once for all, any allusion to the character of the writer. It may seem ungracious to touch upon this point at all, but was perhaps necessary to enable the reader to appreciate better the point of view from which the essay was composed.

We return now to the enumeration of the difficulties which beset the interpretation of Scripture.

The next difficulty turns upon the settlement of the question whether Scripture has one, and one only, true meaning, or whether it has many; whether the mystical and allegorical interpretations of the fathers are to be admitted, or whether

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this method is to be restricted, as Protestants generally have restricted it, to the double sense of prophecy, and the typical anticipation of the Gospel in the Law. This question is, as the author justly observes, part of the more general question as to the relation of the Old to the New Testament, and involves a fourth question, mooted by Mr. Jowett, as to the interpretations of the Old Testament that occur in the New, whether given by our Lord himself or the Evangelists and *other* writers. We should have preferred using the natural term, *inspired writers*, which it is almost difficult to avoid using; but the use of it would have begged the whole question, and we have purposely abstained from writing it, because in the relation in which it would have appeared, it would have been quite out of place. These three latter questions could only arise on the supposition of the first question of inspiration being settled, and judgment being given against it. It is true there is no formal disavowal of belief in inspiration in this essay. Rather, on the contrary, the author appears to cling to the word, but it is entirely explained away; neither can we gather any other idea of it than that the Bible, interpreted on Mr. Jowett's principles, 'will be a spirit and not a letter,' and that there is a certain inexhaustible and infinite character about the sacred writings, which will impress itself upon the intellectual reader after a careful study of all its separate parts, when perhaps there will suddenly burst upon him the idea of the whole, just as to the intelligent observer of nature, the harmony of a scene, long perhaps gazed on, but not understood, will in an instant unfold itself. But the question of inspiration being once settled in favour of its existence, the other questions cease to be questions of principle, and the only difficulty they would present would be one of detail. And here we come upon another of Mr. Jowett's inconsistencies; he does not profess to attempt the determination of these questions, but only to point out what questions those are which he conceives must be determined 'before any real progress can be made, or any agreement arrived at, in the interpretation of Scripture.' Yet, practically, he treats the question of inspiration as settled, as likewise he does the second question which he has suggested, as to the one or many meanings of Scripture. We have no wish to find fault with Mr. Jowett for stating his opinions, whether on this or any other subject, which he has a perfect right to do; but a writer, we think, can hardly expect much confidence from his readers when he tells them in one place (p. 370) that he makes no attempt to determine questions, one of which he proceeds to determine before he has written ten pages more. Thus we are told:—

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'First it may be laid down that Scripture has one meaning—the meaning which it had to the mind of the prophet or evangelist who first uttered or wrote to the hearers, or readers who first received it. Another view may be easier or more familiar to us, seeming to receive a light and interest from the circumstances of our own age. But such accommodation of the text must be laid aside by the interpreter whose business is to place himself as nearly as possible in the position of the sacred writer. That is no easy task —to call up the inner and outer life of the contemporaries of our Saviour; to follow the abrupt and involved utterance of St. Paul or one of the old Prophets; to trace the meaning of words when language first became Christian,' &c. (p. 378).

And again at the end of the third section:

'Of what has been said this is the sum:—That Scripture like other books has one meaning, which is to be gathered from itself, without reference to the adaptations of Fathers or Divines; and without regard to *a priori* notions about its nature and origin. It is to be interpreted like other books, with attention to the character of its authors, and the prevailing state of civilisation and knowledge; with allowance for peculiarities of style, and language, and modes of thought and figures of speech. Yet not without a sense that as we read there grows upon us the witness of God in the world, anticipating in a rude and primitive age the truth that was to be, shining more and more unto the perfect day in the life of Christ, which again is reflected from different points of view in the teaching of His Apostles.' (p. 404).

If Mr. Jowett's view is correct it is fortunate for the coming generation that he has been able to settle some of the many questions which are preliminary to a right understanding of Scripture. Some other critic in the next generation may perhaps be successful in deciding a few more of them, and thus prepare the way for that golden age, as yet seen only in the far distance, when there shall no longer be any disputes about the meaning of Scripture, and all readers shall acquiesce in the one true idea which it has taken so many centuries to develop and expand. We confess we are not so sanguine.

When an Essayist is inconsistent with himself, it is but a small crime to accuse him of disagreeing with his brother Essayists. The topic of the interpretation of Scripture, and the subject of miracles, are both important. We suppose Mr. Jowett is scarcely yet prepared to indorse Professor Powell's denial of the possibility of a miracle in the world of matter; but the Savilian Professor appears to us to have a much stronger case to urge against Mr. Jowett for his neglect of the precepts of the Inductive Philosophy. Unless there is some good reason to be assigned to the contrary, so many centuries of dispute about Scripture may be pronounced to be good evidence as to the probability of the continuance of controversy. Whether this evidence will not become overpowering when the causes which lead to this misinterpretation are taken into consideration, we will leave with our readers to decide. Again, there would be some plausibility

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in the argument, if a sceptic taking this volume for his basis should conclude that the time is not far distant when it will be agreed that Scripture, as a whole, has no meaning at all; and when, consequently, Christianity shall have ceased altogether, or represent the religious faith of an insignificant portion of the world. Miracles have been shown to be entirely inconsistent with the very idea of the Inductive Philosophy. Prophecies have been explained away on the ground that plain prophecy is history, and obscure prophecy is not prophecy at all. The idea of inspiration has evaporated in the crucible of criticism; the progress of science and the researches of history have overthrown the statements of the Old, and thrown grave doubts over the narrative of the New Testament. Add to this, that Scripture ever implies the two states of good and evil—individuals being in favour with God, or out of His favour, an opposition which is one of ideas only, and which is not realised in fact, as experience shows us; not that there are two classes of men animated by two opposing principles, but an infinite number of classes or individuals from the lowest depths of misery and sin to the highest perfection of which human nature is capable, the best not wholly good, the worst not entirely evil. Taking all these things into consideration, the sceptic's argument would be at least intelligible. We confess our utter inability to comprehend the intermediate position in which our Essayists stand.

We should extend this article to too great a length if we were to follow Mr. Jowett minutely through the remaining sections of this Essay. Neither is there any necessity for our doing so. In the third section, which is marked § 2, as if it were meant for a sub-section of the previous portion (the arrangement and numbering of the divisions of the Essay being as confused as its contents are), we have amongst many irrelevant remarks an apology for what the author thinks 'may be censured as a wanton exposure of the difficulties of Scripture.' Such apology is wholly out of place. Though Mr. Jowett's inveterate prejudices will scarcely allow him to believe it, the difficulties which he mentions are known to most persons, and are not ignored by the learned. It is mere childish petulance in Mr. Jowett to accuse people, in the wholesale manner in which he indulges, of concealment of difficulties, including in his sweeping charge a majority of the clergy throughout the world, and the half-sceptical, half-conservative instincts of every layman, as well as individual interests, which he says are in favour of this course, a course which he characterizes as alike opposed to the freedom of the truth, and to that 'honesty which will ever be found to be the best policy.' We have no objection whatever to Mr. Jowett's

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making allusion to such difficulties which, probably all, or most of them, are known to every reader he is likely to have; we can only express our wonder at the intense folly of an author who insists upon difficulties and makes scarcely any attempt at their solution. If Mr. Jowett had offered any remedy for the case which he suggested, we could forgive him the ridiculous exaggeration of describing the Christian minister as almost powerless in the hands of his opponents; as one who can give no true answer to the mechanic or artizan, who has either discovered by his mother-wit, or who retails at second-hand the objections of critics, because he is unable to look at things as they truly are.

The second apology which Mr. Jowett offers for appearing to disparage the early Fathers—the Roman Catholic mystical writers, with whom he seems to delight in associating the Swiss and German reformers—and Nonconformist divines, was equally unnecessary. He exhibits to the full as much respect for them as any one would have expected of him.

The next section contains some suggestive remarks on the language and criticism, the grammatical structure, and the logical character of the language of the New Testament; but we have no space to follow him through the many questions indicated; we must, therefore, content ourselves with protesting against the transparent fallacy implied in the words—people 'are not aware how little words affect the nature of things.' The context implies that the author means 'people's ideas of the nature of things,' and not the nature of things itself, which, of course, would remain the same whatever words were invented to describe them. Such errors of expression are trifling in comparison with the truth which the words are meant to convey; but we have an old-fashioned prejudice in favour of accuracy of expression, and are not disposed to believe in exactness of thought where it is wanting. If Mr. Jowett, however, means what we suppose him to mean, the history of the world both profane and sacred might, we should think, in most of its pages, be brought to bear evidence to the falsity of his assertion. He must be very ignorant of controversy who does not know what immense influence on life and character has been exerted by a dispute which subsequent ages have seen to be a mere dispute about terms, and which, perhaps, might have been pronounced so at the time by one who could observe events with sagacity and comment upon them dispassionately.

The concluding sections of the Essay insist upon the separation of the interpretation from the application of Scripture. It is of the last importance to Mr. Jowett's theory that a sharp line of demarcation should be drawn between the two. Yet he

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appears himself to admit that none such can be drawn; the interpretations of the Old Testament given in the New are, however, classed with adaptations; and he is very jealous of any applications of Scripture to the circumstances of life, on the ground that they may be unreal. Yet some such applications he seems to think necessary, and though they may hold up a standard beyond what can be reached, they are, he says, at least better than 'mere prudential or economical lessons, lectures on health, or sanitary improvement.' He has a glimpse of truth when he speaks of the 'analogy of faith' being a kind of safeguard against untrue interpretations or applications; but what the analogy of faith is, or where it is to be found, except in Scripture as it is to be hereafter interpreted by the new light of criticism, does not appear. The author makes no allusion to the Apostles' Creed; but it is not unnatural, considering the effect it has had on the interpretation of Scripture, that he should endorse with only a qualifying 'perhaps' the assertion of an eminent English prelate that the decision of the Council of Nice was 'the greatest misfortune that ever befel the Christian world.' The Apostles' Creed, probably, he would not demur to, on the ground of its being a summary of the teaching of the New Testament, and so nearly contemporary with it as to contain nearly the same forms of expression, and the same ideas; yet, considering the different senses which have been assigned to some of its clauses by those who adopt them, it is scarcely likely that he alludes to the Creed at all. It seems to us more probable that the 'analogy of faith' is quoted in a casual way, with scarcely any distinct idea attached to it by the writer. As far as words go, we can quite agree with him. So long as the analogy of faith is preserved, there can be nothing to fear from criticism, which in its own province has shown its value of late years by throwing considerable light upon the sacred text. We can have no wish to disparage it, when it does not go beyond its proper limits.

Mr. Jowett himself observes that when the Bible has been interpreted by all the light of present and future criticism, it will still remain unlike all other books. What makes it unlike all other books is that it alone, of all books, contains the revelation which God has made to His creatures. But if it is indeed different from all other books, it is no such extraordinary circumstance that it should require additional aids and cautions in its interpretation. Still, with all the assistance that criticism is likely to give, and all the methods it may bring to bear upon the interpretation of Scripture, we are not so simple as to suppose that it will eventuate in uniting even Protestants in one body; we do not

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see those signs which the author thinks he can discern, that the distinctions of theology are beginning to fade away. There is, indeed, a present lull in the controversy both on Baptism and the Holy Eucharist which contrasts strangely with the excitement which prevailed on these subjects during the period when the two trials of Mr. Gorham and the Archdeacon of Taunton were proceeding; but even if indifference to doctrine, within the pale of the Church of England, were the true account of this apparent calm, it would be but a slender basis upon which to found the magnificent edifice of a Catholic Church, agreeing, without doctrines and without faith, to make a crusade against the indifference of the worldly and the immoralities of the wicked. Is Mr. Jowett in entire ignorance of the controversies which show no present symptoms of abatement between the religious bodies of Scotland, or the divisions which exist amongst the Baptists and other bodies of Nonconformists in England? Or can he seriously think that Catholics of the Roman Communion are at all approaching to agreement with his views of things? The conclusion of the Essay is full of the most extravagant expectations, on the possibility of the realization of which the author seems to love to dwell, though he does not appear sanguine in his anticipations of their immediate fulfilment.

The absurdity of schemes of toleration has been often enough argued, and we should have thought sufficiently tested by experience; but the proposal for an union of Christendom based on the interpretation of Scripture by the light of modern criticism, leaving open all such doctrines as can be met with texts of Scripture which seem to contradict them, the rule of religious opinion being allowed to vary 'with the ever varying conditions of the human mind and Christian society,' is the wildest chimera that has ever been seriously proposed for the adoption of Churchmen.

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ART. V.—*The Day Hours of the Church of England.* London: Masters.

IT was the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity, and a glorious autumn afternoon. The fashionable world of Brussels was airing itself in the Rue Royale; the bells of some of the parish churches were sounding for vespers; when the writer of the present article rang—he confesses, with somewhat of a trembling hand,—at the outer door of the Convent of S. Michel, and inquired whether Father Tinnebroek were at home. The answer was in the affirmative; and in another minute he found himself in the Bollandist Library.

It would be unpardonable to commence an article upon the Kalendars of the Church, and not to begin with those who have won themselves an everlasting name in the recording her Fasti. The 'Acta Sanctorum' is a work in which every branch of the Church, Greek, Latin, or Anglican, must take equal interest; nay, and the secular use of which is sufficiently proved by the fact that the Belgian Chambers supply the funds—far beyond the power of any religious house to undertake—as those required for a national work.

We have already seen, in another paper, how the great school of Deventer, originally founded by Geert Groot, became, according to his prophecy, in the third generation a merely learned establishment. But among those who, having been educated by its teachers, clung fast to its original design, the learning of the Church and not the erudition of the world—was Herbert Rosweyd, born at Utrecht, 1569. Seeing the manifold faults of the then existing Hagiologies of Lipomanni and Surius, he determined to devote his life to the publication of a true and critical series of Acts of the Saints. It was in the very heat and agony of the counter-Reformation, when it seemed utterly beyond human foresight to tell whether Germany would become wholly Catholic or wholly Protestant, that this brave-hearted monk brought out his little synopsis. His work, he thought, might be included in seventeen folio volumes: two were to be taken up by the Festivals of our Lord and His Blessed Mother; one in divers dissertations connected with Hagiology; twelve—one for each month—in the Acts themselves; and two in indices and general tables. The post brought a copy of this synopsis

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to Bellarmine. 'What!' cried the Cardinal, 'does the man expect to live two hundred years?' Two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since that time, and still Rosweyd's work is continuing, and we can scarcely expect that the present century will see its termination. Thirteen years elapsed before the projector found time to commence his great undertaking. He had a few trifling publications—not more than seven or eight folios, and a dozen octavos—which hindered his beginning it; at length, in 1629, he really set himself to the task, being then in the sixtieth year of his age. 'If GOD spares me,' he said, 'to the age of seventy-two, I shall have completed my work.' But instead of writing the lives, he was to imitate the deeds, of the Saints. He heard that Bois-le-duc had been captured by the United Provinces, and that a contagious fever had broken out in consequence of the miseries of the siege. He hurried thither, understanding that priests were scarcely to be found in the town; and after ministering for some weeks to plague-stricken men, was himself seized with the fever, and went to his rest on Oct. 5, 1629. It might be said of him, that he was the David to chalk out the plan which a happier Solomon was to execute.

Four years ago we took some pains to visit the little village of Bolland, near Julemont, in Limbourg. It is a thoroughly Belgian hamlet; rich, hedgeless fields, roads that are a series of ruts in summer and quagmires in winter, a poor little Flamboyant church of the worst and rudest character. That village it took us more than half a day to reach, but we thought the time well spent. For here it was that on Aug. 13, 1596, John Van Bolland was born. Rosweyd had collected a vast number of rude materials; these on his death became the property of the Jesuits' Company, of which he himself was a member; and to Bolland, then in the thirty-fourth year of his age, and a priest of the same Company, the materials were intrusted. For seven years he wrought by himself; and he then found it necessary to call in the assistance of Godfrey Henschen. When joined by his new coadjutor, he had finished the whole month of January. Henschen's first work was the life of S. Amandus, for the sixth of February. When he presented that ever memorable biography to his senior, Bolland said, 'I shall re-write every life in my January.' He said it and he did it; an example of Christian humility and literary earnestness which is perhaps unparalleled.

Bollandus might well have been astonished at the new life thus presented to him. Instead of a mere compilation from the one or two mediæval biographies of S. Amandus, Henschen investigated every particular of history connected with his saint;

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thoroughly elucidated one of the most obscure questions in the French annals, the three Dagoberts; followed Amandus in all his wanderings; gave a notice of the thirty-seven monasteries which he founded; bringing him to Strasburg, gave a sketch of twenty-three prelates of that place; discussed the details of the Merovingian palace as if he had been born within its precincts; and all this only by way of preface. Then followed the five ancient biographies, one of them till then unpublished; all collated with the best manuscripts, and having various readings; and to conclude there followed different offices and hymns of the saint—the whole taking up eighty-eight folio pages in closely-printed double columns. And in order to direct the eye of the reader, a river of side annotations flowed in the margin, so as in a connected history to form an abbreviation of the text itself.

It was in 1643 that the two volumes of January came into the world; fifteen years more elapsed before February followed. In the meantime, as if almost by inspiration, Bollandus had fixed his eyes on Daniel Papebroch, who thenceforth gave up himself and his whole property, which was considerable, to the work. Bollandus himself laboured at it for thirty-four years; Henschen for forty-six; Papebroch for fifty-five. And with the latter it was that the travels, correspondence, controversies, and persecutions of the Bollandists began. For they would have been unworthy to write the lives, had they not in some degree experienced the sufferings, of the Saints. For the complete formation of the whole agency by means of which every monastery in Europe sent up its own legends, Papebroch may claim the chief praise; and in this sense the verse is true—

Quod Rosweydus prepararat,
Quod Bollandus inchoarat,
Quod Henschenius formarat,
Perfecit Papebrochius.

Let us describe the present Bollandist Library as we saw it on that Sunday afternoon. There were three not very large rooms, of which the central one contained the greatest treasures and formed the chief workshop. Round the walls, every known biography of a Saint; hundreds of the rarest missals and breviaries, hymnals and martyrologies; glorious folios, bound in covers of half-inch oak; that, backed with hogskin like tortoiseshell, this, knobbed and clasped in brass or silver. Then in the centre of the room a large counter-like erection, serving as a table, but also fitted with drawers, each drawer numbered with one day of the then unfinished Bollandist year, beginning from October 17. When any of the Bollandists happens to

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meet with a passage which may be useful in the history of a future Saint, he makes a reference on a separate piece of paper, and puts it into the drawer of the day on which that Saint will occur. Thus we remember that, while we were running over a proof-sheet of the fifty-sixth volume with Father Tinnebroek, a reference to Saint Cecilia occurred. Immediately he took one from the file of papers provided for the purpose, made a reference to the page, and put it into the drawer for Nov. 22. Twenty or thirty years hence the then Bollandists will make use of it.

Nothing can be more interesting than the accounts which remain to us of the various journeys of Henschen and others through different countries of Europe. Thus, in 1660 Henschen and Papebroch left their old master at Cologne, and revelled in the manuscripts and curiosities and traditions of the various German monasteries on their way to Rome. So at Mayence they inquire into the acts of S. Boniface; at Würtzburg they procure manuscripts concerning S. Bernardus and S. Bruno; at Bamberg they devote themselves to the history of the empress-widow-virgin, S. Cunegunda. 'At Frankfurt,' writes Henschen, 'we went up to the citadel, where the chief senator gave us 'excellent wine. In this Lutheran church the Hours are sung 'very nearly as we sing them. Before the high altar, which has 'been well restored, a lamp burns; and when fault was found 'about this with the Senator Facher, and it was called Papis-'tical,—"Oh," said he, "in twenty years we shall all be 'Papists."' So at Augsburg they see the shrine of one who loved much because much had been forgiven her, S. Afra, who, with S. Ulric, is patron of Bavaria. In another place Henschen celebrates in the chasuble of S. Witegisus. At Spires a most apostolic dean entertains them: there are thirty-six silver dishes, with viands to correspond; and they drink success to the Acta in Rhine wine a hundred and twenty years old. Papebroch makes some observations on the poverty of the Church, and teases Henschen by causing him to sleep in a bed which had been for some months occupied by Luther. But Henschen has his revenge in the descent of the Alps, when Papebroch, who had never before seen a mountain, is frightened well-nigh out of his senses, and crouches down in the bottom of the chariot. And so they arrive at Rome, just in time to make acquaintance with the venerable Luke Holstein, librarian to the Vatican, who in his last illness will confess to none but Henschen, and well nigh breathes out his soul in the words *Padre Henschenio*. There they remain nine months, Papebroch often writing from two in the morning till ten at night, without any other interruption than that of saying the Hours. Then we find

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them on their return through France. A certain Father Daniel goes with them, who is called the pen of a ready writer, inasmuch as, copying from dictation, he can fill twenty folio pages daily in the smallest of characters. This was one of their many tours; so in like manner, Spain, so Bohemia, so Poland were visited, and their stores exhausted. It was not to be expected that a historical investigation into Hagiology could be carried on without overturning a great many legends, and exposing several pretended Saints. The most dangerous of all the attacks which the Bollandists experienced was that which arose from the Carmelites, whose pretended descent from the prophet Elias our hagiographers had clearly crushed. It cost their learned champion, Janning, ten years' residence at Rome to prevent the condemnation of the whole Acta as heretical. That danger parried, the Spanish Inquisition, in 1695, condemned the work; and whatever efforts were made to procure a reversal of the condemnation, Papebroch died under the cloud. He went to his reward in 1714, and the decree was reversed in 1715.

Under twenty different collaborators the Acta continued from 1643 to the fiftieth volume, which reached the 7th of October, in 1770. In 1773, the order of Jesuits being suppressed, it seemed that the Bollandist labours must also come to an end. But its materials being removed to the Abbey of Caudenburg, five religious of other orders, three Præmonstratensians, a Benedictine, and an Augustinian, feebly carried on three volumes more; and then the storm of the French Revolution destroyed the Abbey, dispersed its materials, and exiled the writers. But of the materials, a certain portion was concealed in the Abbey of Tongerloo; and in 1810 Napoleon decreed that the work should be continued. The minister charged to make a report on the subject, not being acquainted with the secret treasures reserved at Tongerloo, pronounced the scheme impossible. 'Hagiography,' he said, 'is at an end.' But in 1825, William, King of the Netherlands, discovered the long concealed hoards. That monarch sent all the printed books to the Hague, while the invaluable manuscripts were laid up at Brussels. The former could be replaced; the latter could not. The Belgian revolution broke out; King Leopold was recommended to make the Acta a national question. One of the old Bollandists, Cyprian Van de Goor, was still alive, and in 1837, the restored company of the Jesuits re-undertook the labour. On the 8th of May in that year, the Belgian Chambers voted the Acta a national work, and provided funds for its continuance. Five Hagiographers were appointed—Joseph Van de Moere, Joseph Van Hecke, Benjamin Bossue, Victor de Buch, and Antony Tinnebroek, and they, for their part, engaged to bring out a volume

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every four years. *Their* first—in reality the fifty-seventh volume—contains one of their master-pieces, the Life of S. Theresa: it was given to De Moere and Tinnebroek, and occupies 600 folio pages. Here they had a glorious revenge over the Carmelites, their ancient persecuters. It is the Bollandists who have raised the most imperishable monument to the glory of the great Carmelite Saint. This volume was published at Brussels in 1845. The last which they have published is the ninth, for October, which takes in the 21st and 22d days of that month. The most curious feature is the Legend of S. Ursula. This is the third volume issued by the new Bollandists.

Our readers must consider this brief account of the Bollandists a preliminary parenthesis—to use an Irishism: but in undertaking to speak of Church Kalendars it would have been unpardonable not to have alluded, in the place of dignity, to the greatest of Kalendars. And now we must speak of the different divisions of Festivals in various branches of the Church, and we will begin with the East.

In the Constantinopolitan Church, Festivals are divided into three classes—Great, Middle, and Little.

Great Festivals are divided into three sections—

1. Easter, which stands by itself.

2. Twelve principal Feasts; namely, Christmas Day, Epiphany, Purification, Annunciation, Palm Sunday, Ascension, Pentecost, Transfiguration, Repose of the Mother of God, Nativity of the Mother of God, Exaltation of the Holy Cross, Presentation of the Mother of God.

3. Festivals called Adodecata, or, in Slavonic, Nedvanadesiatiia, as not being equal in honour to *the* Twelve. These are: Circumcision, Nativity of S. John Baptist, SS. Peter and Paul, Decollation of S. John Baptist. All these are marked with ⊕.

Festivals of the Second Class are divided into two sections—

1. Those in which the Office is not entirely of the day, but which have at Lauds an additional canon, in honour of the Mother of God. These days are—January 30, SS. Basil, Gregory, and Chrysostom: April 23, S. George; May 6, S. John the Divine; November 13, S. John Chrysostom; Dec. 5, S. Sabbas: Dec. 6, S. Nicolas of Myra. These are marked ⊕.

2. Middle Festivals of the Second Class have the Polyeleos (Psalm cxxxvi.) at Lauds. These are the days of the Apostles, except as above: great doctors or wonder-workers, and certain 'God-bearing' fathers, as S. Simeon Stylites. They are marked +.

3. Little Festivals have two classes.

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1. Those which have the Great Doxology (as have all the preceding,) at Lauds, and are called Doxologised Feasts. They are marked .·.) in red ink.

2. Those which have not the Doxology: they are marked thus, .·.) in black ink.

It is not necessary to dwell at any length on the Armenian Division of Festivals. Briefly, it consists of four classes—

1. Easter and Epiphany. It is well known that the Armenian Church has no such Festival as Christmas.

2. Those which form the remainder of great Festivals in the Orthodox Church, together with the days of S. Gregory the Illuminator, the Apparition of the ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON at Etchmiadzine; the Martyrdom of S. Hripsime; that of S. Gaiane; and perhaps one or two others.

3. This is almost the same as the second Eastern Class; and,

4. As the Third.

But we must remember that the various Saints of the Constantinopolitan Fasti are named, not in the mere formal prose of the west, but each in a stichos of two or more verses; and these usually contain 'a pun, punnet, or pundigrion,' to adopt Southey's classification of paronomasiæ. They are to be found in the Menæa, after the Sixth Ode of the Canon for the Day, and before its Menology. But, in the year 1727, it pleased a Leipsic scholar, by name Urban Godfrey Siberus, to make a collection of these stichoi, and to accompany them with a most barbarous Latin version. The book, which is not very common, makes a convenient Breviate of Eastern Saints, for those who are not desirous of going very deeply into the subject.

Little as such punning verses seem to promise, they are frequently not without their beauty. It is difficult, from their very nature, to translate them in a way which should be intelligible to any but to him who can equally well comprehend the original Greek. But, in some instances, such a version may be possible. Let us take an example or two—

CHRIST came that He might kindle fire on earth:
And in that fire was Xene's heavenly birth. (Jan. 18.)

That Maysimas, in Syrian hymns who sung,
Now sings with Angels in the Angels' tongue. (Jan. 23.)

Thy *Polycarp*, O WORD, who dies by fire,
Brings forth *much fruit* to Thee upon the pyre. (Jan. 26.)

The tyrant, Chares, may cut off thy feet:
But not the less thou hast'st thy LORD to meet. (Jan. 28.)

Amid the sheepcotes Blasius dwelt of old:
His home is now within the heavenly fold. (Feb. 3.)

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Lo! Baptus and Porphyrius yield their life,
Baptized with purple in the Martyrs' strife. (Feb. 10.)
Eulogius finds the Monarch of the skies,
And greets Him with the Martyr's eulogies. (Feb. 13.)
Not water doth Eudocia,[1] as of yore,
To Thee, O SAVIOUR!—but her life-blood pour! (Mar. 1.)

This may suffice as a specimen; but many of these compositions are of a yet far inferior kind. That our LORD, for example, was Ruler of the πόλος, while He vouchsafed to ride on the πῶλος· (The English reader may conceive the wretchedness of the pun, by a like play on the words *pole* and *foal*.)

We now proceed to the Western arrangement of Feasts.

The Roman classification of Festivals is this:

Double of the First Class.	Double.
Double of the Second.	Semi-double.
Greater Double.	Simple.

The Parisian disposition is as follows:

Annuals.	Lesser Doubles.
Greater Solemns.	Semi-doubles.
Lesser Solemns.	Simples.
Greater Doubles.	

Thus adding another class to the Roman.

Of different Mediæval arrangements we may principally notice these:

A. That which prevailed in many early Kalendars of Religious Orders, though afterwards by the same Orders dropped.

Triple.	Lesser Double.
Lesser Triple.	Simple.
Double.	

In which, Triple nearly answered to the Roman Double of the First Class, and Lesser Triple was somewhat more confined than Double of the Second. We have seen this arrangement in early Cistercian, Carthusian, and Præmonstratensian books. One of the most glorious Kalendars we ever saw, at Nantes, which had belonged to Premontré, was thus arranged.

B. Again, and this seems to have been usual in Northern Churches, the following:—

Principale.	Minus Duplex.
Majus Duplex.	IX. Lectionum.

III. Lectionum.

C. And some Kalendars of this kind inserted Triplex between the Principale and the Majus Duplex.

D. A favourite German division was as follows (thus we have seen books of Cologne, Ratisbon, Würzburg, Freiburg, Magdeburg, Salzburg, and others):—

[1] The woman of Samaria.

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Summum (others call it Dominicale). Simplex IX. Lectionum.
Duplex. Officium.
Collecta.

The two latter titles meaning that on the day specified by them in the one case, Collect, Introit, and Post Communion, in the other Collect alone, were *of* the Festival.

Before we proceed, we cannot but express our surprise that no work has ever yet been devoted to a Classification of Mediæval Missals and Breviaries after their families. Now that every part of Europe is so easily accessible, ten or fifteen years' labour might accomplish that which, in former centuries, could hardly have been brought to pass by the devotion of a life.

Now, taking the Parisian and Roman Kalendars as our model, let us examine which Saints' Days form their highest classes.

Roman.	*Paris.*
DOUBLES OF THE FIRST CLASS.	ANNUALS.
Christmas.	Easter.
Epiphany.	Whitsun Day.
Easter Day.	Christmas.
(Maundy Thursday till Easter Tuesday inclusive).	Assumption.
Ascension.	Patron Saint.
Whitsun Day.	GREATER SOLEMNS.
Whitsun Monday.	Ascension.
Whitsun Tuesday.	Corpus Christi.
Corpus Christi.	Dedication.
S. John Baptist.	Epiphany.
SS. Peter and Paul.	Purification.
Assumption.	Annunciation.
All Saints.	Nativity B. V. M.
Dedication of the Church.	All Saints.
Feast of the Patron Saint.	SS. Dionysius and Rusticus.
DOUBLES OF THE SECOND CLASS.	LESSER SOLEMNS.
Every Festival of an Apostle.	Trinity Sunday.
S. Mark.	The Secondary Patron.
S. Luke.	Circumcision.
Purification.	S. John Baptist.
Annunciation.	SS. Peter and Paul.
Nativity.	GREATER DOUBLES.
Conception.	Easter Monday.
Visitation.	Easter Tuesday.
Circumcision.	Whitsun Monday.
Name of JESUS.	Whitsun Tuesday.
S. Stephen.	Low Sunday.
Holy Innocents.	Octave of Ascension.
S. Joseph.	Corpus Christi.
Holy Trinity.	Festivals of Apostles and Evangelists.
Invention of the Cross.	S. Michael.
S. Lawrence.	
S. Michael.	

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It will be proper to make some observations on these Saints' Days.

And, in the first place, the Roman comes nearer to the Primitive Calendar than even the Parisian, in excluding Candlemas, the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the Annunciation from the highest class of Festivals; for (manifestly) the Parisian *Annuals* and *Greater Solemns* together make up the Roman Doubles of the First Class. In the latter, S. John Baptist, SS. Peter and Paul, Assumption, and All Saints, are the only festivals of saints which occupy so high a place.

S. John Baptist. Let us compare the various offices of this Great Saint. In the Gregorian Missal, there were two Masses on this Festival;[1] and, it seems, in the former of these *Alleluia* was not sung, with reference to the Nativity having taken place under the old law; in the second Mass it was employed to signify the commencement of the new Kingdom by the Saint. The Roman Epistle is Isaiah xlix. 1—7. They point out how 'sharp' a 'sword' John indeed was, when he uttered that proclamation, 'O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?' And then, 'That hath formed me from the womb to be thy Servant,' well agrees with the sanctification of John, even from the mother's womb. But several of the German Missals had the Gospel of our own Prayer-Book, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye my people;' and this was the Gallican usage. The Mozarabic Prophecy is the Roman Epistle: *its* Epistle we do not so well understand—Galat. i. 11—24—unless it be from the mere phrase, 'GOD, Who separated me from my mother's womb.' The Gospel is everywhere the same: the historical narrative from S. Luke. The Creed is not said; and that with the beautiful symbolical reason, 'He that is least in the Kingdom of Heaven is greater than he.'

If we turn to the Breviary, we find the first three Roman lessons from Jeremiah i. 1 to end; the second three from the homily of S. Augustine (20) on the same Festival; the third three, from the commentary of S. Ambrose on the Gospel. The first six, in the greater part of the German Breviaries, are from a homily of S. Maximus: the last three from the commentary of V. Bede on the Gospel. The first six in the Aberdeen from a homily, we know not of what saint: the last three as the Roman. In the Parisian, the first three from 'the occurring Scripture;' the next three, a sermon of S. Augustine (not that in the Roman); the last three as the Roman.

Now we think that we can scarcely give a more useful praxis

[1] Durand. lib. iii. cap. 38. S. Alcuin. de Divin. Offic. cap. 30. Hug. de S. Vict. lib. iii. de Offic. Eccles. cap. 6.

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on the various theories of Response, than by a comparison of those from the Lessons.

Roman and German (generally).	Aberdeen.	Paris (modern).
1. R. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John; *the same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that he might prepare a perfect people for the Lord. V. John was preaching in the wilderness the baptism of repentance. The same.	1. *As Roman.*	1. R. Elizabeth conceived and hid herself three months, saying: * Thus hath the Lord dealt with me in the days wherein He looked upon me, and took away my reproach from among men. V. My age shall be exalted in rich loving kindness. Thus hath.
2. R. Elizabeth, the wife of Zachariah, bare a mighty man, John Baptist, forerunner of the Lord, *who prepared for the Lord a way in the desert. V. There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. Who prepared.	2. R. The Angel Gabriel appeared to Zachariah, saying: A son shall be born to thee: his name shall be called John. *And many shall rejoice at his birth. V. For he shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink. And many.	2. R. Mary entered into the house of Zachariah, and saluted Elizabeth, * and when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb. V. Thou didst prevent them, O Lord, with the blessings of goodness. And when.
3. R. Before I formed thee in the womb I knew thee, and before thou camest out of the belly I sanctified thee, *and gave thee for a prophet to the Gentiles. V. A man beloved by God, and honourable among men. And gave. Glory. And gave.	3. R. Thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest; for thou shalt go before the face of the Lord * to prepare His ways. V. To give knowledge of salvation unto His people for the remission of their sins. To prepare. Glory. To prepare.	3. R. Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost, and cried with a loud voice, Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come unto me? *Behold, † the babe leaped in my womb. V. Now I know that God hath blessed me for thy sake. Behold. Glory. The babe.

Nantes.

R. 1. The Lord* formed me from the womb to be His servant, that I might bring back Jacob to Him. V. God that maketh things that are not, as though they were. Formed.

R. 2. I am glorified in the eyes of the Lord, and * my God is my strength. V. When Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the babe leaped in her womb. My God.

R. 3. Let me find grace in Thy sight:* now I know that the Lord hath blessed thee for my sake. V. Elizabeth cried: When I heard the voice of thy salutation, the babe leaped in my womb. Now I know. Glory. Let me find.

Roman and German (generally).	Aberdeen.	Parisian.
4. R. The Angel of the Lord came to Zachariah and said, Receive a son in thine old age. *And he shall be called John. V. This child shall be great in the sight of the Lord; for the Lord also is with him. And he.	4. R. His name shall be called John; he shall drink neither wine nor strong drink. *And many shall rejoice in his birth. V. He shall go before the Lord in the spirit and power of Elias. And many.	4. R. They made signs to his father, how he would have him called. And he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, *His name is John: and they marvelled all. V. He shall be called by a name which the mouth of the Lord shall name. His name.
5. R. This is the beloved Forerunner and the Light that shone before the Lord. *This is John, who both prepared the way of the Lord in the desert, and also preached of the Lamb of God, and illuminated the eyes of men. V. He shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias. This is John.	5. R. He shall go before Him in the spirit and power of Elias, * that he may convert the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the unbelieving to the wisdom of the just, to make ready for the Lord a perfect people. V. He shall be great before the Lord, and shall be filled with the Holy Ghost. To make ready.	5. R. And immediately the mouth of Zachariah was opened, and he was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying, Thou, Child, shalt be called the Prophet of the Highest, for *thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways. V. Say not, I am a Child, saith the Lord, for whithersoever I shall send thee thou shalt go. Thou shalt go.

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ROMAN AND GERMAN (generally).	ABERDEEN.	PARISIAN.
6. R. They made signs to his father how he would have him called: and he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, * His Name is John. V. The mouth of Zachariah was opened, and he prophesied, saying. His Name. Glory. His Name.	As in Roman.	6. R. The child increased, and waxed strong in spirit, and * † he was in the desert until the day of his shewing to Israel. V. And the child grew, and the LORD blessed him, and the SPIRIT of the LORD began to move him. And he was. Glory. He was.

NANTES.

R. 4. I will give thee hidden things and concealed treasures *, that thou mayest know that I the LORD who call thy name am the Holy One of Israel. V. They beckoned to his father how he would have him called, and he asked for a writing table, and wrote, saying, His name is John. That thou mayest.

R. 5. The LORD declared His salvation *. He hath remembered His mercy and truth toward the house of Israel. V. And immediately the mouth of Zachariah was opened, and he spake and blessed GOD. He hath remembered.

R. 6. I will proceed to do a marvellous work among this people *, even a marvellous work and a wonder. V. And all they that heard it laid it up in their hearts, saying, What manner of child shall this be?—And the hand of the Lord was with him. Even a marvellous. Glory. I will proceed.

ROMAN.	ABERDEEN.	PARIS.
R. 7. The LORD's Forerunner cometh, of whom He Himself testifieth: * Among them that are born of women there is not a greater than John Baptist. V. This is the Prophet, and the more than Prophet, of whom the SAVIOUR saith. Among.	R. 7. They made signs to his father how he would have him called, and he called for a writing table, and wrote, saying, * His name is John. V. The mouth of Zachariah was opened, and he prophesied, saying, His name.	R. 7. There was a man sent from GOD whose name was John. * He was not that light, but was sent to bear witness of that light, that all might believe through him. V. He stood up as fire, and his word burned like a lamp. He was not.
R. 8. Gabriel the Angel appeared to Zachariah, and said, A son shall be born to thee, and his name shall be called John, * and many shall rejoice in his birth. V. He shall be great in the sight of the LORD, and he shall drink neither wine nor strong drink. And many. Glory. And many.	R. 8. As Roman 7.	R. 8. John bare testimony, and cried, saying: He that cometh after me is preferred before me, for He was before me, * and of His fullness have all we received. V. I awakened up last of all, as one that gathereth after the grape gatherers. And of His.
	R. 9. Among them that are born of women there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist, * who prepared the way of the LORD in the desert. V. There was a man sent from GOD whose name was John. Who. Glory. Who.	R. 9. He that sent me, the same said to me, * Upon whomsoever thou shalt see the Spirit descending and resting, † He it is that baptizeth with the HOLY GHOST. V. The LORD that formed me from the womb to be His servant saith. Upon. Glory. He it is.

Let us now take another example: it shall be the Feast of All Saints. And if these illustrations seem tedious to those who are not interested in the subject, it must be remembered that our pages are the only English publication open to those who are; and that in Liturgical matters, it has always been our desire to enter as deeply as the present state of the science will allow us into the questions which may arise.

Now, first let us observe what Durandus says as to this Festival. After relating how, on the dedication of the Pantheon, by Pope Boniface, into the Church of All Martyrs, the first of

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May was fixed as the Festival of *Santa Maria ad Martyres*, and that this solemnity was afterwards removed to the other half year, the first of November, when the harvest had been got in, —he continues thus:—

'Now, however, this Festival is general to All Saints—its office is accordingly varied. For the first Antiphon and the first Lection, and the first Responsory, are of the Trinity, because this is the Feast of the Trinity; the second of S. Mary, the third of the Angels, the fourth of the Prophets, the fifth of the Apostles, the sixth of the Martyrs, the seventh of the Confessors, the eighth of the Virgins, the ninth of all together. Therefore, the greatest person in the Church reads the first lesson, the Bishop, if he is present, or the Dean, or anyhow a Priest; and so, by gradual degrees, down to the boys. One of the boys always reads the eighth lesson concerning Virgins; the last is read by the greatest person again. In many Churches, the eighth responsory is sung by five boys having candles in their hands, before the Altar of S. Mary, to represent the five prudent Virgins, who went forth to meet the Bridegroom.'

Sicardus tells us the same thing, only adding that in some Churches, the first Lesson is that from Isaiah, 'I saw the LORD sitting upon His throne'—which it is in the Roman Church at this day. We will now give some examples of the Lessons and Responsories; and it will be found that English Rituals stood, as always, most faithful to the mediæval pattern.

In the Lessons, the Aberdeen Breviary appears to retain the old form, and gives a short homily, first on the Blessed Trinity; secondly on S. Mary, &c.; and so down to the end. The Benedictions also accord to this: we give them here:—

I. In caritate perfecta confirmet nos Trinitas Sancta. *Lectio Prima de Trinitate: et legatur ab excellentiori persona.*
II. Per intercessionem suæ matris benedicat nos Filius Dei Patris.
III. Ad Societatem Civium Supernorum perducet nos Rex Angelorum.
IV. Patriarcharum merita nos ducant ad regna celestia.
V. Apostolorum intercessio nos jungat angelorum consortio.
VI. Martyrum constantia nos ducat ad regna celestia.
VII. Sancti Evangelii Lectio sit nobis salus et protectio.
VIII. Chorus Sanctarum Virginum intercedat pro nobis ad Dominum.
[And then follows the rubric: Let this Lection be read by one boy only in a surplice. And, in the meanwhile, let five boys go forth from the vestry in surplices, with covered heads and albs, and carrying lighted tapers in their hands, and let them sing the Response.]
IX. Sanctorum meritis mereamur gaudia lucis.

The Mediæval German Breviaries, while they agree with the Aberdeen in their lections, have no such arrangement of Responses. We may observe that the observation of Durandus, with respect to the ninth Responsory of the Roman rite, shows that at that time it had not been obliterated by the Te Deum. Now let us give the Responses according to different rites, taking the Aberdeen as our pattern:—

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ABERDEEN.(1)	ROMAN.	PARISIAN.
R. 1. To the Supreme Trinity One GOD, be one Divinity, equal Glory, coeternal Majesty, to FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,* who subdueth the whole world to His laws. V. The Blessed Deity of FATHER and SON and Kind SPIRIT, give us grace. Who.	R. 1. I saw the LORD sitting upon the throne, high and lifted up, * and His train filled the Temple. V. The Seraphim stood above it, each one had six wings. And His train.	R. 1. We render Thee thanks, LORD GOD Almighty, which is and was and is to come, * Because Thou hast taken to Thee Thy great power, and hast given reward to the Saints. V. All Thy works shall praise Thee, O LORD, and Thy Saints shall give thanks unto Thee. Because.
(1) These Aberdeen Responses are nearly, but not verbally, the same as those in the Responsoriale, published by Thomasius. (Tom. iv. p. 276.)		
R. 2. For Blessed art thou, holy Virgin Mary, and most worthy of all praise.* Since out of Thee hath arisen the Sun of Righteousness, CHRIST our GOD. V. Pray for the people, propitiate for the Clergy, intercede for the devout female sex: let all feel Thy help, who celebrate thy celebrity. Since.	R. 2. Blessed art thou, Virgin Mary, Mother of God, who didst believe in the LORD: the things are accomplished in thee which were said of thee: behold, thou art exalted above the Choirs of the Angels. * Intercede for us to the Lord our GOD. V. Hail, Mary, full of grace, the LORD is with thee. Intercede.	R. 2. Then was given unto the Angel much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all Saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne. * And the smoke of the incense ascended up before GOD out of the Angel's hand. V. The eyes of the LORD are over the righteous, and His ears are open unto their prayers. And the smoke.
℣ R. 3. Thee, Holy LORD, all the Angels praise on high, saying, * Praise and honour be to Thee, O LORD. V. Cherubim and Seraphim cry, Holy, and all the heavenly orders sing, Praise. Glory. Praise.	R. 3. Before the gods will I sing praise unto Thee, * and I will worship toward Thy holy Temple, and will praise Thy name, O LORD. V. Because of Thy mercy and loving-kindness and truth, for Thou hast magnified Thy name and Thy word above all things And I will. Glory. And I will.	R. 3. Sing praises unto our GOD all ye His servants, and ye who fear GOD, both small and great. * For the LORD GOD omnipotent reigneth.† Rejoice in the LORD, O ye righteous, for it becometh well the just to be thankful. For. Glory. Rejoice.
R. 4. Among them that are born of women, there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist,* who prepared the way of the LORD in the desert. V. There was a man sent from GOD whose name was John. Who.	R. 4. The forerunner of the LORD cometh, of whom He Himself testifieth.(1)* Among them that are born of women, there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist. V. This is the prophet, and the more than prophet, of whom the Saviour saith. Among.	R. 4. All these attained a good report through faith.* Wherefore we also being compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us run with patience the race that is set before us. V. All these were honoured in their generations, merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. Wherefore.

(1) Observe, while both the Aberdeen and Roman keep up the symbolism of Durandus, and make the fourth Response typical of the prophets, and of John Baptist as their head, how much finer is the Roman Response, introducing him as it were in a procession; the idea is nobly followed out in that hymn, *Sponsa Christi quæ per orbem.*

R. 5. These the fellow-citizens of the Apostles, and the domestic servants of GOD, advance to-day,* carrying torches in their hands, and illuminating their country to give peace to the Gentiles, and to set free the people of the LORD. V. Hear the prayers of us suppliants, who ask the rewards of eternal life, ye who bear in your hands the sheaves of righteousness, and who joyously come forward to-day. Carrying.	R. 5. These are they who, living in the flesh, planted the Church in their blood. * They drank the cup of the LORD, and became the friends of GOD. V. Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words into the ends of the world.(1) They drank.	R. 5. There was given unto them white raiment, and it was said unto them, that they should yet wait a little time* until their fellow-servants and brethren should be fulfilled. V. Bring my soul out of prison that I may give thanks unto Thy name, which thing if thou wilt grant me, then shall the righteous resort unto my company. Until.

(1) It is this verse which fixes the whole Responsory as belonging to the Apostles, rather than, which might have been the case with the former part, to any other Saints.

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Aberdeen.	Roman.	Parisian.
R. 6. O laudable constancy of the Martyrs, O inextinguishable love, O invincible patience, which, although it seemed despicable among the tortures of the persecutors,* should be found to praise and glory and honour † in the time of retribution. V. We pray, therefore, that they, thus honoured by our Father, which is in Heaven, may help us, and that their merits. Should be found. Glory. In the time.	R. 6. O ye my Saints, who, while ye were in the flesh, fought the good fight,* I will render to you the reward of your labour. V. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom. I will. Glory. I will.	R. 6. The Lord God shall call His servants by another name,* for the former miseries shall have passed away. V. There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying. For. Glory. For.
R. 7. Let your loins be girded, and burning lamps in your hands,* and ye yourselves like men that wait for their Lord, when He shall return from the wedding. V. Watch, therefore, for ye know not at what time your Lord shall come. And ye yourselves.	R. 7. The same as Aberdeen.	R. 7. God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith He has loved us, hath quickened us,* and hath made us sit together in Christ Jesus, that He might show us the abundant riches of His grace. V. The meek also shall increase their joy in the Lord, and the poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel. And hath made.
R. 8. I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Come to Me, O ye wise virgins.* Lay up oil in your vessels until the Bridegroom shall come. V. At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Lay up.	R. 8. At midnight there was a cry made,* Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. V. O ye prudent Virgins, trim your lamps. Behold. Glory. Behold.	R. 8. We have been filled with Thy mercy, O Lord, and we have been glad and rejoice in Thy salvation.* We have been comforted for the days wherein Thou hast plagued us, and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity. V. Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. We have been.
R. 9. Grant to us, O Lord, pardon of our sins, and at the intercession of the Saints, whose solemnity to-day we celebrate,* give us such devotion † that we may merit to attain to their society. V. May their merits assist us, whom our own sins fetter: may their intercession excuse us, whom our own actions accuse. Grant. Glory. That.	R. 9. None.	R. 9. Thou hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood, out of every kindred and tongue and nation.* And † Thou hast made us a kingdom and a priesthood to our God, and we shall reign. V. Thou shalt bring them in and plant them in the mountain of Thine inheritance. And. Glory. Thou hast made.

Thus we have gone through one of the most remarkable series of the Responsories in the Western Offices. The Aberdeen, as we said, keeps close to the original theory; but, probably, there are very few who will not think that the partial change in the Roman is a great improvement; and we ourselves are not ashamed to confess that the Parisian is yet more to our taste. Let us see, before we proceed to other subjects, how the Eastern Church celebrates the same day. We must bear in mind that, properly speaking, this Festival does not exist in the Oriental books; but that the Octave of Whitsunday is appropriated as All Saints' Sunday. Both East and West manage this octave admirably: the West regarding the descent of the Holy Ghost as designed to lead His people into all truth of

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belief; the East as intended to teach them all holiness of life. Now, let us hear the stichera of the First Vespers: how different from the Responsories of the West, and yet how beautiful:—

'*Laying aside all.*

'Ye that spake by the SPIRIT, ye that were the disciples of the Saviour, ye that were the organs of the HOLY GHOST, ye that worked through faith, were scattered abroad to the boundaries of the earth, sowing everywhere the word of orthodox truth: and from that seed, by the tillage and grace of the Divine Hand, sprang the armies of the Martyr who imaged, through their various tortures, the glorious passion of their LORD, and who boldly intercede for our souls:

'Given over to wild beasts, slain with the sword, tormented with the hook, their hands struck off, their whole frames stretched on the rack, the brave Martyrs! and made an offering to fierce fire, they looked forward to the coming rest, and the time undefiled by sorrow, and the glory of CHRIST; to whom they boldly intercede for our souls.

'From one end of the earth to the other, they that agonised for the faith, Apostles, Martyrs, Priests, that did the will of GOD, women filled with courage beyond their sex, a holy assembly,—they are to be praised by the Church on earth; for they mingled with the earthly the celestial, with mortality immortality, through the grace of CHRIST; and now, shining around us as a constellation, they boldly intercede for our souls. Glory.

'Divine choir of Martyrs, foundation of the Church, accomplishment of the Gospel, ye by your deeds made good the words of the Saviour: for by you the gates of hell, yawning wide against the Church, were closed: the offering of your blood dried up the libations poured first to idols: your sacrifice is the accomplishment of the faith; your courage astonished the bodiless powers; wearers of the Crown, ye now stand in the presence of GOD, to whom ye boldly intercede for our souls. Both now.'

In the Canon at Lauds we find no trace of the various Orders of Saints. It seems rather that each Ode again begins from the Blessed Trinity, and derives each grace of the SPIRIT, each heroic action of virtue, from that source. Let us take a few stanzas of the Canon more particularly referring to the Saints.

Canon of the Saints of which the Acrostich is, I sing the various ranks of all the Saints.

'ODE I.

'*Pharaoh the Charioteer.*

'WHILE I hymn the ranks of Thy Saints, I pray that my mind may be enlightened with Thy light, through their intercessions: for Thou art the light that cannot be approached to. Thou art He who by Thy torch dost dispel the darkness of ignorance, WORD of GOD, CHRIST, Giver of light.

'WHEN Thou wast raised upon the Cross, Thou didst draw to the knowledge of Thee all the heritage of the Gentiles, and through Thy Apostles didst illuminate them with the light of the Blessed Trinity, by whom also Thou didst drive away error.

'THY Apostles, O CHRIST, obeying Thy legislation, through the light of Thy grace, glorious Saints as they were, gave joy to the whole world, preaching Thee evangelically.

'THE Martyrs, with joy taking up Thy Cross, and unceasingly imitating Thy Passion, feared not the threat of the tyrant, neither fire, nor sword, nor scourge, neither famine nor death.

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And much in the same style are all the Odes of this Canon.

Very different, indeed, from the foregoing is the popular Armenian hymn,—or, rather sequence,—on All Saints. We will give it as nearly as possible in the character of the original:—

Our LORD, an old man with a white, white beard,
On the Cross in glory stands:
And He cried to the sailors that onward steered,
'Oh sailors! my sailors! my brothers so dear,
'Take in the old man as ye onward steer;
'And the passage-fare shall be my prayer
'As ye go to the distant lands!'

'White-bearded old man! away! away!
'Our ship is not for prayer:
'Tis a merchant's freight;—and he must pay
'Who would enter, a heavy fare.'

He signed the Cross, and He sealed a deed:
A stone was His money: 'There!'
(As He stretch'd His Hand, and He took of the sand,)
'Is money to pay My fare.'

He paid the fare, and He entered the bark:
'There is money for one and for all:'
Then the ocean billows grow troubled and dark,
And from heaven the storm-drops fall.

'Whence comest Thou then, O man of sin,
'Thou art lost and hast lost us too?'
'Put the good ship's helm my grasp within,
'And slumber in safety may you.'

His right hand signed the Cross full soon,
With His left the ship he steer'd;
And it had not come to the high high noon
When the harbour at hand appear'd.

Brothers! arise from your sleep so sweet:
So sweet, with dreams so dark:
Fall down and worship at JESUS' feet:
Here is our LORD, and the bark!

Manifestly, in this allegory, the ship is the world: the merchant, who freights it, Satan:—the rejection of the SAVIOUR as a passenger, His rejection in His own Person on earth:—the sand, of which He makes money, the earthly vessel in which He lays up His Grace, namely, the Martyrs and other Saints. There is a somewhat similar Georgian allegory: too like to make a translation necessary, yet with some national differences.

We must remember that it was a long time, even in the West, before any were admitted to the title of Confessors, except those who had actually confessed CHRIST in torture, and

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come off with life. While, at the present time, all those Saints in the Western Church who are not Martyrs, are dignified with the title of Confessors, S. Martin being the first who obtained this honour, the Homologetes of the East is much more nearly confined to its original signification. At the same time, the various classes of Saints in the Oriental Church are far more minutely characterised than those in the West. Here, for example, we have Isapostle as well as Apostle. This title is given to bishops of Apostolic consecration; to holy women, fellow-labourers with the Apostles, as S. Mary Magdalene and S. Priscilla; to the first preachers of the faith in any country—as we speak of the Apostle of Bavaria, or Belgium or Northumberland; and to the princes, like Constantine or Vladimir, under whose auspices Christianity became established in their country. Then we have the *megalo-martyr*, for those who were more especially illustrious by their sufferings; the *hiero-martyr*, for those who were priests as well as martyrs; the *hosio-martyr*, for the religious of both sexes who obtained that crown; and the *thaumaturgos*, or wonder-worker, attributed to Saints of all descriptions who were more especially conspicuous for the gift of miracles.

On such a subject as that on which we are speaking, nay, on each branch of it, whole volumes might be written. But we must next turn our attention to the occurrence and concurrence of one Festival with another; the treatment of which difficulty forms one of the most striking advantages possessed by the Western over the Eastern Church.

In case any of our readers should be unacquainted with these technical terms, he must observe: one Festival *occurs* with another when the two feasts fall on the same day; as if Holy Thursday happened on May 1, SS. Philip and James. One Festival *concurs* with another, when its vigil falls on that other: S. Mark would concur with Easter, if Easter were on the 24th of April.

Every such difficulty is arranged by means of two little tables: but this is a late invention; and the earlier missals, such as the Incunabula, and those of the first thirty years of the sixteenth century, have very long and laborious rules for explaining what service is to be said in case of occurrences. At the longest, however, they were nothing to compare for length with the *typicon* of the Greek, the *oustaff* of the Russian Church. Each of these is comprised in a thick folio volume; and nothing can be more puzzling than the directions so given. But here we may observe the greater flexibility of the West. The Western Church, when two important Festivals occur, can translate the one: the Eastern knows no such arrangement; neither in the

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Oriental Church is a Festival ever omitted. Take, therefore, such an extreme case as the Annunciation occurring with Good Friday; the service is of both; and to a Western student the effect is extremely jarring and unpleasant. Eastern ritualists, however, admire the junction of the two, as one of the chief beauties of their Office Book; and all one can say is, that great allowance must be made for use on both sides. The earlier Western custom had much more resemblance to the East than has the present. Thus, according to modern Roman use, if Lady Day falls in Holy Week, it is transferred to the Monday after Low Sunday. But according to Sarum use, if it fell on the Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday in Holy Week, it was celebrated on that day.

Now this question of occurrences assumes great importance with respect to our own Prayer-Book. No doubt, had tables been the custom at the time of the Reformers, they would have adopted them, and so left us a certain rule. But as the rubrics on the subject were then so very lengthy, for the sake of that brevity on which the compilers of the Prayer-Book so much prided themselves, they were no doubt passed by. And here arises our great difficulty: we cannot in this respect follow the Sarum Use, because we have no power to translate a Festival. That is to say, though we have known instances in which, on their own authority, individual clergymen have done so, it seems doubtful how far they might not be contravening the Act of Uniformity by such a practice. The question then arises, whether it is better for that year to omit entirely a Festival which would have been translated, or irregularly to commemorate it. Our own practice has always been the former; but, if it is to be commemorated at all, it should be in the simplest way, merely by the addition of the Collect. Yet to our minds there is something extremely unpleasing, on such a great Feast as the Ascension, to commemorate additionally SS. Philip and James; or, on Easter Day, the Annunciation or S. Mark.

There was a curious occurrence in the last century between a State and a Church Festival. George II. succeeded to the crown on the 11th of June. The Accession Service was printed with a special notice that the Feast of S. Barnabas was to be entirely ignored; and accordingly for twenty-six years that Apostle had no commemoration in the English Church. Then came the change of Kalendar; and Archbishop Herring exerted himself to procure an alteration. A fresh rubric thenceforward fixed the king's accession to the 22d of June.

The idea entertained by the bishops of Charles II.'s time as to occurrences, may be seen by the rubric prefixed to the now abrogated service for the Restoration. If the day happened to

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be Ascension Day or Whit Sunday, the State Collect only was added; if it were Monday or Tuesday in Whitsun-week, or Trinity Sunday, the State Psalms also were said; but if it fell on any other Sunday, the whole State Service took precedence of the Sunday office. But even on Whit Sunday, the proper hymn supplanted the Venite. In the rubric for our present Accession Service, that office is ordered to be said on Sundays, without any notice of the fact that the 20th of June might just fall on Trinity Sunday; in which case, surely no one would be so Erastian as to obey the rubric literally.

In many of the Gallican Breviaries, a further difficulty arises with respect to those Festivals which, though inferior in the Church's estimation, are kept as holy days by the people. It might, for example, happen, that a local bishop who, as the phrase goes, was 'festivated,' might occur with such a day as Whitsun Tuesday, or the octave of the Ascension, which was not festivated. The lesser feast ought in that case to have been translated; but it is very hard to translate a popular holiday; and the State also discouraged it, on account of money falling due, or leases falling in—as was so often the case—on such a Saint's day. If the Church allowed the day to be translated, there might arise all kind of legal questions as to whether the original day to which the deed referred, still held good, or altered in consequence of the translation. There are, therefore, in the Churches where occurrences like these are likely or possible, as in that of S. Brieuc, Quimper, (or, as it is generally called, Cornouailles,) and Mende, another set of rubrics which refer to such cases. Generally, the superior Feast is allowed for the nonce to be translated. And in case the holiday fell in Holy Week, although the office was translated, the festivation that year was abolished.

It is well known that something of the same kind occurred in the Concordat of 1801, at the instance of Napoleon: the transference of the holiday and procession of Corpus Christi to the following Sunday. Those who have been in France or Belgium on the *Fête-Dieu* itself, know that it is scarcely observed at all, not even in country places, by larger congregations than usual.

We will now give a table of occurrences, such as might be recommended by some future convocation for the use of the English Church.

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OCCURRENCES.

Double of the First Class . .	4	6	2	8	4	4	1
Double of the Second Class .	4	6	8	1	4	1	1
Within the Octave	3	7	5	5	3	3	3
The Octave	7	4	3	3	4	3	3
	The Octave.	Within the Octave.	Double of the Second Class.	Double of the First Class.	Ordinary Sunday.	Sunday of the Second Class.	Sunday of the First Class.

1. Translation of the first; office of the second.
2. Office of the first; translation of the second.
3. Commemoration of the first; office of the second.
4. Office of the first; commemoration of the second.
5. Nothing of the first; office of the second.
6. Office of the first; nothing of the second.
7. Office of the more worthy; commemoration of the less worthy.
8. Office of the more worthy; translation of the less worthy.

CONCURRENCES.

Second Vespers of						*First Vespers.*
Sundays of the First or Second Cl.	4	3	3	3	0	
Ordinary Sundays	4	3	1	1	0	
Double of the First Class	2	4	4	6	4	
Double of the Second Class	4	4	6	3	4	
Octave	4	6	3	1	4	
Within the Octave	6	3	1	1	3	
	Within the Octave.	Octave.	Double of the Second Class.	Double of the First Class.	Any Sunday.	

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1. All of the following; nothing of the preceding.
2. All of the preceding; nothing of the following.
3. Office of the following; commemoration of the preceding.
4. Office of the preceding; commemoration of the following.
6. Office of the more worthy; commemoration of the less worthy.

To make the table complete, we must add that—

Sundays of the First Class are: I. of Advent, I. of Lent, Passion, Palm, Easter, Low, Pentecost, Trinity. Sundays of the Second Class are: the others of Advent, the others of Septuagesima.

And that the following are Greater Feriæ, which are always commemorated by the addition of the preceding Sunday Collect: Advent, Lent, Ember Days, Rogation Monday. Let us now apply these rules to the anniversaries which will take place during the remainder of this year.

Sept. 29th, S. Michael and All Angels, the 30th being the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity. Thus by the table of concurrences; (S. Michael being a Festival of the Second Class; the Seventeenth after Trinity an ordinary Sunday:) the intersecting square gives 4; 4 is explained to be the whole of the preceding, with commemoration of the following. Therefore on that Saturday evening the Lessons and First Collect are of S. Michael, the Second Collect of the Sunday.

Oct. 28, SS. Simon and Jude, occurs with the Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity. SS. Simon and Jude is a Festival of the Second Class, the Sunday an ordinary Sunday. The intersecting square gives 4: 4 is explained, office of the first, commemoration of the second, the first being here the feast, the second being the Sunday. The whole service will then be of the Saint's Day, with the addition of the Sunday Collects. And the rule which governs the feast governs the vigil; therefore on Saturday, Oct. 27, the first Collect is of the Festival, the second is of the Sunday. These are all the occurrences, &c. which take place during this year.

Only one other observation we may make: suppose that the Second Vespers of an ordinary Sunday were to concur with the First Vespers of a Festival of the First or Second Class, as if the 27th of October were the Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity; then the First Lesson at Vespers is not the proper Lesson for the Sunday, but for the day of the month; as in the instance we have given, it would not be Ezekiel xxiv. but Ecclesiasticus ix.

It seems necessary, too, to say a few words as to the selection of Apocryphal Lessons for the greater part of Saints' Days. The vulgar opinion seems to be that the compilers of the Prayer-Book refused to have Sunday Lections from the Apocryphal Books, as not thinking them worthy of the solemnity of that

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day. The truth is just the opposite, as any one may convince themselves who will study the Office drawn up by Jeremy Taylor in the necessities of the Great Rebellion. Just because, in their opinion, an ordinary Saint's Day stood above an ordinary Sunday, they selected chapters from the Sapiential Books, whether Ecclesiasticus, the Wisdom of Solomon, Proverbs, or Ecclesiastes, which they thought the most distinctly and strikingly useful. We may be quite certain that, had they entertained the same ideas regarding the relative sanctity of the days which vulgar Protestants of the present time entertain, our First Sunday-Lessons would have been from the Apocrypha, and those for the Saints' Days, from the less striking and less generally useful of the historical or prophetical books. Never let this be forgotten, that a far greater proportion of the Apocrypha is read by us yearly than is read of the rest of the Old Testament. The two Books of Esdras, properly speaking, cannot claim that title, and are in no sense canonical. Of the rest, we omit the two Books of Maccabees and the Prayer of Manasses, but hardly a chapter in the remaining Books; while, on the other hand, fully one-third of the Old Testament is utterly omitted, and we have but two or three chapters of the Apocalypse.

To turn to another subject: it may be well to say something as to the various epochs at which the Saints commemorated in various Kalendars flourished. We have been at the pains to reckon up those who have a place in the Parisian Breviary, according to their centuries; and the result is as follows:—

In Century I.	there are 36.	In Century IX.	there are 1.
II.	„ 12.	X.	„ 1.
III.	„ 35.	XI.	„ 1.
IV.	„ 33.	XII.	„ 5.
V.	„ 19.	XIII.	„ 13.
VI.	„ 25.	XIV.	„ 4.
VII.	„ 23.	XV.	„ 0.
VIII.	„ 10.	XVI.	„ 4.

In Century XVII. there are 4.

And from this skeleton of a tabular view, we get a very fair idea of the history of the Church of France. The first century is, of course, occupied by Apostolic and Isapostolic festivals, pretty equally common to the whole Church; in the second, while we lose them, France was not yet sufficiently evangelised to give us many saints; the third and fourth ages form the epoch of her glory; in the fifth there was a remarkable fall, to be accounted for from the anarchical breaking up of the Roman Empire, which has left its impress on the table; in the sixth and seventh centuries, again, the Gallican Church shone forth brightly; in the eighth, she began to grow dim;

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the ninth, tenth, and eleventh were days of darkness, and give us between them but three saints; in the twelfth, the monastic reformation began to tell; the thirteenth was the second spring of the Gallican Church; the fourteenth began well, but the miseries of English invasion soon overwhelmed it. Every one acquainted with French history would call the fifteenth, next to the eighteenth, its worst age, and it made no addition to its Hagiology. The sixteenth and seventeenth have each four Saints, S. Vincent de Paul and S. Francis de Sales being the brightest stars of that little constellation.

We are fond of speaking of the England of Saints. But how many more saints have the French Sees added to the Kalendar of the Church than any of our own! This, of course, arises partly from the fact, that the earlier French Bishoprics had already existed five hundred years when our own were formed; but still, even with this excuse, we fear that the difference is not entirely accounted for. We will now take a few Gallican Breviaries, and notice the Saints peculiar to each See which they commemorate; and they shall be the Parisian, that of Metz, and that of Nantes. By way of contrast with this, we will then do the same thing for the Toledo and other Breviaries.

Jan.	Paris.	Nantes.	Metz.
3	S. Genovefa, V. 512.	S. Genovefa, V. 512.	
4	Rigobert, Bishop of Rheims, 743.		Genovefa, V. 512.
14	Hilary, Bishop of Poitou, 368.	The same.	The same.
15	Maurus, Abbat of Glanfeuil, VI. Century.	The same.	
	Bonitus, Bishop of Clermont, 710.		
16	William, Bishop of Bourges, 1209.		
19	Sulpicius Pius, Bishop of Bourges, 644.		
	S. Launomar, near Chartres, Abbat, 594.		
27	Julian, first Bish. of Le Mans, III. or IV. Cent.	The same.	
30	Bathildis, Queen, 680.		
	Radegund, V. 680.		Radegund, V. 680.
Feb.			
6	Vedastus, B. of Arras. 539.		Vedastus, B. of Arras. 539.
10	S. William de Mala Valle, Hermit, 1157.		
March			
1	Albinus, B. of Angers, 549.	The same.	
3		Guingalous, Abbat near Quimper, 532.	
6			Chrodogang, B. of Metz, 767.
10	Droctoveus, 1st Abbat of S. Vincent at Paris, 578.		
12		Paul, 1 B. of S. Pol de Léon, 573.	
30	Regulus, 1 B. of Senlis, 320.		
April			
16		Paternus, 1 B. of Vannes, 448.	
22	Invention of SS. Dionysius, Rusticus, and Eleutherius, 630.		
	Opportuna, V. 770.		

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April	Paris.	Nantes.	Metz.
30	Eutropius, B. of Saintes and M. III. Cent.	Eutropius, B. of Saintes and M. III. Cent.	
May			
2			Translation of S. Clement, 1 B. of Metz, 1090.
4		Briocus, 1 B. of S. Brieuc, 502.	
11	Mamertus, B. of Vienne, 475.	Gildas, Abbat, VI. Cent.	Mamertus, B. of Vienne, 475.
13		Mamertus, B. of Vienne, 475.	
16	Honoratus, B. of Amiens, 600.		
19	Ivo, P. of Quimper, 1303.	Ivo, P. of Quimper, 1303.	
24	Donatian and Rogatian, M.M. 287.	Donatian and Rogatian, M. M. 287. Greater Solemn.	
28	Germanus, B. of Paris, 576.		
June			
2	Pothinus, B. of Lyons, Blandina, V. and 46 other Martyrs, 177.	As Paris.	As Paris.
3	Clotildis, Q. of France, 537.	Clotildis, Q. of France, 537.	Clotildis, Q. of France, 537.
6			Claudius, Archbp. of Besançon, 581.
7		Mereadoc, B. of Vannes, 600.	
8	Medardus, B. of Noyon, 525.	As Paris.	As Paris.
10	Landeric, B. of Paris, 656.		
16		Similianus, B. of Nantes, IV. Century.	
18		Hervacius, Monk, near S. Pol de Léon, VI. Cent.	
21		Merennus, Abbot, near S. Maclou, 617.	
25	Gohardus, Aglibertus, and their companions, Martyrs, III. Cent.	Gohardus, B. of Nantes, 843.	
28	Irenæus, B. of Lyons, and Doctor of the Church, M. 202.	As in Paris.	As in Paris.
30	S. Theobald, Hermit—Normandy, 1066.		

These six months will afford a very good example of local saints, since, with the exception of S. Hilary, S. Mamertus, S. Pothinus, and S. Irenæus, none of the holy men here commemorated have been received into the general Kalendar of the Church. Let us make another selection of the same kind; and this time, instead of comparing three Churches of the same nation, let us take three illustrious Churches of different nations. They shall be Aberdeen for Scotland; Toledo for Spain; Cologne for Germany:—

Jan.	Aberdeen.	Cologne.	Toledo.
7	Kentigerna, Matron.		
8	Nathalanus, Bish.		
9	Felanus, Abbot.		
11		Death of the Third King.	
16	Furse, Abbot.		
21			Fructuosus, Martyr.
23			Ildefonso, Archbp. of Toledo, Double of the Second Class, with an Octave.
24			Descent of the B. V. into the Cathedral of Toledo.
28			Julian, B. of Concha, Double of the Second Class.
29	Voloc, Bishop.		
30	Glascian, Bishop.		Valerius, B. of Saragossa, Octave of S. Ildefonso.

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Feb.	Aberdeen.	Cologne.	Toledo.
1			Cæcilius, B. and M.
5	Modanus, Abbot.		
12			First translation of S. Eugenius, Archbp. of Toledo.
17	Finnanus, B.		
18	Colmannus, B.		
March			
1	Monan, Confessor.	Huicbert, B.	Helladius, Archbp. of Toledo.
	Mornan, B.		
6	Baldric, B.		
8	Duthac, B.		
10	Kessog.		Julian, Archbp. of Toledo.
11			Eulogius, Presbyter and Martyr.
12	Constantine, King & Martyr.		
14	Kevoca, V.		
16		Heribert, B.	
18	Finian, B.		
26		Ludger, B.	

These three months may suffice as an example of the above sees. Now let us turn to another subject.

Besides the commemoration of Saints, there are in certain local Kalendars notices of national events, connected with the well-being of the Church. Thus, in the Parisian Breviary, we have on the 18th of August a commemoration of the victory of Philip the Fair in Flanders, A.D. 1304. It is worth while to give the Lessons which refer to this event. In the first nocturn, the lections of the occurring Scripture. In the second nocturn.

Fourth Lesson.

Philip the Fair, King of the French, in the year 1304, about the Feast of S. Mary Magdalene, having set forth with his brothers Charles and Louis, and a large army, into Flanders, pitched his tents near Mons, where was the camp of the rebel Flemings. But when, on the 18th of August, which was the third Feria after the Assumption of S. Mary, the French had from morning till evening stood on the defence, and were resting themselves at nightfall; the enemy, by a sudden attack, rushed on the camp of the King with that fury, that his body-guard had scarcely time to defend him.

R. Come from Lebanon, my Spouse,* come and thou shalt be crowned.† The odour of thy sweet ointments is above all perfumes. V. The Righteous Judge shall give a crown of righteousness. Come. Glory. The odour.

Fifth Lesson.

At the beginning of the fight, the life of the King was in great danger. But shortly after, his troops crowding together from all quarters to his tent, where the battle was sharpest, obtained an illustrious victory over the enemy. The pious King immediately understood that this had been won by no human hand, but from God, at the intercession of the Mother of God; whence, with all humility, he ascribed the whole praise of the victory to Him Who had shown Himself the defender of the most righteous cause.

R. Thou art all fair, my love,* there is no spot in thee; come from Lebanon,† the odour of thy garments is as the odour of incense. V. They that have not defiled their garments, they shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy. There is no. Glory. The odour.

Sixth Lesson.

But that the memory of such a benefit should be transmitted to posterity, and that due honour should be paid to the Virgin Mary for this celestial help, Philip by a deed, dated in the Camp near Lille, in the month of September,

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gave to the Church of Paris an annual revenue of a hundred francs for ever for the use of the Dean and Chapter, on this condition, that this revenue should be distributed among those only who attend at the First Vespers, at Matins, and at Mass, on this day.

R. Righteousness shall go before thee, and the glory of the LORD shall be thy rereward;* the LORD shall fill thy mind with glory. V. An entrance shall be abundantly administered into the eternal kingdom. And the glory. Glory. The LORD.

This may serve as an example of so very undesirable a mixture of politics and religion. The great Triumph of the Cross, celebrated in all the Spanish Breviaries, on the 14th of July, stands on a very different footing, because it was that victory which crushed the Saracen power in Spain, and made that nation a part of the Christian republic of States. We will not trouble the reader with Responsories; but they are not unworthy of the subject: and the Lessons from the various parts of the New Testament which treat of the Cross are singularly beautiful. In the Churches of Sardinia a most offensive service was in vogue till the end of the last century, in which the defeat of the French at Sassari was commemorated; the hymns, to excite the popular passion to the utmost, were vernacular, and began thus:—

'Muiran, muiran los Francesos,
Ils trahidors de Sassaresos,
Qui han fit la trahicio
Al molt alt rey de Arago.'

We ought now to speak of the various *memoriæ technicæ* which are to be found in most Kalendars. No doubt the ordinary run of uneducated priests in the Middle Ages found considerable difficulty in remembering the succession of Lessons which made up the Church's year. The barbarous verses in which they are set forth can only remind one of the *Memoria Technica* for the order of the Epistles, itself, we believe, of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

Rom. Cor. Cor. Gal. Ephes. Phil. Col. Thes. Thessalo. Tim. Tim.
Tit. Phil. Hebrews, James, Pet. Pet. 3 John, Jude, Revelation.

Take, for example, these, which are from the Aberdeen Breviary:—

Post tres personas librum regum dare debes.

(It is scarcely necessary to observe that the *poet* would tell us that the Book of Kings is to be commenced after Trinity,—as we commence it now. He then goes on to tell us which Vigils are also Fasts.)

Nat. Domini, penthe, Johan. Paul sumptio sancta
Istis vigiliis jejunemus luceque Marci
Petrus et Andreas Paulus cum Simone Judas,
Ut jejunemus nos admonet atque Matheus.

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For July we have the following:—

Et post Sampsonem sapientem da Salomonem.

(that is, after the Feast of S. Sampson—some of our readers may remember his church at York—on July 28, the Wisdom of Solomon is begun.)

For August we have:—

Post Augustinum doctorem Job lege justum.

(that is, after S. Augustine's Day.)

In September:—

Tobiam dictum post Protum atque Jacintum:
Subjungas Judith post vigiliamque Mathei:
Post Sanctum Cosmam dabis historiam Maccabeo.'

(that is, Tobit is begun after the 11th of September, the Feast of SS. Protus and Jacinthus: Judith after the Vigil of S. Matthew: the Maccabees after S. Cosmes, Sep. 27.)

For October:—

Post Judam Simonem subjungas Ezekielem.

For November we have a very neat line:—

Adventus Domini sequitur solemnia Linii.

(that is, the first Sunday after the Feast of S. Linus, Nov. 26th, is Advent Sunday).

Some such practical *memoriæ* have kept their place in village recitation; thus:—

First comes David, then comes Chad,
Then comes Winnold as if he were mad.

Or again—and any one in the habit of daily service at the most usual time must often have admired its truth—

S. Matthew, get candlesticks new:
S. Matthi, lay candlesticks by.

And so the well-known dread which mediæval ages had of the occurrence of Good Friday with the Annunciation, was expressed by:—

When our Lady falls in our LORD's lap,
Then let England look for mishap.

We had occasion to speak in a former paper of the tendency there was, during the later period of the Middle Ages, to substitute for the long Ferial Psalms, Saints'-day offices wherever it was practicable. We were not aware, when we wrote that article, of a singular rubric in some of the early German Breviaries; we quote it from the Cologne:—

'Et ideo nemo ascribat feriis in Kalendario vacantibus sanctum aut sanctos, nisi Patronus ipsius legentis non interfuerit. Aliqui ex pigritia requirentes sanctum aut sanctos ex aliis Kalendariis, volentes illum aut illos servare ubi

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in Kalendario predictæ ecclesiæ Feria vacat, ut non legantur Nocturni: illi erraut. Quia debent servare id quod est debitum et institutum secundum majorem ecclesiam suæ diocesis et non quod est eis placitum; secundum dictum beati Hieronymi qui dicit: Ingratum est Spiritui Sancto quid quid obtuleris: neglecto eo ad quod teneris.

We might also speak at some length of the Mediæval Festivals which later times have dispensed with altogether. Such, for example, were:—The Feast of the Invention of the Child, on the Friday after Sexagesima, for which several elegant hymns were written in German Breviaries; the Feast of the Face of our LORD—a very pretty simple hymn may be seen on this day in the Meissen Breviary; it was on the 15th of January; the Feast of the Blood of our LORD—this, in early Breviaries, is marked for the 26th of March. And the reason is, that to the 25th of March is attributed, in most Mediæval Kalendars, the Passion, and to the 27th the Resurrection. In Venice, this commemoration takes place on the first Friday in March; in the diocese of Linz on the Monday after Trinity. The Feast of the Passion is marked in many Breviaries for the 15th of November. The Feast of the Teeth of our LORD was fixed for the Tuesday in the third week of Lent, in some Dalmatian Breviaries. The Feast of the Hair of our LORD was celebrated on the Thursday before Trinity Sunday, in some Churches where this relic was venerated. The Feast of the Milk of our Lady was not a very uncommon commemoration in Germany, and especially in the province of Salzburg, where a noted relic of this kind was kept: it was on the octave of the Nativity of S. Mary: and hence, no doubt, the title *Liebfrauenmilch* to the excellent German wine of that name. Again, the Feast of the Ass, which was celebrated at Rouen with such singular pomp, and in which, instead of Amen, the response to all the prayers was Hinhan. The Feast of the Division of the Apostles was a most celebrated one in Germany for the 15th of July, and has given rise to some of the finest early sequences which we possess. Many of the Gallican Breviaries occupy the Fridays of Lent with various commemorations of our LORD. For example: First Friday, the Feast of His Tears; Second, of the LORD'S Prayer; Third, of the LORD'S Discourses; Fourth, of the LORD'S Parables; Fifth, of the LORD'S Sufferings. These commemorations, it need hardly be said, are among the very latest developments.

Among the curiosities of Mediæval Kalendars must be reckoned those half-religious, half-medical verses which are to be found at the end of each month. Take, for example, the following, which occur in most of the Breviaries in North Italy. For January:—

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In Jano claris calidisque cibis potiaris,
Atque decens potus tibi sit post fercula notus.
Sedet enim medo potatus ut bene credo;
Balnea tutus intres et venam findere cures.

We will give only one specimen more:—

Nascitur occulta febris Februario multa.
Potibus et escis si caute minuere velis.
Tunc cave frigora, tunc de pollice, funde cruorem,
Suge favum mellis pectoris morbosque curabit.

One of the peculiarities of Mediæval Breviaries was the poetical character of Responsories and Antiphons for local Saints. Let us take a few examples from the Aberdeen. The Antiphons on the Feast of S. Magnus, April 16, run thus:—

1. Magnus ex prosapia
Magna percreatus,
Actu vita moribus
Major est probatus.
Beatus vir.

2. Prædis vacans promitur
Pravorum instinctu
Et Paulus convertitur
In viæ procinctu.
Quare fremuerent.

3. Saulus ecce Paulus fit
Prædo fit patronus
Persecutor factus est
Plebis Pastor bonus.
Domine quid

Sometimes we have them in hexameters, as in the Feast of S. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins:—

1. Purpureos flores cælesti rore madentes
Decreto Domini famosa Britannia misit.
Domine Dominus.

2. In cunis positæ Baptismi fonte renatæ
Et fidei veræ sunt legibus initiatæ.
Cœli enarrant.

3. Has pietatis amor sibi federat ordine miro
Dum retrahit mundo festinat reddere cœlo.
Domini est terra.

And sometimes the miracles of the Saints are thus related in a way which to us has rather a ludicrous effect. Thus, at Lauds, on S. Macharius's Day:—

1. Nullum dedit otio
Tempus: vel orabat
Semper vel colloquiis
Divinis vacabat.
Dominus regnavit.

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2. Fixo piscis gutture
Dron osse vexatur;
Sed ad Sancti subito
Preces liberatur.

Jubilate.

Now, remember that this feast was a *duplex principale* at Aberdeen: *the* great day of the year, in fact (many of our readers will recollect the Cathedral of Old Machar). And then judge how greatly that Breviary stood in need of a thorough Reformation, when Lauds, as one of its highest festivals, began thus:—

Ant. 1. Never did he rest a whit:
Either he was praying,
Or in reading holy writ
Pains and zeal displaying.

The Lord is King.

Ant. 2. In his throat a fish-bone lay;
Dron was troubled greatly:
But the Saint began to pray,
And relieved him straightly.

O be joyful.

These rhyming verses are much more common in English and Scotch, than in Continental Breviaries. But Hexameters are also usual in German Offices. Take, for example, this specimen from the Cologne Breviary, on S. Lambert's Day. The Invitatory is—

Eternum trinumque Deum laudemus et unum,
Qui sibi Lambertum transvexit ad æthera sanctum.

The Antiphons to the first Nocturn are:—

1. Orbita solaris præsentia gaudia confert:
Præsulis eximii Lamberti gesta revolvens.

Beatus vir.

2. Hic fuit ad tempus Hildrici regis in aula:
Dilectus cunctis et vocis famine dulcis.

Quare fremuerent.

3. Sed post ut fidei devotus dogmata sumpsit
Doctrine cumulos illi sapientia vexit.

Domine quid.

But both in our own and the German Breviaries the Responsories are frequently in that singular half-dactylic measure, which was so great a favourite with Mediæval writers. For example, take those on the Feast of S. Blaanus, the Patron of Dumblane, and a *duplex principale* in that Church:—

℟. Adolescens superno placuit
Et se cunctis pium exhibuit;
*Unde cœlum ingredi meruit.

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V. Vitæ verbum multis aperuit
Atque vita beata claruit.
Unde.

2 R. Domat carnis motus illicitos:
Vincit mundi conatus noxios.
*Terit hostis antiqui tribulos.

V. Manus mentem cordis et oculos
Pie tendens semper ad superos.
Terit.

3 R. O res mira! sceptrum despicitur
Atque mundi decus contempnitur
*Et paupertas gratis eligitur.

V. Et tota mente Christus diligitur,
Ac pro Christo Corpus affligitur.
Et.

It would be, as we have already hinted, an interesting inquiry to investigate the different Breviaries which, since the invention of printing, have been employed in the Church. We have often wondered that no such attempt has been made. We know that each of the following countries had its own family: (1.) Portugal, with perhaps seven different Breviaries; the chief, Lisbon, Evora, Braga, Santa Cruz de Coimbra. All these we have studied. (2.) Spain, with twenty-two which we could count up, and probably as many more which we could not; the chief, Toledo, Seville, Santiago de Compostella, Oviedo, Valença, Salamanca, and, in later times, Granada and Cordova. (3.) France, with more than a hundred and fifty different rites, each of these to be divided into the Mediæval and Reformed arrangements. Of the Reformed arrangement, its three chief families are Paris, Amiens, and Rouen. And to give some idea of its fecundity, we may mention that on the very table on which we are now writing, we once had seventy different Gallican Breviaries at one time. Then again, (4.) Germany, of the offices of which we do not pretend to an equal knowledge, but should divide them into the principal families of Cologne, Magdeburg, Salzburg, Cracow, Ratisbon. Next (5.) Denmark, of which perhaps Roskild and Sleswig are the only two remarkable rites. Then (6.) Norway, with its Trondjem Breviary; (7.) Sweden with its four; (8.) Lapland with its one; (9.) that which is now Prussia with five or six. Going southward—(10.) Italy; north, with five or six completely different families (we say nothing of Milan); Venice; Ravenna; Görz; Turin; also Switzerland, with the Genevan and Chur Uses. Of the south of Italy and Sicily, we say—for we are ashamed to say we know—nothing; but that there must have been several families here we can have no doubt. Add together the rites we have already counted up,

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and then remember that they simply represent the secular aspect of the Church. We should after this have to enter not only into the various religious orders, themselves differing very widely from each other, as all from the secular Breviary, but into the national ramifications of those orders, which would make, for example, a Polish Premonstratensian Breviary utterly different from a Gallican Book of the same order; and then see what an enormous scope is open for Liturgical study, and that in a field in which absolutely nothing has been effected. We believe that the series of papers, of which this is one, in the *Christian Remembrancer*, is the only attempt which has been made, not only in England, but in Europe, at a commencement, however poor and imperfect—miserably poor and imperfect it is—of the science of Comparative Liturgiology (if we may borrow a term from anatomy). At all events, if there are any such European attempts, they have excited little interest, and produced no result. But that this science will be pursued, and to an extent of which we at present have little idea, we cannot doubt. We believe that, in due time, given a Festival, and one or two of its leading points—say gradual, collect, and post-communion—and the genus and class of its Liturgical family may at once be pointed out. For, while we look forward to almost inconceivable progress in this study, we cannot close our eyes to what has been already done. Fifty years ago it would have seemed incredible that, were a hymn which he had never seen before laid before a practised hymnologist, he would be able to tell you the nation of its writer, and the date, to say the least, within forty years on one side or the other. Knowing what has been done in the past, we may for the future—and we use the words in no irreverent sense—'thank GOD, and take courage.'

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ART. VI.—1. *Olshausen and Ebrard on the Epistle to the Hebrews.* Edinburgh: Clark. 1853.
2. *Bähr's Symbolik des Mosaischen Cultus.*

WE are taught in Holy Scripture that God Almighty has a certain Divine complacency in the works of His own hands. When the six days' labour of creation was accomplished, 'He 'saw everything that He had made, and behold it was very '*good*:' not merely good, but goodly; not only excellent for its proper ends, but also such as to possess the Divine Mind with a mysterious joy. For the Psalmist, after dwelling on the works of creation, as setting forth the glorious majesty of the Lord, adds, 'the Lord shall *rejoice* in His works.' So, too, we are told, that He 'rejoiced over'[1] His Church of old when He beheld it fulfilling His gracious designs in the formation of it. And this Divine joy must have reached a yet higher degree when in His well-beloved Son He beheld the Divine Manhood attaining to its utmost perfection, and said, 'This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.' And now that by a subsequent act of loving-kindness and mercy He beholds mankind also as 'accepted in the Beloved,' doubtless it is still with delight ineffable that He contemplates the fruit of His unsearchable counsels: the glorious order and beauty of the Church as seen in Christ Jesus;—the mystical Body of His dear Son, making increase according to the heavenly laws of its being, 'unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'

It is probably owing to the affinity which exists between the Divine Nature and that of the higher orders of beings, that the contemplation of divinely constituted form and order has in it something naturally healthful to the rational soul and to the immortal spirit. When the Almighty Creator 'laid the foundations of the earth,' when He 'laid the measures thereof, and stretched out the line' of order and beauty 'upon it,'—then, we are told by the mouth of God Himself, a thrill of irrepressible joy and ecstasy passed through the hosts of heaven, albeit not unused to contemplate the Divine perfections: for 'the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God *shouted for joy*.' And that contemplation added, we may well conceive, to the perfection after their kind, and not merely to the pleasures, of the angelic spirits. For they must have derived from thence such new conceptions of the Divine power and working as would

[1] Isaiah lxii. 5; Jerem. xxxii.

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furnish a fresh theme for that unceasing adoration and service, the rendering of which is the very life of their being. Recognising, as in a mirror, in the material universe, the reflection of that order and harmony, that obedient working, which already reigned among themselves, and perceiving the beauty in which these resulted; they would be provided with fresh incentives, if such could be needed, to perseverance in the discharge of their duty. Certain it is that, at a later period, the range of their knowledge and the topics of their adoration were alike enlarged by the unfolding of the great mystery of the Catholic Church. That mystery 'had from the beginning of the world been hid in God,' hid even from the blessed angels; but then, at length, 'unto 'the principalities and powers in heavenly places was made 'known, by the Church, the manifold wisdom of God.'

And as even the holy angels are thus provided in the natural world with an object of contemplation, which, though of a lower sphere than theirs, it is good for them to look upon—as they are even sustained, it may be, in their perseverance, and advanced in their condition, by such contemplation—so is it, in a yet higher degree, with man. Nature is to us a parable of growth and of fruit-bearing under Divine influences; a parable of death and resurrection; a parable of ever-descending grace and of ever-ascending adoration. The animal world, too, reads us a thousand lessons of labour, of fidelity, of meekness,—'the ox knowing his owner, and the ass his master's crib;' 'the sheep that before her shearers is dumb;' 'the stork in the heavens knowing her 'appointed time, and the turtle, the crane, and the swallow 'observing the time of their coming.'

But it is not in nature only, nor even principally, that we are instructed by the Almighty to behold, as in a mirror, our position and our duties towards Him. The nature of the Catholic Church, its relation to its great Head, and His operation on its behalf, have all, from very early times, and by a distinct and peculiar act of Divine forethought, been traced in clear outline, though on a diminished scale, and in a lower sphere, in the ancient religious economies, though in the Mosaic more especially. Those forms of religion not only served their immediate purpose of keeping man near to God; they were also, as they progressed and were evolved, a *careful copy*, waxing ever more and more distinct and full, of that perfect religion which was to come in Christ Jesus. And doubtless they were so constituted for this among other profound reasons, that the subjects of the more glorious and perfect dispensation might, by perusing the features and the provisions of the earlier systems, understand their own privileges and duties. That this is so, is sufficiently proved by the fact that in the New Testament the New Economy is constantly

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described and set forth to us in *terms of the Old.* The Holy Spirit, when He would convey to us a conception of the highest mysteries of Christianity, continually represents them in terms of the patriarchal and Mosaic systems. Most distinctly in the Epistle to the Hebrews and in the Revelation of S. John, but no less *really* throughout the New Testament, Christ is supremely and emphatically described as a *Priest,* and his work throughout its whole range as a *ritual* and a *sacrificial* one. His Body is at once a Temple and a Sacrifice, and He is a Lamb slain; and His life was a 'preparing' of that 'Body' for sacrifice; and His last act in life was the presenting of it as such; and his resurrection was the token and proof of its acceptance in that character; and his ascension and session were the carrying of it into the Holy of holies; and heaven itself, yea, the Lord God Almighty Himself,[1] is set forth as a wondrous temple for the perpetual presentation of it. And for the explanation of all these terms, of temple, and priest, and sacrifice; for the understanding of the effects of a religious system thus constituted, we are plainly referred to the accounts of these things contained in the ancient Scriptures, for there and there only do we find such a system drawn out for us, and seen in operation.

It is in perfect accordance with this conclusion, to which we are thus unavoidably led by the nomenclature adopted in the New Testament, that both the Mosaic scheme of service and the subsequent structure of Solomon's Temple were, avowedly, *copied* from that state of things, then future, but now, by God's mercy, gloriously present and in operation—the Church of Christ. For 'See,' said God to Moses, 'that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the mount.' And again, we read in the Book of Chronicles (1 xxviii. 11, *sq.*), that 'David gave to Solomon his son the *pattern of all that he had* 'by the spirit, of the courts of the house of the Lord, and for 'the courses of the priests and Levites, and for all the work of 'the service of the house of the Lord. . . . . All this, said 'David, the Lord made me understand in writing by his hand 'upon me, even all the works of this pattern.' It is important that we should clearly understand *what it was* that was thus showed both to Moses and David, as the pattern and exemplar after which they were to arrange the services of the Israelitish Church. We say the *services,* for it is plain that neither Tabernacle nor Temple had any other use than as ministering to those services. It was *not,* then, as some might be ready to suppose, that *still future* state of things, which we look for, when this world shall have come to an end, and the Church shall have entered on her triumphant state in heaven. Not this, but the Church as she

[1] Rev. xxi. 22.

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is *at this hour*, and has been ever since our Lord's ascension; the Church in her present state of warfare and expectation; the Church reaching from earth to heaven, and evermore working out her high destiny in accordance with the wondrous and supernatural laws of her being; with Christ for her High Priest, Heaven for her Holy of Holies, the Church in heaven and earth for worshippers in her courts, and the presentation of the One Sacrifice of Christ for her perpetual service. For so S. Paul assures us, speaking throughout of the then already present Church of God as being the thing which was showed to Moses, and after which the services were copied both in the Tabernacle at Mount Sinai and in the Temple in the Holy Mount at Jerusalem. 'Of the things which have been spoken,' says he, 'this is the sum: We have such an high priest,' such as Aaron in his operation, such as Melchisedek in his unchangeableness, 'who is set on the right hand of the Majesty 'in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true 'tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man.' For, 'the priests, according to the law,' he proceeds, 'serve,' or minister, 'unto the copy and shadow of heavenly things; but Christ hath 'obtained,' and exercises continually, 'a more excellent ministry,' even that glorious and perfect ministry which Moses was enjoined to imitate.

It is certain, then, that in the religious ordinances and condition of the old world, though more especially in those of the chosen people, we may contemplate, imaged with the utmost fidelity, in a mirror spread out by the Hand of God Himself, our position in Christ; the whole form and features of His Holy Catholic Church. And it was intended that we should do so. Even as in the still older book of Nature, so too in the next to it in age, and superior to it in glory, the book of the Old Dispensation, may both angels and men find abundant matter both of delight and of instruction. So does S. Paul dwell with rapture on the privileges and position of the Israelites of old; 'To whom,' says he, 'pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, 'and the covenants, and the giving of the law, the service of 'God, and his promises;' and elsewhere he teaches us that even that 'ministration of death was glorious,' however much 'the 'ministration of righteousness might exceed it in glory.' So, too, when he would instruct us in the reality of that union and oneness which we have with each other and with Christ, through partaking of His Body and Blood, he desires us to 'behold Israel after the flesh,' and there to read, in the fact that 'they which eat of the sacrifices are' held to be 'partakers of the one altar,' the very image of that blessed, though myste-

[1] Heb. viii. 1—6.

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rious verity. These significant suggestions of the holy Apostle it should be our care to act upon. And it is our purpose briefly to draw out the main particulars of the ancient Mosaic system, considered as a Divinely executed draught of the Christian economy. Such cannot be a profitless speculation. It is well-known (to adopt a familiar illustration) that the building up and completion of a most gigantic, but at the same time most unfinished continental cathedral, is now carrying on with an effectiveness and a certainty mainly due to the happy discovery of the original draught of it, setting forth in every particular the entire conception of it as it lay in the mind of the architect 500 years ago. And can we doubt, that the building up to completeness of that yet unfinished mystery, the Catholic Church (so wondrously left to human agency, under the eye of the great Master Builder, to accomplish), is then most sure to be after the mind of Christ, when we are careful to study well that wondrous draught and plan of it which, drawn out by the Divinely-guided hand of Moses, is indicated to us by the no less inspired finger of S. Paul?

It must be borne in mind, in the first place, that certain great and leading lines of that heavenly draught or copy had already, from the most primeval days, been laid down. Every ordinance of true religion imparted by God to man, from the very hour of the Fall, was unquestionably a copy, as far as it went, of the perfect scheme and constitution to come. The 'firstling lamb' of Abel's burnt-offering did not less truly copy a certain leading feature of the Christian economy, than did the corresponding offering in the Mosaic system. In one respect, indeed, it was a more exact copy, in that it set forth the Lamb as 'slain from the foundation of the world,' thus exhibiting the vast antiquity of the design of salvation, and its retrospective application to the redemption of the faithful in all ages. Again, in the mysterious person of Melchisedek, his ancestry all unrecorded, and himself coming forth to view, as it were, out of the recesses of one eternity, and entering into those of another (so passing is the glimpse we catch of him in the historic page of Holy Scripture), was set forth the Divine and eternal Sonship of the High Priest of the future economy; while the allegiance of Abraham, the father of the chosen people, to Melchisedek, correctly imaged and indicated the infirmity and imperfection of the Aaronic priesthood, the supremacy and perfection of Christ's.

And thus, 'when Israel came out of Egypt, and the house of Jacob from among the strange people,' already had the two great and cardinal features of the Gospel economy been disclosed—Sacrifice and Priest—some precious Thing to offer, a

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prevailing and a Divine Person to offer it. But it remained for the Mosaic system to set forth many important particulars of the operation of the great future economy, and to complete the circle of cqnceptions belonging to the vast mystery of redemption and salvation.

The *sphere* in which this imitative scheme was to take effect and be exhibited had already been determined. A race had been separated and set apart for the purpose. Federally in the person of Abraham, and individually in that of his descendants, had a portion been chosen, and it as it were *carved out* from the general mass of humanity. By a kind of new creation had this race been formed and supernaturally privileged and endowed. And when it had experienced a shameful Fall—for such must the going down into Egypt and the sojourn there, taken in all their circumstances, be accounted—and when they had in consequence fallen under grievous bondage of body and soul—physical bondage to Pharaoh, spiritual thraldom to the gods of Egypt—then had a wondrous redemption from both been effected by the blood of a lamb. Thus was this race the peculiar possession of God by a twofold right; the right of quasi-creation (independently of the creation of the whole human family) and the right of redemption. And into the privileges of the redemption, both temporal and spiritual, thus effected, was every individual soul in that race solemnly admitted, first by sacramental participation of the lamb slain, and afterwards by baptism in the cloud and in the sea. The close parallel and resemblance of all this to the original from which it was divinely drawn, viz. the creation and fall of man, his redemption by the Blood of Christ, the participation of that Sacrifice at the very time by the first Apostles, and their subsequent baptism by the Holy Ghost into the privileges of the Christian estate, need hardly be pointed out.

But all this was, after all, only the introduction and inauguration of the race into a new relation towards God. It still remained to be seen in what way it would be taught to act and maintain itself in that relation, so as to accomplish the part destined for it. With this view an entirely new system of appliances and ordinances was now set on foot, consisting chiefly, however, in two main circumstances: a *new and an abiding Presence of God among them;* and *a continual presentation of them, by certain ordained means, in that Presence.* This, it is much to be observed, was altogether a new feature and phenomenon in the spiritual history of mankind. Somewhat, doubtless, had the world already known of the visible Presence of God on earth, even since the Fall. More especially had such Presence been vouchsafed to the 'first fathers of the holy seed,' Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

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Somewhat again, as we have seen, had they practised of Divine worship and service, of presentation of themselves to God, through the appointed and indispensable medium of sacrifice. But the Presence and the service had been both alike intermitted and occasional. Such a thing as a *perpetual, abiding Presence of God*, beyond that whereby He is present in all his works,—this had been hitherto unknown. Neither had the conception of *continued, unceasing Divine service and sacrifice* been entertained or realized. Both of these, then, it was the first care of the Almighty to provide in the newly enjoined system. The very charter, characteristic, and essence of it, as laid down in Exodus, ch. xxix. 38—45, was, that *they should, on their part, offer upon the altar a lamb, morning and evening, day by day continually,* with a meat offering of bread and wine: while, on his part, God declared that on the condition of their approaching Him through this medium, He would give his continual Presence and his Glory. 'Now this,' it was said, 'is that 'which thou shalt offer upon the altar; two lambs of the first 'year day by day continually. The one lamb shalt thou offer in 'the morning; and the other lamb shalt thou offer at even: and 'with the lamb a tenth deal of flour mingled with the fourth 'part of an hin of beaten oil; and the fourth part of an hin of 'wine for a drink offering. This shall be a continual burnt 'offering throughout all your generations at the door of the 'tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord: where I will 'meet you, to speak there unto thee. And there I will '*meet with the children of Israel, and the tabernacle shall be* '*sanctified by My glory.*'

We have cited at length this ordinance of the Mosaic system, because of its vast importance, both as the very centre of that system in itself, and also as setting forth and interpreting to us, in some most important particulars, our position as Christians. We ought clearly to understand, otherwise we shall miss the true characteristics of the Israelitish and the Christian economy, what the purport of this peculiar Presence, and this continued sacrificial presentation, was.

First, then, as regards the Presence: it was, as we know from various circumstances attending it, an awful and majestic, but at the same time a hallowing and beatifying Presence. In these respects it was widely different from anything that we read of in the previous history of man, unless we may assume a visible Presence at the gates of Eden after the Fall. The appearance of a burning lamp, shown on one occasion in a vision to Abraham, was the nearest approach to it hitherto. But this, as well as that to Moses in the bush, was in truth the prelude and first manifestation of the Presence now permanently

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vouchsafed. That Presence now became abiding; and it would seem to have been in all respects a strictly *kindred* Presence, both in its nature and effects, to that whereby the Almighty dwells upon the Throne of his majesty in Heaven. True to the wondrous character of the Mosaic economy as already unfolded, this Majesty, this Presence, was a copy of *that*. Not the Tabernacle itself only, nor the Temple itself only, but the Majestic Presence that dwelt therein, was, 'according to' the awful 'pattern,' or original, 'showed unto Moses in the mount.' Not that it attained in glory or excellence to that heavenly and transcending Presence. It was, as Hooker speaks, a restrained Presence; restrained in its glory, restrained in the sphere of its operation. 'He was present here,' says Ebrard, 'not as the 'Creator and Governor of the world (as such He dwelt in 'heaven), but as the covenant God of His people.' With this limitation, however, it was already true, and surely it was a glorious and a consoling truth, that 'the Tabernacle of God 'was with men, and He dwelt with them, and they were His 'people, and God Himself was with them, and was their God.' Heaven, for certain purposes, and to certain privileged persons, was now on earth, by a real removal and descent thither, according to a certain *mode of Presence*, of the Divine Glory. A present God, seated on a throne of mercy, might now be approached at a particular spot; a Presence for sanctification, for acceptance, and for blessing, abode in a holy place, was diffused throughout the chosen land, and gathered the favoured people 'under the covering of its wings.'

But, secondly, it is no less important that we should understand the purport of this continued act of *sacrificial presentation*, which was the correlative and the condition of the Presence above spoken of. And it was, as we learn from the original charter already cited, and from many circumstances of the system—it was the ordained means of the *actual and continual presentation before the Presence*, in a deep mystery, *of the whole people of Israel*. It was not merely a perpetual atonement for the sins of Israel, as regarded the covenant then present, though this it was. It was also a perpetual *presentation with acceptance, of the entire nation, on the basis of that atonement*. The lamb, in a deep mystery, represented, and in a manner contained, the children of Israel. When God looked upon it, He not only remembered his covenant and promise to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; He also beheld their seed accepted in it; cleansed by it; drawing near unharmed in it; rising in grateful clouds of incense, and in the accepted sacrificial flame; an offering made by fire of a 'sweet savour unto the Lord.' This was the original promise:—'There will I meet with the *children of Israel*.' And

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yet how small a portion of the people, and on what rare occasions, could be present in person there! And again it was said (Ezek. xx. 40, 41), 'There will I accept you;' 'I will accept you with your sweet savour, and I will be sanctified in you.' The Tabernacle itself was called 'the Tabernacle of meeting' (see Patrick): not, as we render it, 'of the congregation;' because of the continual Presence there, face to face, in a mystery, of God with Israel, and Israel with God. Thus was the great mystery of our real engrafting into Christ, and our presentation and acceptance *in Him*, the true Lamb, and as being of His Body, wonderfully copied and foreshown.

The same was indicated by portions of the *dress of the high priest*, who was to offer this sacrifice. He was a representative person in the deeper sense of that term; not merely as *standing on behalf* of the nation, but by a real, actual, though deeply mysterious presentation, setting them before God. For Aaron was to 'bear the names of the children of Israel both upon 'his shoulder and on the breastplate upon his breast, when he 'went into the holy place, to be a memorial before the Lord 'continually.' And 'the plate of pure gold upon the forefront of his mitre' was designed 'to bear'—that is, in a mystery to bring thither for atonement—'the iniquity' or imperfections 'of the holy things which the children of Israel should hallow, or offer;' . . . . 'it shall be always upon his forehead, that they may be accepted before the Lord.' Here again were the persons of the offerers gathered into the *person of their high priest. In him* they and their services were cleansed and accepted; a glorious copy, or 'type,' indeed, of the presentation of man in the person of Christ, as Priest no less than as Sacrifice.

Thus were the chosen people, taken as a whole, and, together with them, their land, and all that they possessed, presented continually before the Divine Presence in that form or mode in which it vouchsafed to dwell between the cherubims; and thus did a certain sanctification and acceptance, and blessings of a certain kind, flow out continually from that Presence. We say sanctification and blessings of a *certain kind*, for it must be well understood, as S. Paul is so careful to point out in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and elsewhere, that Israel was not hereby admitted to that cleansing and sanctification in body, soul, and spirit, which alone can fit man for appearing in the *majestic* Presence of *God in heaven*, and which Christ alone could supply. It was only a lower, a far lower degree or kind of access that was vouchsafed. The sanctuary was, by comparison, 'a worldly sanctuary,' after all, not a heavenly one; though akin to that in heaven, it was such a one as flesh and blood might, on certain conditions, enter into. In order to

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Israel's appearing in that Presence unharmed, and not unharmed only, but so as to be blessed, consoled, and enriched by it, a certain mysterious power had been imparted to the sacrificed lamb, and to the action and service of the high-priest and the altar. This sacrifice removed, as was manifest from the results, the unfitness of man to appear even in such a Presence as that: and hence this and other sacrifices are said, in the Books of Moses, to 'make atonement.' They did away with certain ulterior results or effects of sin. As S. Paul teaches, they 'sanctified to the purifying of the flesh.' Flesh and blood, touched with those remedies, *might* enter into a Presence, and into blessings, otherwise denied to them. But those remedies reached not to the conscience: they removed not the universal and as yet unalterable condition and consciousness of guilt and unfitness for entering into God's Presence in heaven. 'It was 'impossible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take 'away sin.' In their sphere, however, and for the purposes then contemplated, these sacrifices 'had power with God and prevailed.'

Here, then, in this great continual sacrifice, was set forth with the utmost distinctness, that which is at this hour carried on in the heavenly places. In the glorious system of the Catholic Church, Christ, the great High Priest, continually presents His sacrifice of Himself, once offered on the cross, in the very majestic Presence of God Himself. And in that sacrifice He presents, truly engrafted into His Body, and members of Him, both as Victim and as Priest, all those who are His. They already, in a deep mystery, 'sit together with Christ in the heavenly places.' There God the Father beholds them accepted in the Beloved. There their offering of themselves in body, soul, and spirit, is accepted, cleansed from all imperfection by union to the One Sacrifice. There their action as priests unto God is effective through their engrafting into the One High Priest. Nor only so. As all Israel, in their persons and in their land, were conceived to be, and really were, compassed about by the hallowing and protecting Presence, which had its peculiar seat upon the cherubim; as they were in all their relations and actions of life, a 'peculiar treasure' of God's, and 'a holy people;' as they were blessed 'in the basket, and in the store, in their going out, and in their coming in,' because of the Presence in which they mysteriously stood, through the continual burnt offering; even so is it, only to much loftier purposes, with the faithful now. The ever-reiterated truth which rises so continually to the lips of S. Paul, that they 'are in Christ' —*that* Christ who is ever presenting Himself before the Father— this truth makes all their actions and relations to be hallowed

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and dignified indeed; since whether they eat or drink, buy or sell, they are now ever more accepted with the Father.

But there remains one more feature of Israelitish service which we must take into the account, if we would thoroughly comprehend, in its entire range, either that dispensation or our own. Though this great continual Burnt-offering was the centre and essence of the system, the secret and the vehicle, so to speak, of the Israelites' continual acceptance before God, and of all the blessings which they enjoyed as his people; yet the benefits of it were not enjoyed, nor indeed was the system itself complete, apart from the active and obedient co-operation of the people. As the high priest offered *in the name* of the people, and as carrying them upon his heart before God, it was expected and required that their devout assent and hearty desires should go along with the offering priest and the offered sacrifice. For this purpose it had become the religious practice of the nation to make use of the particular hours of sacrifice as hours of private and congregational prayer. 'At the hour of incense' and sacrifice, the people were found 'praying without,' not only, as we know from the New Testament, at Jerusalem, but at a distance from it, as the instance of Daniel abundantly proves. Through that one sacrifice they prayed; in that sacrifice they offered themselves, not mystically only, through the person and mediation of the high priest, but personally, by their own will and their own prayer.

But this was not all. They were empowered and required to unite themselves to that sacrifice, and to appropriate the benefits of it, not merely by acts of the will, by pleadings and by prayers, but also by actually *partaking*, after a divinely provided and deeply mysterious manner, of the sacrifice itself. That all Israel should literally and physically eat of the *one* lamb daily offered on the altar, was of course impossible. But it was ordained, pursuant, no doubt, to certain ancient laws of sacrifice, that they should from time to time bring a lamb or other offering of their own. This being slain, and the choicest part laid, to be consumed by fire, *upon the one sacrifice*[1] which was kept burning slowly all day for the purpose, the remainder was eaten with joy and thanksgiving by priest and people. And by this means they were held and conceived to eat, and to all practical intents and purposes they did eat, of the one lamb and the one sacrifice; and by the same means they had mysterious *convivium* and communion with God Himself; the part consumed upon the altar being called His 'food'[2] and His 'bread.' To this it is that S. Paul plainly alludes, when he says of 'Israel after the

[1] See Lev. iii. 5.

[2] Lev. iii. 11; xxi. 6. See Patrick *in loc.*

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flesh,' that 'they which ate of the sacrifices were partakers of the altar'—that is, manifestly, of the one sacrifice upon the altar—for hereby his argument implies, they all became one body.

Thus did they thrice in the year at least, at their great feasts, and at other times of their own 'voluntary will,' make solemn and thankful remembrance before God of the one original Passover sacrifice of a lamb, by which they had been redeemed unto God, and plead in the most prevailing manner the virtue and powers of it;—unite themselves afresh to the great continual offering;—lay themselves, in a mysterious but wonderfully real manner, upon the altar for dedication and acceptance, and receive from the altar, through the medium of the one priest and sacrifice, all the blessings of the covenant.

It is impossible that anything should more accurately copy and foreshow the means by which, under the Christian dispensation, men were to make remembrance of, and plead in the most prevailing way, the once offered but continually presented Sacrifice of Christ, unite themselves afresh to it, lay themselves in a mystery on the heavenly altar for dedication and acceptance, and receive from that altar, through the One Priest and the One Sacrifice, all the gifts and blessings of the new and perfect covenant.

The one great difference—setting aside the more glorious and eternal purposes of the Gospel ordinance—is that the material things now presented on earth, are no longer slain victims, but the pure and simple elements of bread and wine, themselves also made much use of under the old system. In and by these, mysteriously identified by our Lord's own words with His Body and Blood, as the personal and congregational offerings of the Israelites were identified with their continual offering, Christians have that wondrous and glorious 'communion' of which S. Paul speaks; they 'dwell in Christ, and Christ in them, are one with Christ, and Christ with them;' and in Him, and with Him, they offer and present, in the true Holy of Holies, their souls and bodies to be a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice unto the Father; and in Him and with Him are accepted.

We have desired, in these remarks, to draw attention to a much-neglected portion of Holy Scripture,—the Mosaic ordinances,—as a divinely provided source of instruction and illustration, respecting some important and often controverted features of the Christian economy. And surely the view here given tends to elevate as well as quicken our conceptions of that glorious work in which clergy and laity, in their different degrees, are admitted to co-operate with their High Priest in heaven. It is plain they assist *continually*, in all their actions, though especially in their religious ones, at a lofty and glorious solem-

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nity: a solemnity which even the continual sacrifice and service of the Mosaic high priest and people,—with all its splendour and array of appliances and mysteries, its awful Presence, its inscrutable Holy of Holies, its heaven-descended fire, its wondrously empowered altar and sacrifice, its mysteriously vested and commissioned priest, its prevailing incense, its gorgeous Tabernacle and Temple, its unvalued gold, its vast powers to sanctify, to enrich, and to bless the subjects of it,—can but very faintly image forth to us. They can take up, in a sense which Israel never knew, the words and the songs, the religious position and action of Israel. In 'the tranquil operation of that great mystery the Church,' they behold with their eyes things which (with the single exception of Moses) 'eye had 'not seen, neither ear heard, neither had it entered into the 'heart of man to conceive; but which God had prepared for 'them that love Him.' With Heaven for their Holy of Holies, Christ for continual Sacrifice and Priest, His Heart for their Altar, His Spirit for their altar-fire, angels and 'the Holy Church throughout the world' for worshippers, Holy Eucharists for presentation of and union to the One Sacrifice, and holy deeds of faith and love for offerings,—they chant, as a Church, a ceaseless *Te Deum* to the Divine and Heavenly Majesty, in the Presence of which they are admitted, in Christ, continually to dwell.

II. We would now direct the attention of our readers to another and widely different field of speculation, connected with the Mosaic system, or suggested by it.

The question as to the existence on our globe of some pre-Adamite race of human beings, has at various past times been entertained, with little profit, by the curious and the learned. Geology would seem to have set *that* question at rest for ever. But however that be, there is a somewhat parallel and much more practical inquiry, which may, for aught that we see, with all sobriety and orthodoxy be entertained, viz. as to the religious dispensation under which mankind were placed in the interval between the dispersion of nations and the call of Abraham. For, though it is commonly assumed that we are told in the Old Testament all that God has ever done in the way of communicating the knowledge of Himself to man, it must be confessed that this is far from being self-evident: neither does the Bible, that we are aware of, anywhere affirm it to be the case. Indeed, one justly favourite view of the matter has always been, that the particular design of the Old Testament was to place on record only so much of God's ancient dealings with man as led up directly to His manifestation of Himself in the flesh; and that, with this intent, the

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religious fortunes and conditions of a particular branch of the Noachian stock, the Shemitic, and those of a particular family in that branch, the Heberite (or Hebrew) and Abrahamic, were almost exclusively treated of. We confess to being of this opinion ourselves. We venture to think it rather probable than improbable, that there were revelations of Himself by God to man between the flood and the call of Abraham. Who can contemplate, more especially with a thoughtful gaze, the DISPERSION—that strange and touching spectacle, of embryo nations, smitten with penal dumbness one towards another, and sorrowfully separating, under a Divine instinct, to seek their several homes and seats far away from the cradle of the race;—who, looking on this, can forbear to surmise that the grief of that second Fall may have been soothed, and the peril of it to true religion diminished, by some special revelation or provision, over and above the universally inherited system of sacrifice which was handed down from Noah? The guardianship of the knowledge of the true God; the more especial priesthood of the now scattered race; would these be unlikely to be committed to some family or nation as their peculiar depository? There is no reason why they might not; and we propose now to gather together whatever indications of such a fact can be brought to bear upon the subject from the Biblical records, from historic sources, and even from recent exhumations of the ancient life and religion of Eastern nations. It will be found that one or two puzzling questions, as to the antecedents of the Mosaic Economy, receive a satisfactory solution, if the existence of such a pre-Abrahamic revelation can be fairly established.

The subject has been incidentally mooted in a very able paper in the 'Journal of Sacred Literature' for April last.[1] We shall venture to avail ourselves of the writer's ingenious suggestions; and we conceive that by following them out farther than he himself has done, a very strong case may be made out for the existence of a religious dispensation, committed to a particular branch of the family of Noah, ages before the time of Abraham, and closely resembling as to its essential structure, and even in some very singular respects, the Mosaic system.

It is well known, in the first place, that, in the opinion of many commentators, the Scriptures lend considerable countenance to the belief that Mount Horeb derived its title of the 'Mount of God' from its having been favoured with Divine

[1] Sinai, Kadesh, and Mount Hor; or, a Critical Enquiry into the Route of the Exodus. By H. C.

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revelations previous to the call of Moses. The words addressed to him from the burning bush, 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground,' seem to point, not uncertainly, to such a conclusion. Mount Horeb is called the Mount of God four times: 1. When Moses leads his flock thither; 2. When Aaron, by God's command, goes to meet him on the occasion of his solemn mission (Exod. iv. 27); 3. When Jethro comes to see him, and offers sacrifice; 4. When Elijah flees thither. Now all these were, in various degrees, high and solemn religious occasions, ordained by God Himself to take place at this particular mount. Horeb, in all these instances, was the cradle and starting-point of great religious transactions. In the case of Elijah, the Almighty was pleased, in the abeyance of Jerusalem, the new 'Mount of God' (now become unsafe as a refuge for the prophet), to fall back, as it were, upon the earlier seat of manifestation of Himself, and to make it the starting-point of a new era in the history of His people. Not the Law only, but the Prophets, date in a manner from Mount Horeb, and received their initiation and inauguration there. It may be observed, too, that it is not said 'Sinai,' but 'Horeb.' It may, no doubt, have been the Sinaitic peak of the Horeb range. But the name is generic, and sends us back to the pre-Exodic times, when *Horeb* was as yet *the* Mount of God, and Sinai was not yet named in the history of Divine manifestations. We venture to assume, then, on these grounds, the fact of Mount Horeb's having been honoured with some Divine revelation or other previous to the call of Moses, and that it was in consequence familiarly known at that date as 'the Mount of God.' We see, too, from the history of Elijah, that it retained that title—now further secured to it by the Sinaitic revelations—for ages after the occupation of Canaan by the chosen people.

Our next fact is, that in a highly curious and hitherto very unsatisfactorily explained passage of Holy Scripture, a certain people is said, on a most probable interpretation of the Hebrew text, to have had the guardianship, on some 'holy Mount,' of a peculiar religious dispensation. We subjoin, with one or two corrections, and reinstatements of our Authorized Version, the translation given in the paper already mentioned.

EZEKIEL XXVIII. 11—19.

11 And the word of Jehovah came unto me saying,
12 Son of man, raise the funeral lament over the King of Tyre, and thou shalt say to him, Thus saith Jehovah, my Lord,
13 Thou wast the express image of perfection, (cf. Heb. i. 2.)
Full of wisdom, perfect in beauty:
In Eden, the garden of God, didst thou dwell:
Every precious stone was thy covering (or, canopy):

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The sardius, topaz, diamond [LXX. smaragdus],
The beryl, onyx [LXX. sapphire,] jasper,
The sapphire, emerald, carbuncle, [LXX. ligure, agate, amethyst,]
[The chrysolite, beryl, onyx, so LXX. inserts] and gold.
The minstrelsy of thy tabrets and of thy pipes
Was prepared for thee in the day thou was created.
14 With [so LXX. μετά. Heb. את] the *anointed covering cherub,*
And I placed thee in the *holy mount of God.*
Thou wast in the midst of the rocks of fire: thou didst walk up and down (or dwell familiarly there).
15 Perfect wert thou in thy ways from the day thou wert created,
16 Until by reason of thy vast traffic iniquity was found in thee.
They filled thee with violence, and thou sinnedst:
And I cast thee as profane out of the mount of God:
And the covering cherub destroyed thee out of the midst of the rocks of fire.
17 Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty.
Thou didst corrupt thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness:
Upon the earth I cast thee, before kings have I placed thee,
That thou mightest become a gazing-stock.
18 By the multitude of thine iniquities, by the sin of thy traffic,
Thou didst defile [LXX. Thou profanest] thy sanctuaries.

On this passage we cannot do better than give our author's comment:

'It has been usually supposed that this prophecy was addressed to some actual king of Tyre. This we believe to be perfectly impossible. Tyre, from its first foundation on the Syrian coast, was always so pre-eminently idolatrous that no king of this Baal and Astarte-worshipping city could ever have merited the praises here bestowed by Ezekiel upon the primitive orthodoxy of the object of the prophecy. Nor could there ever have been a period when the Syrian Tyre could have deserved the title of the "guardian cherub of the holy hill of God." The worship of Baal was contemporary with the foundation of the city. The temple of this deity was as old as the city itself. The fervour of idolatrous bigotry and superstition never seems to have been intermitted in any period of Tyrian history. Ithobal, "the man or servant of Baal," was a favourite name of the kings; and this appears to have been actually the name of the very king who was reigning at the time of the prophecy of Ezekiel. Nor would it be easy to understand to what part of any territory, ever possessed by the Syrian Tyre, the name of "the holy hill of God" could be applied. But assume that the Tyrian people is here typified under the figure of its king, and that the commencement of the first stanza relates to the innocent youth of the Phœnician nation, when they inhabited the Negeb (to the south of Palestine), and when Mount Sinai was the great gathering-place of their religious assemblies, and the whole prophecy becomes clear and intelligible.

'The concurrent testimony of sacred and profane history proves the Phœnicians to have been a Cushite colony from Chawîlah, on the Persian Gulph, who first settled in the Negeb, and were afterwards transferred, by the Assyrians, to the Mediterranean coast, south of Lebanon. In the early days of their settlement in the Negeb, they cultivated the pure worship of Jehovah, which they had brought from the yet uncorrupted parent nation of Chawîlah. Afterwards, enriched by a lucrative commerce, by sea, with India, and pampered with the luxuries of Egypt, Canaan and Syria, which they obtained in exchange for the commodities of Ind, like Jeshurun, they "waxed fat and

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kicked," and began to prefer the idol gods of Egypt to the eternal Creator, whom they had previously worshipped in spirit and in truth. Then the power of the guilty nation was broken; they were cast, as profane, from the mount of God, and dispersed from the Negeb, a situation unrivalled in the world for a maritime people. The Assyrians, then masters of Syria and Canaan, compelled or induced them to remove to the northern coast of Syria, and to transfer their traffic from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean. The agency of the Assyrians in this removal may be proved by a passage in the prophecy of Isaiah against Tyre (chap. xxiii. 13) which has hitherto much vexed translators and commentators, and not less the modern writers of Oriental history. In this prophecy Isaiah predicts the destruction of Tyre by the Chaldæans under Nebuchadnezzar. He addresses the merchants of Tarshish or Tartessus, in Spain, as the richest and most flourishing of the Tyrian colonies, inhabiting the Peru of the ancient world. After the manner of the prophets, he bids these children of Tyre to sound the funeral lament over the parent-city.

'"Wail, ye ships of Tarshish," exclaims the prophet, (the ships being here taken figuratively for the merchants,) "for Tyre is laid waste." Using the present tense for the future, Isaiah places the whole scene vividly before his readers. We see, in the picture conjured up by his glowing words, the Sidonians and all the neighbouring nations gazing in speechless astonishment on the ruin of the Queen of the Sea. Then, to dash down the pride of the conqueror, and his confidence in his idol deities, the prophet inquires, in a tone of superb disdain, "Who has taken this counsel against Tyre?" "Jehovah of Hosts!" he replies triumphantly, "he has given command against the merchant city, to destroy the strongholds thereof." He then turns to the Chaldæans, and pursues his argument, that the ruin of Tyre is really brought about by the hand of Jehovah. "Verily, oh land of the Chaldæans; this people (the Tyrian) was not till the Assyrian assigned it (Tyre) for a seat for the Tziyim; they raised up its watch-towers, they erected its palaces, and he has appointed it for ruin. Wail, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is destroyed."

'The word Tziyim, used generally, may be applied to the inhabitants of any dry region; but used in a definite sense, as is clearly the case here, it applies to the inhabitants of the Negeb, the Tziyah being that "dry region," which, lying immediately to the south of Judah, was most familiar to the Jews. The inhabitants of the Tziyah, or Negeb, immediately before the foundation of Tyre, were certainly the Phœnicians; and the Phœnicians, with equal certainty, were a Cushite, and not, as is vulgarly supposed, a Canaanite people. Hence the writer of the eighty-seventh Psalm speaks of the Tyrians as Cushites, "Tyre the people of Cush"; for the Masoretic punctuation, making it Tyre *with* "Cush," seems to admit of no rational application.'

Recurring now to the passage from Ezekiel, we cannot fail to be struck, in the first place, with the loftiness of its general tone, and the strength and splendour of some of its expressions. The titles, 'The express image [lit. seal] of perfection; full of wisdom; perfect in beauty,' seem to bespeak the object of them as one on which some especial reflex of the Divine brightness had been cast. The ἀποσφράγισμα ὁμοιώσεως καὶ στέφανος κάλλους of the LXX. in this place may well remind us of the ἀπαύγασμα τῆς δόξης, καὶ χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως of S. Paul in the Epistle to the Hebrews. The illumination of a special revelation, or the guardianship of a peculiar sanctuary and seat of God's Presence, would account, as perhaps nothing

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else could, for the Almighty's applying such exalted titles to a nation.

Next, what do we find assigned as the seat and locality of such a Presence as we are supposing to be referred to in the passage? No other than the 'Mount of God' (vv. 14, 15); here called, moreover, though here only, the 'holy Mount.' Of the identity of the 'mount' thus indicated with Mount Horeb, there can be, after what has been said, no reasonable doubt. And the single intimation here given of the character of the mountain, or of the mode of God's revealing Himself on it ('thou wast in the midst of the rocks of fire'), accords thoroughly with the religious history of Mount Horeb. The revelations of God to Moses and Elijah, the burning bush, the appearance on Sinai, the wind breaking in pieces the rocks before the Lord, the earthquake, the fire—all belong to a region and a sphere to which the language, 'in the midst of the rocks of fire,' might most fitly be applied.

Here, then, the supposition is, were the Tyrians, at an earlier and purer stage of their history, blessed with a peculiar Presence of God, signified by the abode among them of 'the covering cherub' (v. 14)? We have here ventured to depart from our Authorized Version, from the Masoretic punctuation and vowels, and from our author, and to take the LXX. rather for our guide; so that the Tyrian nation is not addressed as 'the cherub,' but is said to have 'dwelt with the cherub,' or to have had the cherub dwelling with them. The received version looks suspicious, it being unusual, as is well known, to find אֵת used for 'thou' in the masculine, instead of the usual form which, indeed, has just preceded; so that the LXX. is probably right in rendering it 'with the cherub.' Now it is by this time sufficiently agreed among Biblical scholars, what the nature and import of the 'cherub' or 'cherubim' is. 'The cherub,' says Bähr (Symbolik i. p. 341), 'combining in itself the most perfect kinds of creaturely life, is the most complete manifestation of God and of the Divine life. The powers of life, which are divided among the creatures that occupy the highest place in the visible creation, are in it combined and individualized.' Where the cherub or cherubim is—for its multiform shape and nature cause it to be pluralized at pleasure—*there* is a special manifestation of God's Presence and glory. Nor only so, but of that Presence and glory considered as a means of sanctifying the creature, and as receiving the creature's homage and worship. The majesty of God is represented in Holy Scripture, probably from Genesis to Revelation, certainly in Psalm xviii. 2, as being borne upon the cherub or cherubim. It is, therefore, no light thing that is here predicted of the Tyrian nation in its earlier days, that it was 'with the cherub.'

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And there arises at once a presumption that there was, as the correlative of this cherubic Presence of God, some system of worship. 'Without assuming,' says the writer already quoted, 'any complete system of religious ceremonies to have existed, 'such as is prescribed by the Mosaic law, we may take it for 'granted that there was at least some general outline of reli-'gious worship directed and observed.' And on closer examination, we seem to find assigned to the 'cherub' in this supposed older system the same functions as were discharged by the cherubim overshadowing the Mosaic ark, for it is called the 'covering cherub.' Now this was the exact attitude and function of the Mosaic cherubim. The Divine Presence being seated upon or above them, they 'covered' the ark, and with it (according to one view) the sins of the people, committed against the Law contained in the ark, from the Divine wrath. Such, at least, is the confessed signification of the mercy-seat or cover of the ark; and it may with much probability be extended to the cherubim also. But in any case the wings of the cherubim were certainly conceived to 'cover' and shield the people of God from harm, as appears from many places in the Psalms; especially 'I will dwell in thy Tabernacle for ever, and my trust shall be under the shadow of Thy wings.' We know, moreover, that in the Mosaic Law the ark and the entire tabernacle were ordered to be anointed (Exod. xxx. 26); and the cherub, in our passage of Ezekiel, is called the 'anointed cherub.' It is more probable, however, as we conceive, that the word 'anointed' here signifies designation, rather than material anointing. If we may judge from the tenour of the whole passage, the manifestations here spoken of by Ezekiel consisted of the actual and visible cherub or cherubim themselves, as in Ezekiel's own earlier visions, and in S. John's; *not*, as in the Mosaic Tabernacle, of the Divine glory in a cloud, accompanied by merely material and imitative, though Divinely prescribed cherubim. For we read (v. 16) that the covering cherub personally drove out or 'destroyed' the sinful people among whom it had dwelt hitherto. And here we may observe that we seem to be borne out in departing once more from the Authorized Version, and following the LXX. rendering 'he destroyed' (ἐξήγαγε, compare Gen. iii. 24); the Hebrew verb being properly in the third person. This 'driving out' by the cherub is strikingly parallel to the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise, and lends additional veri-similitude to our view of the entire passage.

We seem in the next place to have some glimpse given us of the housing or tabernacling of the cherub or cherubim, which thus dwelt of old among the ancestry of the Tyrian people, in the words (ver. 13), 'Every precious stone was thy covering.' It

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would be impossible to insist upon this as signifying something of a religious or ritual character, rather than a mere regal canopy, were it not for one extraordinary circumstance connected with the enumeration of precious stones which follows immediately. It is this; that the names and arrangement of the stones are even in the Hebrew text very nearly, in the LXX. *exactly* identical, with those of the stones in the mystic breastplate of the Mosaic High Priest. The main difference, as may be seen by comparing our passage with Exod. xxxix. 9, 13, is that in the Hebrew text of Ezekiel, the third row of stones in the Mosaic list is omitted; and that there are one or two transpositions, as a glance at our rendering will show. Otherwise the distribution into rows of three each, and the names of the stones, are marvellously coincident. But it is scarcely less remarkable that the LXX. supplies the missing row, and so exhibits perfect accordance, stone for stone, with the Mosaic arrangement. We are entitled to affirm from hence one of two things, either that the LXX. exhibits the true text of Ezekiel, in which case the anticipation of the Mosaic or Shemitic by the Cushite or Hamitic system is complete; or else, which is more likely, that the LXX. interpreters, struck with the correspondence, even in the Hebrew text, supplemented and corrected the text of Ezekiel so as to accord with that in Exodus. And in that case the hypothesis which we are supporting, as to a previous dispensation akin to that of Moses, proves to be no novel idea, but one which had forced itself upon the LXX. interpreters two or three centuries before the Christian era. For we have already seen that they uphold throughout, by their version, the view which makes 'the cherub' to be not the king or people of Tyre, but a cherubic presence dwelling among those of old time in their former seat. And now we see them, in full accordance with this view, recognising, in the ornaments of the cherub's covering or canopy, the mystic jewels of their own Aaronic High Priest. In any case, we find another striking point of correspondence, be it more or less full, between the ritual provisions of the supposed older system and those of the Mosaic. And here, too, as in the matter of the cherubim, the feature which we observe holding a place in both the systems, is one which reappears in the final visions of S. John. For the 'twelve stones' of the Aaronic breastplate are seen once more, with little change or transposition, in the twelve foundation-stones of the New Jerusalem. (Rev. xxi. 19, 20.) This indicates a deep and real mystery belonging to these stones. And we cannot be far wrong in conceiving that in the primeval system we are contemplating, they discharged some mysterious functions corresponding to the Urim and

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Thummim oracular mystery of the Aaronic breastplate. We might further conjecture that if the Hebrew text is to be stood upon, the characteristic number of that system may have been nine, not, as that of the later one, twelve. We should not omit to add that the resemblance of the two lists of jewels is completed by the express mention of their being, in both cases, set in gold.

If now we may be permitted, on the strength of what has been advanced, to assume the existence of certain ritual and mystic appurtenances to the supposed cherubic Presence, namely, a canopy or tabernacle, adorned or provided in some way with precious stones, set in a mysterious order, and carrying in them some Divinely-ordained significance and powers; we shall have less hesitation as to the meaning to be ascribed to another feature in this curious fragment of primeval religious history. 'The minstrelsy of thy tabrets and of thy pipes' can, in such a context, mean nothing else than music as an accompaniment to religious services. Nor are any musical instruments mentioned earlier in connexion with religious minstrelsy than tabrets, or timbrels, and pipes. The timbrels of Miriam and the Israelitish women; the psaltery, tabret, pipe, and harp of the company of prophets in the days of Saul, will occur to every one. And thus we obtain (*si sana omnia*) a distinct intimation of acts of praise forming part of the ceremonial. The characteristic instrument, moreover, of the Mosaic system was the trumpet, first heard at the awful scene of the giving of the law, and perpetually ever after at the Sabbaths and new moon festivals. This probably arose from the warlike character of the deliverance achieved for Israel at the Red Sea (Exod. xiv. 3). It was emphatically as 'the Lord of Hosts,' and as 'a Man of War,' that God had taken Israel to Himself. And it is perhaps not devoid of significance that in the more ancient system, which we are employed in deciphering, only the less martial instruments of tabret and pipe are found mentioned; no such warlike display of power having occurred in its history.

But enough of the probable or possible details of this primeval system. It is time that we should endeavour to give some answer to a question which will naturally rise to the lips of the reader, viz. whether Holy Scripture lends any countenance, beyond what may be elicited from this passage of Ezekiel, to so startling an hypothesis as that of a well-defined religious ceremonial system previous to the Mosaic dispensation? for it may fairly be argued, that if such a dispensation had ever existed, it were strange that it should enjoy no other recognition than this single one.

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We proceed, therefore, first, to point out some probabilities, based upon the dealings of God with the human race, as recorded in Scripture, that such a previous dispensation should have been given, and given to the very people who, according to our view of the passage in Ezekiel, were the depositaries of it. And then we shall collect some passages which, to say the least, become far more intelligible on the hypothesis of such an older dispensation, than on any other.

We remark, then, that in God's dealings with the family of Abraham, the principle of primogeniture, though accompanied with the possibility, and indeed sometimes with the Divine foreknowledge, of forfeiture, is fully recognised. Thus Esau was indeed ultimately rejected, as had been foreseen and presignified. But he was put upon his trial first. The forfeiture was by his own fault. And even in the case of Ishmael, his actual rejection was, humanly speaking, caused by his mockery of his younger brother Isaac (Gen. xxi. 9). Indeed, it may be truly said, there is a mystery in primogeniture (arising, probably, from its reflecting the position and prerogatives of the Only Begotten Son), which insures its not being lightly set aside by the Eternal Father. Now, applying this to the case of Noah's sons, it becomes *à priori* probable that the eldest son, or the eldest branch, would be entrusted, in the first instance, with the priesthood of the world, and with the custody of any special religious dispensation under which men were to be placed at such an epoch as the dispersion.

But which *was* the eldest of Noah's three sons, or what the order of their birth? This, it is well known, is a question not easily resolved with certainty. But by far the most probable opinion, we conceive, is that which makes the order of birth to have been Ham, Shem, Japhet: Shem being uniformly placed before Ham in the Biblical enumeration of them, only on account of his pre-eminence, not of primogeniture. A very similar case occurs later in Scripture; the three sons of Levi being, in order of birth, Gershon, Kohath, and Merari: but Kohath's family obtaining, in some instances, the first place (*e. g.* 2 Chron. vi. 33), on account of Moses and Aaron having sprung from that branch. The supposition, on the other hand, which would make the order of birth to have been either Japhet, Ham, Shem; or Japhet, Shem, Ham, is so far improbable, that it then becomes very difficult to account for Japhet's obtaining the *last* place in the customary Biblical enumeration. Why should so complete a disturbance of the natural order be made, as that the eldest should be placed last? We should be surprised to find Gershon placed last among the three sons of Levi.

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It is true that there are one or two passages which seem to make Japhet older than Shem; such is Gen. x. 21, rendered in our version: 'Shem, the brother of Japhet the elder'—a rendering slightly favoured by the Hebrew, and adopted by the LXX., Patrick, and others. But the contrary version, 'Shem, the elder brother of Japhet,' is sanctioned by the Arabic, Syriac, and Vulgate versions, and by many more recent authorities. It is true, again, that Japhet's posterity are enumerated before Ham's and Shem's in Gen. x.; but this may perfectly well be accounted for by the Hebrew habit, so much brought out by Lowth and Jebb, of taking things up in the reverse order to that in which they have been mentioned just before. Thus, the chapter having begun, 'These are the generations of Noah; Shem, Ham, Japhet,' it was natural to a Hebrew writer to proceed to enumerate first Japhet's sons, then Ham's, then Shem's. And the sacred historian seems himself to have been anxious to remove the erroneous impression which this reversed order would be likely to leave on the mind of the reader, as to the comparative seniority of Japhet and Shem: for it is here that, when he comes to speak of the posterity of Shem, he inserts the explanatory clause just referred to, 'Unto Shem also, the father of all the children of 'Eber, the elder brother of Japhet, even to him were children 'born.' The whole sentence seems designed to secure for Shem his due estimation and position, not only as father of the chosen people, but also as being senior to Japhet, notwithstanding that his genealogy had been placed last, and Japhet's first. Shem, therefore, we venture to conclude, was older than Japhet. And since he was certainly not the eldest son—for Noah began to have children at five hundred years old, whereas Shem was not born till his father's five hundred and second year (Gen. xi. 10; vii. 6)—it follows that the order of seniority was Ham, Shem, Japhet.

This point being settled then, and Ham and Shem thus acknowledged as the first and second sons of Noah, the usual order of the Divine procedure in after times would lead us, as has been already said, to expect that the custody of any special religious dispensation would be committed to the eldest brother's family in the first instance. And such, according to the hypothesis we are examining, is the case. The Tyrians were Cushites, or descendants of Cush. Now Cush was (Gen. x. 6) the eldest son of Ham, the eldest son of Noah. Moreover, the Tyrians were, strictly speaking, Havilites, or descendants of Havilah, and were locally, and perhaps nationally, mixed up with the Sebaites, or descendants of Seba. But Seba and Havilah, again, were the two eldest sons of Cush. And thus the

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theory we speak of assigns the primary religious æconomy at the dispersion to exactly the right family.

It is true that this supposition runs counter to a widely prevailing opinion that Ham was utterly disinherited, *ipso facto*, for his irreverence to his father. We have already pointed out, however, that, judging by the analogy of later instances, it was one thing with the Almighty to destine a family to disinheritance, and quite another to inflict it immediately. And that Ham was not degraded in his own person, and at once, from all benefits of primogeniture, appears from hence, that in the distribution of the earth at the dispersion, his descendants obtain the fairest portion, nearest to the site of Paradise, and apparently including the country of Eden itself. The two first-named of the four rivers which took their rise in the garden, or which met there, are Pison, 'which compasseth the whole land of *Havilah*,' and Gihon, 'the same that compasseth the whole land of *Cush*,' or Ethiopia. Ham, then, was certainly not disinherited as regarded earthly possessions. But it may be thought that 'the accursed race of Ham' must still be unlikely to receive a *religious* dispensation. It is, however, a mistake to speak of Ham's race as accursed. It was, for whatever reason, *Canaan*, the fourth son of Ham, that was cursed, not Ham;—'cursed be Canaan,' probably because he had instigated the act of irreverence. And when it is said that 'Noah knew what his younger son had done to him,' this, as is now generally admitted, means 'his grandson,' viz. Canaan.

And now let the reader observe how exactly the particulars mentioned in our passage of Ezekiel are in correspondence with what we read of Havilah in Genesis. 'In Eden, the garden of God, didst thou dwell,' says Ezekiel to the Havilite Tyrian nation. The first river that 'went out of Eden to water the garden,' in the primitive days, became in after times, and was still in the days of Moses, the boundary of 'the whole land of Havilah.'—Ezekiel makes great mention of the precious stones and gold of the Havilite sacred canopy, or tabernacle, or whatever it was. Moses informs us, that 'the gold of that land '(Havilah) is good; there is the bdellium (probably the pearls 'of the Persian Gulf) and the onyx-stone.' The onyx and the gold, we may remark, are in immediate juxtaposition in the LXX. version of Ezekiel.

Thus is there no difficulty in the supposition that a religious dispensation may have been anciently entrusted to the family of Ham: a presumption arises rather that it would be so. And the location which, on a literal interpretation of Ezekiel, had at one time been assigned to the depositaries of their religion, namely, the country of Eden, while it exactly accords with the

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record in Genesis, is also the most natural one for the purpose, as being near the ancient seat of God's presence.

However, the families both of Cush and of his son Havilah took, as we know, a wider range at the dispersion. Cush, as the great Bochart has abundantly proved, had his proper seat, not, as is vulgarly supposed, south of Egypt, (though his race afterwards spread thither,) but in Arabia. Havilah, as has been already said, settled in the Persian Gulf, but detached a colony, the Phœnicians of later ages, to the comparatively small tongue of land south of Palestine; the scene in after ages of the Israelitish wanderings. And the theory of the author whom we have been following is, that this particular detachment of the Hamitic family had the especial guardianship, and even the exclusive knowledge, of the ancient religious system on Mount Horeb. We are disposed somewhat to enlarge upon this theory, so far as to suppose that the knowledge of this dispensation, and the worship involved in it, was common to the two elder branches of Ham's descendants, viz. Cush and Mizraim. So that the holy mount was the centre of worship to the wide band of kindred nations extending from the Persian Gulf to Libya. Our author has dwelt with great force upon the facilities which such a situation as that of Horeb would afford for the commerce of the favoured nation, on account of its lying in the direct track of the great caravans which, no doubt, from the very earliest times, traversed the Negeb. But the range of that traffic was so immense, that there is no difficulty whatever in supposing that it may have been the means of centralising the periodical worship of all the countries from Libya to Persia upon the holy mount of Horeb. 'The chief element of religious worship would,' with great probability, as our author remarks, 'be the meeting or assemblage of the whole nation'—(why not of the many nations along the route?)—'at the great festivals.' And he proceeds, with much ingenuity and plausibility, to identify the ancient Horeb with a mountain in the very centre of the Negeb (or Sinaitic tongue of land), now called Jebel-el-'Ojmah; a manifest corruption of an Arabic term for 'mount of assembly.' It is well known that Lord Lindsay did much to shake the identity of Sinai with the mount commonly shown as such, viz. Jebel Mûsa. Nor does Dr. Stanley's suggested substitution of Râs Safsâfah, a promontory in front of it, remove the immense difficulty of conceiving how two or three millions of persons could encamp and manœuvre within the narrow defiles of this granitic region. The claims of Mount Serbal are open to the same objection; and we are disposed to think our author's proposed substitution of Jebel-el-'Ojmah, as the true Sinai, exceedingly probable. It rises to a great height above

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the rest of a long range of hills stretching across the region. At its base is a long belt of sand, the only sand in the Negeb, of seventy miles in length, by twelve in breadth; and in other respects, the site answers perfectly to the requirements of the Bible narrative. And it would make no less convenient a centre for such vast Panhellenic religious assemblies as we are supposing.

According to this view then, the reader will observe, the two great families of Cush and Mizraim—that is, the Egypt and Ethiopia (= Arabia, &c.) of Scripture—enjoyed, from the time of the dispersion, not merely, in common with the rest of the nations, the knowledge of the true God, but also an august system of worship. The cherubim, and with them the sanctifying Presence of God, dwelt for them, perhaps visibly, on Mount Horeb; as of old, probably, at the gates of Eden, and as in after ages on this very mount, in Mosaic days, and finally on Mount Sinai. Of this dispensation, 'with its anointed and covering cherub,' or cherubim; its richly adorned canopy; its mystic rows of jewels; its minstrelsy of tabrets and pipes; above all, its manifestations of God in power and majesty amid 'the rocks of fire;'—of this, we say, were the Tyrians of old the guardians, serving as a kind of priesthood to it, while the worshippers were the two great kindred nations, or families of nations, Cush and Mizraim, or Ethiopia and Egypt. At some time previous to the call of Abraham, the supposition is, this worship had become corrupted. Egypt on the one hand, Ethiopia on the other, had betaken them to other deities: professing probably to be worshipping still the one God, only in ways of their own, but really substituting for Him their own imaginations. And finally, the Havilites themselves, the guardians of the sacred mount, were removed, by God's decree, and by means of the Assyrians, to their final seat at Tyre.

Now all this will read, it may be, somewhat strangely at first sight, and perhaps be deemed a wild and baseless theory. But so it is that, account for it as we will, there is a whole class of passages of Scripture which, on the simplest interpretation of them, recognise *a previous Divine dispensation as having been given to Egypt and Ethiopia*, and a rejection of those nations as depositaries of that system of worship in favour of the race of Abraham; while in some places a kind of comparison and rivalry seems to be distinctly instituted between the elder and later seats of the Divine Presence.

The first of these passages is Isaiah xliii. 3. In a context, manifestly referring to the history of the race at large, to its original election and adoption, and not to any merely passing deliverance from invasion, it is said, 'Thus saith the Lord, that

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'created thee, O Jacob, that formed thee, O Israel; I am the 'Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour; I gave '*Egypt* (Mizraim) for thy ransom, *Ethiopia* (Cush) and *Seba* for 'thee; since thou wast precious in my sight thou hast been 'honourable, and I have loved thee; therefore will I give men 'for thee and people for thy life.' In vain do the interpreters seek for any subsequent and passing historical events which fit into this remarkable declaration. Whereas it is literally true, on the hypothesis we have been advocating, that Egypt and Ethiopia were rejected in the same sense, and to the same purposes, as those in and for which Israel was accepted. It will be remembered that Tyre, in our passage of Ezekiel, is said to have been 'created' (*i. e.* as a nation)—'Thou wast perfect in the day that thou wast created'—exactly as Israel's 'creation' is spoken of here. Take again the 87th Psalm. The ancient Jewish arrangement of it, in which Hammond concurs, makes the present first clause to be a title, 'The foundation or founded city, concerning holy mounts.' The mention of 'mounts' in the plural is very unsatisfactorily referred by Hengstenberg to a mountain range. The Psalm is manifestly a comparison of the glories of different 'holy mounts,' with a preference for and exaltation of Sion above others. 'The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all tabernacles or dwellings, O Jacob' (or, than His successive dwellings, at Shiloh, &c. in Jacob). Then, in language of some obscurity in detail, but of which the general drift cannot be mistaken, the pretensions of Ethiopia and Egypt are weighed and found wanting. 'Rahab and Babylon,' *i.e.* Egypt and the region towards the Persian Gulf, are named; then, 'Philistia (an Egyptian colony) and *Cushite Tyre*, or Tyre with Cush.' But of Sion alone can it be said that 'it is the highest honour to be born there;' 'the Most High establishes her' (compare the title as rendered above). We cannot but think that much light is thus thrown upon this confessedly obscure Psalm. And the reference at the close to 'singers and players on instruments' reminds us forcibly of the 'tabrets and pipes' of the Cushite worship.

But again, in Amos ix. 7, a passage resembling that from Isaiah already quoted, asserting God's universal dominion and free election of Israel, we read, 'Are ye not as the children of 'the *Ethiopians* unto me, O children of Israel? Have I not 'brought up Israel out of the land of *Egypt*, and the Philistines 'from Caphtor, and the Syrians from Kir?' Why 'as the children of the Ethiopians?' unless that God had once regarded them as He now regarded Israel? This passage also has sorely vexed the commentators. Take again Zephaniah iii. 3, where the same kind of comparison seems to be instituted as in Psalm

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lxxxvii. as above rendered. God announces His determination to reassemble all nations, and bring back 'the pure language' of the days before the dispersion (ver. 9); 'that they may all call 'upon the Lord with one consent. From beyond the rivers of 'Ethiopia my suppliants, even the daughter of my dispersed, 'shall bring mine offering.' Is not this far better understood of God's yet more ancient people than of Israel? or has it not some reference to them? The promise of restored unity of worship is at least very much to our purpose. 'And thou shalt no more be haughty,' the prophet proceeds, 'because of my holy mountain.' Is not this, again, an anticipation of the announcement of our Lord, 'Ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at [the mountain of] Jerusalem, worship the Father?' Sion was no more to boast herself, as now, over discrowned Ethiopia, nor Ethiopia to bewail her rejected 'mount' of Horeb; there was to be a pure and united worship for all, in the mountain which should fill the whole earth, in the mystical Body of Christ.

Once more—for the instances crowd upon us—take that much-discussed apostrophe in Isaiah, ch. xviii. 1: 'Woe to the 'land *shadowing with wings,* which is beyond the *rivers of* 'Ethiopia.' Rejecting a thousand and one interpretations of this, we cleave to that in which Bochart once more leads the way; viz. that the 'Ethiopia' is the Arabian region, not that to the south of Egypt. And we take 'the land shadowing with wings' to be, as a commentator expresses it, 'O thou that boastest thyself in the shadowing power of thy wings,' and refer it to the Divine protection, the 'covering cherub,' which was her glory of old time. The next chapter concludes with a promise of bringing in this nation, fitly described as 'a nation terrible, or to be feared, in their beginning,' but now 'scattered and peeled, meted out, and trodden down,' by God's rejection of them. The succeeding chapter makes the like address to Egypt, and ends with a magnificent promise of the restoration and union into one holy nation of the great three, 'Egypt, Assyria, and Israel;' Assyria having now succeeded to the seats and (as we shall see reason presently for asserting) to the corrupted worship of the ancient Cushites. 'The Lord of 'Hosts shall bless, saying, Blessed be Egypt my people, and 'Assyria the work of my hands, and Israel mine inheritance.' So again, (and it is the last passage we shall adduce), we have the same remarkable linking together of Egypt and Ethiopia in the matter of religious restoration, in Psalm lxviii. There, too, occurs once more the comparison of the 'mounts of God' with each other: Sinai and Sion are compared (15—17), and Sion declared to be equal to her rival in point of the Divine Presence and inhabitation. The 'goings of God in the sanc-

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tuary' in the midst of 'the singers and players on instruments,' and specially of 'the tabrets or timbrels of the damsels,' are here again, as in Psalm lxxxvii. and in Ezekiel, dwelt upon. And it is announced, as the crowning feature of Sion's destined exaltation, that the depositaries of the more ancient dispensation should come in and do homage at Jerusalem; that 'princes should come out of *Egypt; Ethiopia* should soon stretch 'out her hands unto God.'

But we promised that our hypothesis should be shown to derive support from the searching investigations which have taken place in modern times into the history and antiquities of Eastern nations. Nor is there any difficulty in making our promise good; and we can at the same time remove a somewhat serious stumbling-block out of the path of the honest investigator of Mosaic antiquities.

It will be remembered that the leading and central feature of the Cushite worship, which it shared with the Mosaic, was the presence of the cherub, or cherubim. Now, there is scarcely any point connected with Oriental antiquities which has come out more prominently into view, or been more fully established, than the existence of cherubs as a feature of the ancient worship, both of Egypt and Assyria. First, as regards Egypt. Notwithstanding the arguments of Bähr, Hengstenberg[1] has established beyond all dispute, that the Egyptian sphinxes were, to all intents and purposes, *cherubs*. A cherub, as defined for us with the utmost certainty by Ezekiel and S. John, is a mystic creature, combining the characters of the four higher orders of animals—the man, the domestic animals, wild beasts, and birds; specifically the features of the man, the ox, the lion, and the eagle. That it is not necessary, however, that *all* these features should co-exist in every case to constitute a cherub or cherubim, appears from hence, that Ezekiel in one place ascribes to it only two faces, of a man and of a lion (xli. 18—20). This may have arisen, as Lightfoot conjectures, from two faces only being seen at one time. But the Mosaic cherubs, again, as far as we can judge, had only the body and face of a man, and the wings of a bird. Now, the Egyptian sphinxes, certainly, had, as a rule, 'the bodies of lions with human faces.' In other cases, the head of a ram (a domestic and sacrificial animal), or of a hawk, is substituted. It is somewhat remarkable, certainly, that the ox should not appear in the Egyptian combinations, but this is a minor circumstance, and may have arisen from the honours ascribed to the ox as a detached object of worship. It is impossible to deny to these 'creaturely combinations' all the essential characters of cherubim.

[1] Egypt and the Books of Moses, pp. 153, &c. Ed. Clark, 1845.

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And with our Cushite dispensation to fall back upon, we can see at once how the Egyptians became possessed of such cherubic forms, ages and ages (as the monuments testify) before the Mosaic times. They had made to themselves imitations of the divinely ordained cherubim, the invisible symbol of God's Presence at their ancient seat of worship on Mount Horeb; and thus we surmount an otherwise insuperable difficulty as to the origin of the Mosaic cherubim. Hitherto, no one has been able to answer the weighty charge brought against the Mosaic system of having borrowed its leading ideas from Egypt. The vast learning of Spencer long ago built up this charge into a formidable shape, and modern Egyptology only confirms it; *unless* we suppose a prior existence, prior even to Egyptian monuments, of the cherubic form and idea, both in the Divine Mind and in the religious experience of the world. But now the whole difficulty disappears. Egypt had not invented the cherubic idea or shape. Moses was not indebted to a debasing idolatry for the form in which, under Divine guidance, he cast the symbols of the Divine Presence. God's good and glorious gift of cherubic presence and forms had been corrupted and perverted; it was only set in its ancient place again when it appeared in the Mosaic system. The same may be said of the Urim and Thummim. 'The Egyptian reference contained in 'the Urim and Thummim,' says Hengstenberg, 'is peculiarly 'distinct and incontrovertible. The high priest among the 'Egyptians wore round his neck, as superior judge, an image of 'sapphire, called *truth*;' or, as Diodorus says yet more exactly to the point, 'an image of costly stones, suspended upon a gold 'chain. After both contending parties had opened their case, 'the high priest must touch one of them with the image of 'truth.' The LXX. seem to recognise the relation, by rendering Urim and Thummim, 'light and truth.' Moreover, the two figures on the Egyptian breastplate were Re and Thmei, the resemblance of which to the Hebrew terms is very striking. In a word, the agreement is undeniable. But here, too, Egypt had, no doubt, derived the entire idea from the ancient and pure system under which she had grown up. Moses was only instructed to reinstate the mystic jewels, which, as we have seen, characterised the permanent worship in Horeb, and may have been placed, even there, on the breast of the high priest or the judge. And this is the key to a vast number of other coincidences which have been pointed out between the Mosaic and the Egyptian religious institutions.

Turn we now, in the last place, to the other great branch of the Hamitic family, who shared with Egypt the ancient worship of Horeb, or was the principal party to it. It has

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been observed by Hengstenberg,[1] that 'of all the people with 'whom the Israelites were closely connected, only among the 'Egyptians are compound animals found: *i. e.* cherubs.' This is not exactly true. We know by this time that even Egypt was far outdone in her attachment to cherubic or compound forms in connexion with religious worship, by another nation, though by one only, the Assyrian; or, to speak more generally, the Mesopotamian race. The 'winged bulls,' which we have learnt so much of, and seen with our own eyes, are, in the strictest and fullest sense, CHERUBS. The head of a man, the body of a lion, the feet of a bull, the wings of an eagle, bespeak them 'cherubs' of the most perfect development; and the extent to which they characterised the religion of that people need not be insisted on. Now, whence to this nation, through what family of the stock of Noah, did the cherubic forms become thus familiar?

Among the very latest discoveries of modern research is this —and it seems to be fairly established—that, at a certain very early period, the inhabitants of Nineveh and the neighbouring cities, where these cherubic remains are found, were not, as has been hitherto supposed, Assyrians (Asshurites), of the family of Shem (Gen. x. 22), but *Cushites*, of the family of Ham. The name of Chushan-Rishathaim, King of Mesopotamia, who invaded Palestine in the time of the first Judges, suggests a Cushite dynasty: and this is confirmed by the monuments. The well-known ivories found by Mr. Layard at Nimrûd are confessedly neither Assyrian nor Egyptian, but quasi-Egyptian, and might well have proceeded from the kindred Cushite race. But further, he found, 'on the Khabour river, winged bulls, differing 'considerably, in treatment and style of art, from those found at 'Nineveh, with an archaic feeling, conveying an impression of '*great antiquity*. The countenance had a peculiar character, 'differing from the Assyrian type. *The nose was flat and large,* '*and the lips thick and overhanging, like those of a negro.*' 'These,' as a recent writer[2] has observed, 'are the well-known 'features of the Cushite race;' and he sees no reason 'why 'he should hesitate to ascribe these monuments to the period 'of their predominance in Mesopotamia.' This discovery is entirely to our purpose. It seems to establish for us that the Assyrians received the cherubic or winged-bull forms from their Cushite predecessors; and thus we obtain a result in perfect harmony with our theory, and are enabled, at the same time,

[1] Egypt and the Books of Moses, p. 157.
[2] Journal of Sacred Literature, April, 1860, 'Nimrod and his Dynasty,' a clear and able paper.

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conversely, to cast a most interesting light on the recent Assyrian discoveries.

We have only to add, that other considerations, which we cannot here enter into, further confirm the existence of Cushite predominance in Mesopotamia in early times. They appear on Egyptian monuments as invaders. Berosus, the Chaldee priest, enumerates nine Arabian (Cushite) kings who reigned at Babylon from about B.C. 1518. Lastly, the Babylonian works, published by Professor Chwolson, and described in a recent number of this Review, represent a Canaanitish dynasty as having possession of Chaldæa long before the well-known Assyrian times. But since the founder of this dynasty is actually named Nimrouda, or Nimrod (a descendant of Cush), and since the translator of the ancient Babylonian documents published by Chwolson habitually changes ethnical names into those current in his day, it may yet prove that, as an able writer maintains,[1] this newly discovered source of primitive Chaldæan history places a Cushite and not a Canaanitish race on the throne of Chaldæa as early as the time of Joseph.

[1] Journal of Sacred Literature as above, p. 74.

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ART. VII.—1. *On Physical Affections in connexion with Religion, as illustrated by Ulster Revivalism.* By the Rev. W. M'ILWAINE, M.A. London: Journal of Mental Science. July, 1860.

2. *The Year of Grace. A History of the Ulster Revival.* By the Rev. WILLIAM GIBSON, Professor of Christian Ethics. Belfast.

3. *La Mystique Divine, Naturelle et Diabolique.* Par GÖRRES, Traduit de l'Allemand par M. CHARLES SAINTE-FOI. Tomes I. II. III. IV. V. Paris: Mdme. Ve. Poussielgue-Rusand, Rue Saint-Sulpice, 23. 1854.

4. *Revue des Deux Mondes,* 1 *Février,* 1860. *Des Etudes Nouvelles sur le Somnambulisme.* Par M. ALFRED MAURY, de l'Institut.

5. *Histoire du Merveilleux dans les Temps Modernes.* Par LOUIS FIGUIER. Tomes I. II. III. Paris: Librairie de L. Hachette, Rue Pierre-Sarrazin, No. 14, 1860.

6. *The Religious aspect of Ulster Revivalism.* By the Rev. W. M'ILWAINE. Journal of Mental Science. October, 1860.

ABOUT six months ago we directed the attention of our readers to Irish Revivalism. It is always an unpleasant task to play the part of a religious detective; but in addition to the ungraciousness of the task, every man who has been called to fulfil such a duty, and who looks into his own heart with severe introspection, will find that his own moral and spiritual nature has been exposed to peculiar danger. There is the risk of colouring instances with an exaggerated hue of darkness, for the purpose of producing an effect. There is the temptation to take a miserable pleasure in the iniquity, whose very existence establishes a theory, and fulfils a vaticination, and whose presence is therefore in some degree a testimony to one's penetration. There is the danger of acquiring a habit of scrutinizing the character and conduct of religious men with a suspicious malignity; and there is the still subtler peril of shaking off the fine and delicate bloom of a man's own spiritual character, by handling roughly feelings and emotions which might have produced a tenderer devotion, but which one has learned to associate with morbid self-deception.

It is some satisfaction for us to remember that we wrote at the call of duty, and with the fixed determination rather to understate than to exaggerate such facts as were necessary to elucidate our position.

It was proclaimed last summer that all, or a vast majority, of

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the revival cases were of the most hopeful character. Certain religious newspapers were crowded with wonderful histories, each ending with an assertion that none of the converts had relapsed. Let us state two simple facts for which we can vouch.

No. 1 we will call the case of A. T. This was a nurse in a clergyman's family, a woman of a soft and affectionate disposition, and of hysteric temperament. Her failing was a tendency, at long intervals, to tippling, not, however, amounting to drunkenness. In August of last year, this woman, who had never attended any meetings, but who was cognizant of all that was going on, was suddenly seized with 'convictions.' She rocked to and fro in a paroxysm of distress, crying 'My sins! my sins! O how black they are!' The physical seizure became rather violent, with pains in the stomach, and a feeling of tightness across the chest. In the course of two or three days this was followed by declarations of 'deep peace.' Expressions were used which an experienced pen could have moulded into a 'most lovely' tract. 'Now I see the beauty of the plan 'of salvation. Now I understand why the missionaries go to 'preach the Gospel. It is the love of my Saviour. Some-'times I think that I could go and declare His love to all the 'world; then I think it best to keep quiet.' Our informant, far as he was from being a revivalist, was really impressed with a conviction that genuine good was at work, and treated A. T. with sympathy and tenderness. His satisfaction at first was only marred by an uncomfortable feeling that there was too much confession of sinfulness in the abstract, too little of sin in the concrete. After a few months an unhappy moral deterioration set in. A. T. from being a tippler became a drunkard, and is now married to a Romanist.

No. 2 is the case of a young girl, who was violently affected, and whose letters were so quiet and earnest, evincing withal such tender concern for her parents and friends, that the strong feelings of her clergyman on the general unreality of the movement were considerably modified. It but too soon appeared that she was *pregnant* while penning these very epistles.

We could multiply these instances. We might mention that in one town all the street-walkers, who had been paraded as converts, went back to their unhappy trade. We could tell of madness, of idiotcy, of epilepsy, of suicide, all resulting from Revivalism; but we pause in the revolting task.

Only let us answer the question which may be put: 'Why 'do you dwell upon these wretched instances? Why do you 'not rather seek for that which is good and promising?' We reply, In the solemn interest of truth itself. We must not lie, even for God. It is not honest, it is not religious, to conceal the sores that are festering in a hundred parishes. More espe-

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cially when a new doctrine is percolating the atmosphere of the Church herself—when *salvation* is identified with certain morbid physical and mental phenomena—is it a bounden duty to record such cases as we have here chronicled, that men may confront their fancies with the stern evidences of fact. The cases above cited all come up to the revival standard of conversion. What are they worth after all?

Nor, while we speak of Revivalism as a system, and deprecate its introduction into the English Church as a permanent agency, would we wish to speak with bitterness, or otherwise than with sympathy, of some who threw themselves into the movement, and of others who were affected by it. Some of the former, we believe, were actuated by the best and purest motives: nor need we doubt that a blessing rested upon their intentions. When we heard of one under 'conviction' kneeling down late at night under the canopy of heaven, with a Methodist preacher, upon the wet grass, and wrestling with God till, as he believed, he received an answer of peace, we hailed an earnestness at least which made us ashamed. We have spoken here and there to ignorant, simple creatures, who have told us that they went to the meeting for a blessing from Christ, and got it; and one, at least, spoke with such simple, childlike joy, that we could scarcely refuse to mingle our tears with his. One lad we know, whose character has been much improved; certainly he continues to be struck still, Sunday after Sunday, to the inexpressible annoyance of the congregation with whom he worships, and will insist that each fit makes him holier, and brings him nearer to Christ, while we are equally sure that he will soon be an idiot. But of his moral improvement there can be no doubt. Such as these can scarcely help saying in their hearts to the Revival—

> 'Whate'er thy birth,
> Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly shadowed forth.'

And had writers upon the Irish Revival used the slightest discrimination in choosing out their cases for publication; had they honestly and manfully pointed out the delusions, and in some cases abominations which accompanied the religious excitement; had they refrained from unctuous declamation against all who differed from them, and from claiming Divine authentication for Presbyterian doctrine and non-episcopal orders, we should have written in a different tone.

Commending our readers for ampler satisfaction to Mr. M'Ilwaine's articles—distinguished alike by fearless honesty and manly piety—we willingly pass from such details as these to the expression of a wish that what may be termed Thaumaturgic Psychology were thoroughly studied, from a point of view at once Christian and scientific, by men sufficiently conversant with theo-

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logy and with mental science. The psychological condition of the prophets before and during the act of prophesying, is susceptible of reverent illustration from Holy Scripture. Such facts, for instance, as the attunement of Elisha's spirit by the playing of the minstrel—or the practice, remarked by Cornelius à Lapide on the first of Ezekiel, which led the prophets to the side of rivers, as if on purpose that their minds might drink in the freshness and music of the waters—depend upon psychological laws. The psychological law of prophetic inspiration, which has been generalized from a careful induction of particulars, that representations are projected before the prophet's mind as in a timeless picture, and that hence events separated by centuries appear to touch each other, with an effect like the beautiful optical illusion which seems to make the moon actually touch a forest or mountain, throws a flood of light upon the expression which has perplexed so many commentators.

'*Immediately after* the tribulation of those days shall the 'sun be darkened, and then shall appear the sign of the Son 'of Man in heaven.' The opposite class of facts—possession, and the wild and fanatical distortions which accompanied heathen sacrifices—would open out another chapter in human nature. Mediæval and modern times would add many authentic materials.

We propose to offer some scanty and hastily-collected contributions to Thaumaturgic Psychology, always with more or less reference to the alleged supernatural aspect of Revivalism. We shall commence with some remarks upon the prophetic *afflatus*, making free use of the 'Dissertation on Prophecy and the Prophets,' by John Smith, of Cambridge, to which Hengstenberg owes so much of his famous chapter on the Nature of Prophecy. We shall then draw together instances, mediæval and modern, in which psychological states have been superinduced, which have been supposed to be supernatural, and more or less akin to the ecstatic and prophetic phenomena of the Scriptures. We shall have the assistance of Görres from the Roman point of view; of Figuier, as an acute and sceptical man of the world; of Maury, as an accomplished physiologist. In conclusion, we shall lay down some principles which are important in the present day, as a safeguard against prevalent errors, and which tend, as we think, to illustrate a true spiritual psychology.

I. It is expressly stated in Scripture that there are different degrees of the prophetic *afflatus*. 'God, who at sundry times 'and in *divers manners*,[1] spake in time past unto the fathers by 'the prophets.' According to R. Abbo, we can distinguish psychologically four grades of prophetic *afflatus*. In the *first*

[1] πολυτρόπως. Cf. Deut. xxxiv. 10; Numb. xii. 6–8.

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the imagination is predominant. The scene is too clouded for the reason to discriminate accurately the forms of spiritual truth. Parables, similitudes, and allegories, are prevalent. Zephaniah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, are specimens. This is the state of prophecy, as it wanes to its sunset, when the western horizon of the Jewish Church blazes with the expiring glory of the prophetic illumination. So Ezekiel exclaims: 'Ah Lord God! they say of me, Doth he not speak in parables?' In the *second* mode, the intellect and the imagination are equally balanced. In the *third*, the intellect is superior. In the *fourth*, the image of truth is not refracted as far as the imagination, but hangs in the serene air of pure intellect. The Jews thought that all this was implied in the palmary text of Numbers: 'If there be a prophet, I will make myself known unto him, in a *vision*, and will speak unto him in a *dream*.' In other places, as in the prophecy of the Pentecostal outpouring in Joel, visions and dreams are used as co-extensive with prophecy. 'Your sons and your daughters shall *prophesy*; 'your old men shall *dream dreams*; your young men shall *see* '*visions*.' So of the lying prophets in Jeremiah. 'The pro-'phets prophesy lies in my name; they prophesy unto you a 'false vision and divination.' The prophetic dream was apparently a continued dream, in which impressions were made on the imagination or intellect. The prophet seemed to be awake, and to discharge his usual functions, though all was scenic or dramatic. The Jews preferred the vision to the dream; but the former seems, as it were, to have glided into the latter. Thus: 'The word of the Lord came unto him in 'a *vision*; and when the sun was gone down, a *deep sleep* fell 'upon him.' S. Paul's words in the thirteenth of First Corinthians seem to agree with this view. 'Now we see through a glass darkly.' He compares the highest illumination here with the great vision hereafter. He uses the prophetic vision, the glass, to denote the hieroglyphics and emblems, which were just the mode in which impressions were made on the imagination.

These observations afford a basis for distinguishing between counterfeit and genuine presentments of prophecy. The counterfeit are *confined* to the imagination. As Smith justly adds, 'The power which actuates enthusiasts adds vigour only 'to the imagination, but does not illustrate the reason, nor 'carry it on to the true intellection of things as they mutually 'cohere and are connected. Hence they easily embrace things 'absurd to all in possession of true reason.' This then is the great difference between the true prophetic and the pseudo-prophetic spirit. Mental alienation is never produced by the Holy Spirit, who has His seat in the rational faculties. The pseudo-prophetic spirit, when it seizes any one, and is not

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simulated by human craft, seems incapable of rising above the middle region of the soul, and remains there veiled in mist and cloud. It resides in the more earthly portion of our mental and moral nature, the emotions and the imagination. The Prince of Darkness cannot enter the sphere of light and reason, to rule the region which belongs to the Father of Lights. There is a serene and lucid heaven in the human soul, where Lucifer cannot abide, and whence he falls headlong when he strives to ascend it.

The greatest writers of antiquity take this view. It is precisely that which is adopted by S. Chrysostom, in his distinction between the wildness of the *μάντις*, and the waking discursive power, the sobriety, and the self-restrained consciousness of the *προφήτης*.[1] We think an analogous distinction will hardly fail to commend itself to those who have witnessed the Revival visions in Ulster; who have seen the cases in the lunatic asylums; or who are acquainted with the frantic cries and gesticulations that frequently, up to the present date, interrupt the Presbyterian preachers, and drive them to denounce in 1860 what they blessed in 1859.

II. We now proceed to the consideration of some instances, in which psychological conditions of an unusual character have been manifested, and for which a supernatural origin has been claimed.

A perfect and very curious repertory of such instances will be found in the 'Mystique' of Görres. Originally a politician of the most liberal stamp, at twenty-three years of age he became Professor of Natural History at Coblentz. To this professional study he added an immense range of philosophy, moral and political, and of Oriental learning. About his forty-fourth year, a 'Mission' preached at Strasburg, made him a 'convert' to ultramontanism certainly, but as there is good ground for believing, to something deeper and truer also. From that time, for a period of sixteen years, his studies were devoted to the philosophy and physiology of mysticism, true and false. He published a monograph on Swedenborg and his visions, as a prelude to the more gigantic work, which he was preparing. The 'Mystique' soon appeared, an immense and ambitious undertaking. Some portions of this work are excessively difficult; laying, as it does, the basis of mystical phenomena in the anatomical and physiological condition of man. Even prejudice must concede that the arrangement of the book is philosophical, that the compass of reading which it displays is marvellous, and that the instances from which he rises to his *axiomata* are collected with a lavish profusion

[1] Homil. XXIX. in 1 Ep. ad Corinth.

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from every nook and cranny of his object-matter. Yet, assuredly to most educated and thoughtful men, even of his own communion—and much more to English Churchmen—he will generally appear merely *cum ratione insanire.* The opening portion of the first volume is worthy of the writer's reputation. It is founded on sound historical study, and is tinged with an exquisite poetical colouring, which does not interfere with massive philosophic strength. But the image falls off from a head of gold to feet of clay. Görres exhibits that singular unevenness, which is to be found in Moehler, Dr. Newman, and the best writers of the Roman Communion, in whom broadness and philosophic statement of general principles are so often strangely united with more than childish helplessness in details. Witches, ghost stories, apparitions, vampires, succubi, and incubi—all are fish that come to his net. The volume on the 'Mystique Diabolique' is a sort of solid system of old wives' fables, and is pretty much on a par with Mr. Robert Dale Owen's 'Footfalls on the Boundaries of another World,' or Mrs. Crowe's 'Night Side of Nature.' The study of the volume, however, may be of service to a discriminating reader. We are not, perhaps, mistaken in thinking, that a candid perusal may both open out remarkable *aperçus* into certain obscure psychological conditions recorded in Holy Scripture, and also illustrate the lower phenomena of Revivalism. Nor should we accuse the man of superstition who, upon a careful survey of these five volumes, should confess that some portions, at least, are so extraordinary as to defy explanation upon the hypotheses of MM. Figuier and Maury. Görres himself was solemnly convinced of the importance of his work. He believed that new manifestations of infernal power were at hand, similar to those of Pagan antiquity. 'My book will appear in time,' he said. We proceed with a rapid analysis of the work.

Mysticism, Görres says, is rooted in our Incarnate Lord. This life hidden in Him He communicated to his Church on the day of Pentecost. The Acts and Epistle to the Corinthians in the New Testament; outside it, in Christian antiquity, Irenæus, Justin, and Origen especially, testify to the continuous outpouring and onflow of this wonderful life. Over against this growth of holiness stands a correspondent growth of evil. Whilst the Spirit of God sheds His rays of warmth and light on His bride, the Church, the spirit of nature, in this supernatural spring-tide, seemed also to awaken out of its slumber. Hence, in various quarters, and especially among the Gnostics, that natural *mysticism* was produced, which was clearly familiar among the Pagans.

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The Divine *Mystique* is first traced in Egypt, among the Ascetics and Solitaries. With exquisite beauty Görres says:—

'Up to this time the Egyptians had been, so to speak, occupied and engrossed with tending and cultivating death, to render it, in some sort, living, and preserve for it an appearance of vitality. Christianity, on the contrary, preaching, as it did, contempt of the world, seemed to destroy the earthly life by its vigorous mortification. This new kind of life had already had its precedents and models in the prophet Elijah, and in John the Baptist. The solitaries of Egypt followed the footsteps of these saintly personages. Their influence, at that epoch, was more considerable than is commonly supposed. They prepared, in great measure, the way for Christianity in those countries. It is true, that in quitting the world to retire into the desert, they renounced all human interests. But on the other hand, by the empire which they acquired over their savage and ardent nature, they became models, which excited the admiration and astonishment of pagans, and which Christians felt disposed to imitate. The profound change which was accomplished in their beings, under the victorious operation of grace, presented to the world an image of the marvellous effects which Christianity could produce, upon a grander scale, on society universally. As religious and doctors, they have, so to say, continued the psalter. Their life, in this relation, is like the lyre of sacred poetry opposed to the tumultuous epic of history. They have tried Christianity in a lyrical manner, and expressed it under this form. Their whole era bears the impress of being a religious idyll.'—Tom. i. pp. 29, 31.

The introduction of an imaginative and legendary element into the history of the eremitic life is handled by Görres with such tenderness, yet such manly honesty, that we venture to quote several clauses.

'In this recital of S. Jerome (the story of Paul the Hermit) we already perceive the introduction of legend. The imaginative and poetic instinct of the first solitaries had not been enfeebled by the austerity of their lives. Separated entirely from the world, and from every social relation, like plants which, placed in narrow vases and unable to extend, are forced to develope themselves upward, the first solitaries were obliged to seek a circle for their activity in an upper sphere. Elevated above the forms and instincts of ordinary life, the faculties of their soul expanded in a poetic and ideal sphere. It is recorded that one day Brother Henry visited, as Provincial, a convent of his order at Accon in Palestine, and that after the refection, he conducted the whole of the community outside the cloister for recreation. Seated in a commodious spot, on the borders of the sea, to the west of the town, they saw a cloud rise from the waters. When that was dissipated, they beheld a mountain appear in its place, on the summit of which was a castle, girt with walls, and flanked with towers. From this castle, a great bridge conducted to the shore. On this bridge a vast number of horsemen and footmen were coming and going. The appearance lasted until sunset, when they saw a new procession of clouds mounting from the sea, which also departed after a time, without leaving a trace behind. This was the phenomenon which has been called the Fata Morgana. So is it with legend. It is like a mirage, to which time and place give their form and colour, and which rises from the earth and sports in a higher region. The place which the anchorites inhabited is a vast and arid desert. All these circumstances must have exercised a profound influence upon the imagination of the primitive solitaries, who seeing these various elements under their religious aspect, expressed them as they felt. The echo which disturbed their nightly prayers and meditations appeared to them to be the voices of tempting spirits.

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The desert mirage they attributed to the magic operation of the evil one. These images, born in the silence and solitude of the wilderness, and fashioned by the imagination, which was incessantly laying on fresh colours, ended by acquiring a precise and determinate form, and it is thus they have come down to posterity, in simple and pious narratives, upon the exactitude of which the Church has never pronounced.'

It is singular that Görres should not have seen the bearing of this splendid passage upon other histories than those of the Anchorites of the Thebaid. Is it only in the wilderness that human nature attaches its own interpretation to casual voices, projects the shadows of its own imagination into the outer world, and colours events with the morbid tincture of a self-deceiving fancy? Had Görres consistently applied the principle involved in these pages just cited, his 'Mystique' would have shrunk from five large volumes to a moderate pamphlet. Nor is Görres less explicit in his admission of the enormous amplification which has exaggerated the miracles of the desert—an amplification, as he himself reminds us, more easy in proportion as the natural sciences were comparatively unknown. Next after the Ascetics and Solitaries, the Mystic life is developed in the Martyrs. Its three great results are—objectively, invulnerability, psychologically, prophecy and visions.

But *Mystique* is carried out on a large scale in the life of Christian nations. Christian art is one of its results. We shall easily obtain pardon for the insertion of the following passage:—

'The reaction of this historical movement was soon to manifest itself both in science and art. The arts, signed with the sign of the Cross, had penetrated, in the train of the Crusaders, to the furthest regions of the East. Returning into Europe, more richly dowered with science and with inspiration than at their departure, they made an essay of their capabilities. Architecture prepared herself to rear to the Lord temples which should be worthy of Him, after the example of Solomon. A numerous company of artists, united by the ties of association, were scattered over Europe. From the ancient architecture they borrowed its lines, and its forms of admirable simplicity, the circle lengthening out into the column, rising into the air in the rotunda, and assuming the form of a vault in the cupola. These forms seemed to become living when they were penetrated by the vivifying spirit of Christianity. The cube, oval, and equilateral soon developed into the figure of the cross, the fundamental sign of all mysticism. The column, united to other columns, became at once stronger and more graceful, and could be raised to a height hitherto unknown. It seemed to become animate, to pass from the purely material to the vegetable world, and to assume proportions which were rather organic than simply physical. In its ascending movement toward heaven, it was seen to push out branches as it were right and left, and after a long struggle between the horizontal and vertical line, to attain finally the form of the arch. Then these arches, meeting and embracing, produced the ogive, which replaced the ancient cupola. The openings followed the same law. Divided within, and bounded on each side by pillars, surmounted and filled with pointed arches, they everywhere broke the compactness and obscurity of the church, each opening a passage to the air and light, and gave the entire edifice such aerial lightness that it appeared to be emancipated from the laws of gravitation. Sculpture profusely decorated the

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interior and the exterior of the temple. These arts also assumed the character of the epoch, and replaced the rude beauty of antiquity, which could not be reconciled with the chaste severity of Christian asceticism, by the grace of vestments, which veiling the lower part of man, seemed to elevate him more nearly to angels, exempt from our perishable bodies. In retaliation, as it were, Christian art devoted itself to bringing out the inner beauty, which lies in the depth of the soul. There is no virtue, and in each virtue there is no shade or degree which has not found its proper expression under the hand of the artists whom it has trained. Antiquity laboured above all to manifest the passions which agitate the heart of man; the primary aim of Christian art is to purify the sentiments and ideas which it expresses. The mysticism of art is especially revealed in painting upon glass. Next, the vast edifices which had been raised to the glory of the Lord, were filled with the pealing tones of the organ, and the chants of the people; for music also had followed the other arts in their development, ever since the invention of counter-point had supplied the law of a richer harmony. All the artistic tendencies of that epoch are expressed in the poem of Titurel, as in a symbol, and the temple of God represents at once the Church and temporal society.'—Tom. i. pp. 92, 93.

The Mystic life appears also on a large scale in modern orders, and specially in cloistered Solitaries. The natural laws here do not quite disappear. The difference of sexes modifies the vocation of men and women.

This is succeeded by a very curious and painful chapter on the purification of the nutritive appetite, which seems to us to be Manichean or Gnostic rather than Catholic; nay, Buddhist rather than Christian. If we supposed that the Roman Church was authoritatively committed to it, we should think respectfully of Bishop Newton's application of 'commanding to abstain from meats' in the First Epistle to Timothy. Man's corporal mass presses down, and, as it were, surcharges his spiritual being, says Görres. We are under the 'sad necessity,' to use his very expression, of assimilating to ourselves external substances, to repair the constant waste in these systems of matter to which the living *I* is so closely linked. He goes so far as to say, that 'the Mystic life excludes *all which belongs, nearly or remotely, to the animal kingdom*'! It is strangely inconsistent that he should couple afterwards *milk* with honey, wine and flour, as the appropriate food for the corporal investiture of the saintly soul. Yet, we have here but the embodiment in an over tangible shape of the important truth, that there is a bearing even of our daily food upon our spiritual nature, so that 'whether we eat or drink, we may do all to the glory of God.' How coarse do such super-refined speculations about the indignity of animal food sound before the Divine plainness of Him who tells us that the natural process by which the food 'enters into the belly, and goeth out into the draught,' is the sufficient purification of all meats. And when we read of this 'sad necessity of food,' and 'exclusion of the whole animal kingdom from the Mystic life,' can we help thinking of

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Him who ate the Passover in the upper chamber, and on the evening of the great Easter Sunday took 'a piece of a broiled fish and of an honeycomb and did eat before' the disciples?

The mystic life is followed out in various details of what appear pretty nearly mechanical functions—in regulating waking and sleeping, in sickness, in mortifications and penances, in adversity, in works of charity. Phenomena are produced even in the inferior regions of the body. It is gifted with a marvellous suppleness. The motory organs are transformed. The functions of sense are elevated. A faculty is given of knowing the Eucharist at a distance, and of seeing far away. Sounds that we cannot hear fill the ear of the saint. His thoughts are too big for human language, and find utterance in 'unknown tongues.' The perceptions of the beautiful become more exquisite. The plough-share track of truth is daisied over with poetry. An eloquence that burns and pierces falls from the lips. Fra Angelico paints with floods of tears a Madonna, which Michael Angelo says must have been taken from the original. Catherine of Bologna writes down the unearthly music which she has heard in visions. Cædmon, the Anglo-Saxon, and Jacoponi, produce poetry to which the mode in which Coleridge received those musical lines, beginning 'a damsel with a dulcimer,' is common-place. St. Vincent Ferrer can charm the worst and wildest with an influence to which that of the lady in 'Comus' is fanciful and unreal. And these endowments of the saints are crowned with discernment of spirits, gifts of faith, wisdom, knowledge, prophecy, healings, miracles.

We pause for a moment to make some observations upon this portion of the 'Mystique.' This view of the glorification of the spirit of the saints even now, flooding over and silvering the very corporeal organs with light, has much in its principle that commends itself to the scriptural and Catholic believer. But it is, like very many other things in the modern Church of Rome, a coarse draft—we had almost said a caricature—of a profound truth. Rome has a majestic theory of unity; she expresses it in a lath-and-plaster imitation of the heavenly Jerusalem. She has a belief in the dignity of every portion of the corporeal organisation of her saints that sleep, as destined to belong to that spiritual body which shall grow from the germ of the flesh, as the stalk with the glory of its harvest ears grows from the seed that dies; she expresses it in a miserable relic-worship, founded upon wretched legends. And just as she executes the beautiful ideal of the resurrection of the body in the clay of relic-worship, does she carve out the present redemption of the body in the cherry-stones of these fanciful myths. The body of our blessed Lord *after* His resurrection was emancipated, as it would seem, from physical laws. It appears

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winged with the heavenward anticipation that plumes, so to speak, His words to the Magdalene, 'I ascend to my Father.' Swift and silent as light He stands in the midst of the disciples, the door being shut. He sails upward from Olivet in His chariot of the cloud. But *before* the Resurrection, it is only once or twice, as on Tabor and when He walks the waters, that His body emancipates itself from natural laws. And so the bodies of the saints hereafter shall doubtless be endowed with faculties unsuspected now. There was a tomb discovered not many years ago.[1] In it were skeletons buried about two thousand years; and under each head there was a block hollowed out, with some seeds deposited in it. These seeds were taken out, sown, and found to be blue-bells. These wonderful flowers are blossoming summer after summer, bending their stalks in the pleasant wind, and displaying their colours in the sunlight. Yet their seeds, and they in them, slept in the grave for two thousand years. The flowers of the field live; the seeds have their resurrection; but the head that rested its achings upon the receptacle of those seeds, the heart that slept upon the sleeping flowers, the body that had been the shrine of a spirit made in God's image, shall they be inferior to these inanimate things? Surely, as the flower is more glorious than the seed, dowered with a wealth of unsuspected colours, and unthought-of odours, the spiritual shall be more glorious than the natural body. Surely if God so clothe the grass of the field, much more shall He clothe us. Or—to take a kindred analogy to the apostle's 'sowing' from the insect tribe—we float on a mountain-lake, and we see a sudden little bubble on the water, and something like a shrivelled bit of the bark of a fragment of stick is left, and the graceful May-fly flits over the waters, luring the large trout from the reeds. Or that butterfly which delights us by the playing of its wings, what was it, and what is it? It was a crawling, slimy, caterpillar. Some months ago it seemed to get rid of eyes, mouth, and even head and back, and became like a mummy swathed in its bands, and self-buried in the earth. But when the spring comes it is the same creature, yet not the same. It becomes from a blind, ugly, grovelling thing, lovely as a rainbow, a tiny emblem of the winged seraphs. Nay, its very faculties of nutrition are transformed. Its sensations hardly rose above growth. Its food was of the grossest. Now it has acquired new sensations, and makes an ethereal nutriment of the flower-cup and the dew. Of course we do not mean to say that there is any positive argument in this. We know that before Christ rose again, thousands of springs had walked the woods in beauty, and whispered of the resurrection through the leaves and round

[1] We owe this illustration to one of Vinet's writings.

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the corn-fields, but no human ear understood the voice. Myriads of insects burst their cocoons, and sprung into the air; but no one ever thought that man had any other lesson to learn from them then that which Cowley has so beautifully paraphrased from Anacreon's grasshopper:—

> 'Voluptuous and wise withal,
> Epicurean animal!'

But when Revelation has made known to us that God 'hath raised Him up,' and promises that 'He shall change our vile bodies, to be made like unto His glorious body;' and when S. Paul, in that chapter which the Church reads over her dead, so often recurs to the sweet and vernal image of 'sowing,' then we may find witnesses to, and symbols of, that in which we are so deeply concerned, in field and flower, in seed and corn, in blossom and insect. And this glorification of the body, as the Church has ever believed, begins now and here, 'Know ye not that your *body* is the temple of the Holy Ghost?' The ancient Church seemed to hold that the Holy Eucharist was the food of this new corporeity formed within the old; and profound and reverent commentators, quite free from ecclesiastical or patristic prejudice, such as Stier, have found this view pervading Scripture anthropology. Certain physical facts, too, perhaps bear upon this doctrine of the beginning of the spiritual body here. The expression of eminently holy faces, through which thoughts seem to be visible like the hands of a clock under a crystal case, to use Dryden's comparison, or agate pebbles under a sunny sea, to adopt Tennyson's thought; the change, almost of feature, which so often accompanies the change from sin to God; the gleams which irradiate the countenances of the dying, bear upon a true mystical physiology, which is at present floating in poetry. A thoughtful man, who had seen very many corpses, told us, that with the exception of certain cases of persons dying from some diseases, he had always remarked a peculiar expression on the faces of the holy dead, and that he felt assured that by watching the face for some time, he should know whether the deceased had been a servant of God without further information. Now we think that it is such true *mystique* as this which Rome takes up: and with her *palpablizing* turn, ever bringing down the unseen to the seen—a theological *deductio intellectualis ad sensibile*—with her passion for immediate effect, her uncritical spirit, and her impatience of all that is not definite and dogmatic; disguises in her enormous hagiology.

It was said above that a judicious reader might extract from Görres *aperçus* into obscure phases of mental modifications of which we read in Scripture. We will cite two passages from this portion of the work, in illustration of our remark.

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The first is on the difference between mystic and natural somnambulism.

'In the condition of ordinary waking, the movement produced by the organ is imprinted by the will; in somnambulism it is attached to, and depends upon sleep. The intellectual soul withdraws, and is replaced by that inferior part of the soul which has its obscure roots in nature, and is in close connexion with its powers. Hence results that somnambulism in the movements, which, withdrawing them from the direction and control of the will, assimilates them to those blind and involuntary movements which constitute the play of the inferior and merely organic life. This, then, is a species of somnambulism, enclosed within the limits of individuality; while magnetic somnambulism, passing these barriers, places man in immediate *rapport* with exterior nature. But in mystic somnambulism (if the expression be admissible) it is not the base and obscure part of the soul which produces and directs the extraordinary movements that are observed; it is the spirit from on high, which penetrates and fills with its gifts the superior and intellectual soul. In this state the organs are moved by a superior power, and towards a spiritual end.'—Tom. i. p. 309.

This passage, except the unproved hypothesis of a communication with external nature in somnambulism, throws much light upon such conditions as that of Balaam, in Numbers xxiv. and of Abraham, in Genesis xv.[1] It also establishes a criterion of distinction between divine inspiration, and such cases as were gazed at by crowds in the Ulster cabins last year, and treated with superstitious reverence by reverend, fair, and gallant tourists. In both cases, a species of somnambulism is frequent. In both, a physical affection may occur. Balaam 'fell.' Daniel was 'sick certain days.' But there is the important distinction suggested by Görres. An Irish peasant, whom we saw during the revival in a somnambulic state, was manifestly a prey to the 'base and obscure' part of the soul. So far was she from being guided by the reason, or by an external power, that the suggestion of a word or thought by a by-stander manifestly moulded and shaped her thoughts, taking the place of ordinary presentations. Of another in this condition we were told by an eminent physician, that at first her expressions were most solemn and spiritual, but after a while became hideously obscene. That is to say, as long as the impression made by the influence which struck her lasted, her words were tinged with its colour. But when the impression faded, the imagination acquired from the corporeal organization the elements of its creations, when the mind ceased to furnish them by its regular and external activity.

The second volume of Görres leads us into *illuminative mysticism*, the progress through love and divine illumination into ecstasy. A quotation of one or two pages will place us at his point of view:—

'Ecstacy may come from the site of the body or of the soul. In the first

[1] 'A deep sleep—a horror of great darkness.' It is remarkable that the LXX. use the word 'ἔκστασις,' so often applied to the heathen seers.

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case, there supervenes a concentration, or contrariwise, as it were a projection of the spiritual part, whether this condition arises from the soul itself, or whether it comes from some exterior influence, cosmical, physical, or chemical. When there is *concentration*, the invisible force which resides in the organs being more completely disengaged from them, gathers itself up within itself, and more easily dominates over them. Hence the intoxication produced by wine and spirituous liquors; the natural ecstacies arising from opium, hyoscyame, and other poisons familiar to schamanism. The fury of the Bacchantes of antiquity, and the Pythian inspiration, were developed by similar means. When the soul, on the contrary, projects itself, so to speak, the dynamic element in the organ is dominated over by matter, and as it were absorbed in it. A state is produced contrary to the first. And this condition also may be developed in two ways, either as a reaction following on the first condition, or of itself by means of certain narcotic substances, or as the effect of some passion. But the initiative of this double condition may also, as we have seen, come from the spiritual part, and is then no longer produced in the baser regions of life, but in the central system. In short, when the mind, whether by itself, or by external impulsions, acquires a surplus of energy, it disengages itself to some extent from its organs, and holds the body more forcibly in subjection. This is at first the state of magnetic somnambulism, which may be the effect of certain dispositions, of certain diseases, of a peculiar manner of living, or which may be produced by the influence of another person. But, on the other side, the mind may be enfeebled in its energies by contrary influences, and placed in a state in which, unable to resist the invasions of the body, it gives itself up to be absorbed by it. Hence the somnolent condition which is produced in different forms, and which may extend to the complete absence of all connected rational sentiments. So far we have considered man only in his relations with the creature. But high above these relations, there is another which links man to God and to the world of spirits, and which is properly the object of our investigation. God, in fact, is always present to man, by an invisible presence, conducting him by a gentle influence which does not interfere with his proper liberty. But He may enter into a yet closer relation with man, and thus produce in him extraordinary conditions. He may draw to Himself that centre of the human soul in which especially resides the Divine image. Thus God becomes to the soul what the soul is to the body; He animates it with his life, as it before animated the body, which is united to it. Thus raised above itself, it enters further and further into the highest spiritual regions, in proportion as it detaches itself from the circle of nature. Not that the soul is placed above the laws of nature and of the moral order, but it fulfils them by love, and no longer by necessity. The body is thus more strongly held by the soul. The senses close themselves, and the body becomes immoveable. The internal impulses which concentrate and elevate the life are heightened and quickened, while those which carry it downwards are relaxed and enfeebled. There is as if an ascension of all the powers of man. Thus is formed the mystic ecstacy of the saints, with all its phenomena. But side by side with this blessed condition, where the life, inebriated with God, is lifted above itself, there is another of a different nature, in which the soul, removed from God, and abandoned to its own weight, falls back into the lower world, above which a mightier Power had held it suspended. This is the state of dryness and abandonment which excites such terrors in the saints. If, as S. Augustine says, God is for the soul when it loves Him, what the soul is to the body, and if there is less pain from the soul in ceasing to animate the body than in ceasing to love God, we can understand how painful this condition must necessarily be.'—Tom. ii. pp. 52—54.

Here, again, the controversy with Görres will not be in general

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principles, but in particular details. Most Christian men—differing from Görres as to the persons in whom these phenomena have been exhibited, and disbelieving or distrusting the accounts of supernatural physical events which have been encrusted round them by Roman Catholic hagiology—will probably consider that this passage, on the whole, is a reverent and philosophical *rationale* of the abnormal condition manifested by those whom we all agree to haye been inspired, *e. g.* by S. Paul. And to us, at least, this passage throws something like a new light upon the psychological condition of the Psalmist in those places where he wails forth notes of such inexpressible desolation.

Görres was aware of the magnetic eestasy, and he distinguishes formally between it and the mystic ecstasy. They are, he says, in spite of several superficial resemblances, essentially opposite. The one is produced by God immediately, or with the co-operation of superior intelligences: the other comes from without by the body, or from within by a factitious inspiration of the soul, and in both cases by organic laws. The mystic ecstasy is the result of sanctity; the magnetic, of temperament and of organization. The magnetic condition is fatal and instinctive; divine ecstasy bears the impress of a loftier consciousness and of a freer will. The natural ecstasy was employed by paganism, especially in the oracles. The mystic ecstasy was reserved for the Hebrew people, and has passed from the schools of the prophets into the Christian Church.

We have before remarked upon the singular inequality in the mental powers of Görres. In the domain of general principles, he is grave, lofty, and philosophical; in the domain of facts, he is childishly credulous. It is in the particulars of the ecstatic phenomena that he most completely astounds us. Thus, in the celebrated cases of the Ecstatica and Adolorata, he uses language which seems calculated to prevent the possibility of overlooking the presence of hysteria. One is not surprised at the *Coleraine Chronicle* speaking of the '*sharp, well-defined cry* of religious conviction,' nor at Mr. Moore's glowing description of the beauty in the countenances of the female converts at Ballymena, for physiology is not likely to have been studied by either of these respectable annalists. Let us just cite one or two sentences from the description of Marie Dominique Lazzau of Capriana, quoted by Görres from the *Annales de Médecine Universelle*:—

'A few moments after she cried, "O my God! what a pain there is in my chest." At the end of ten minutes, she was a prey to the strangest and most horrible convulsions. To describe this access under all its forms, I must say that there prevailed convulsions tonic and chronic, the dance of Saint Guy, partial and general tetanus, convulsive suffocation, coma, spasm, convulsive contraction of the jaws, a species of carphology, and other affections of the same kind. This spasmodic paroxysm presented forms so strange and fantastic,

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that it recalled Sydenham's words to the observer: "*Tam diversa sunt symptomata atque ab invicem contraria specie variantia quam nec Proteus lusit unquam, nec coloratus spectatur chamæleon.*—Tom. ii. p. 271.

Hardly less honest is the description of Marie Mörl:—

'This excitement, whose focus was probably in *the tissues of the epigastric region*, as was indicated by the species of mania which induced her to gnaw and bite, was accompanied by a new wound, which manifested itself the same day. In fact, pins were perceived in her mouth, and other similar objects, which she gnawed. There were frequently found under or upon the counterpane, needles, tufts of straw, nails, hairs, bits of glass.'—Tom. v. p. 282.

There are few persons, superficially acquainted with the physiology of hysteria, who will not connect the pins and needles with 'the excitement in the epigastric regions,' rather than with *mystique diabolique*. It has been said that if twenty sailors were locked up in any room, they would contrive to be intoxicated in a few hours. And such is the morbid love of exciting sympathy and attention, the 'self-feeling,' in the hysteric patient; such the ingenuity of deception; that pins and needles would assuredly be obtained under the most unlikely circumstances. We have heard from an able physician of one patient who surprised him by producing the most hideous caterpillars, which she affirmed she had vomited; and of another, who subjected herself to great pain, in order to convey the impression that pins and needles had descended from the region of her *uterus*.

The ecstatic phenomena are, according to Görres, the ecstatic walk, walking on the waters, lifting into the air. The most remarkable instance which he adduces is that of Saint Theresa, who certainly does assert that she had frequently been lifted into the air, by an impulse which she had striven to resist, but against which she was as feeble as if she had been in a giant's grasp. It is curious to mention, that the phenomenon of being lifted off from a seat is said to have occurred to a poor woman in listening to Mr. Scott, the Chamberlain of London, whilst preaching in Antrim last year. Mr. Scott, coyly, but very faintly, puts a 'perhaps' to the miracle; Mr. Wilkinson is much bolder. We must also just mention the liftings into the air which are said to have occurred at mediumistic exhibitions to Mr. Hume and Mr. Squire. It would be more satisfactory, and would dispel unbelieving whispers about wires and gutta percha, if these last marvels took place in fuller light than—

'sub lunæ luce maligná.'

The volumes of Görres which run through the diabolic and natural branches of his subject are so inferior to those which precede, that we pass them over at present.

We now turn to somnambulism and animal magnetism,

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which cover so large a portion of modern thaumaturgic psychology. And we consider them specially in relation to epidemic religious convulsions.

Five theories have been broached on the phenomena of animal magnetism.

The first is that of Mesmer—a theory whose absurdity is worthy of the charlatan who was its author. 'There is a 'fluid,' says Mesmer, 'which is the means of a mutual influence 'between the heavenly bodies, the earth, and animated bodies. 'It is so continuous as to admit no void. It is capable of re-'ceiving and propagating all impressions of movement. It is 'susceptible of flux and reflux. Animal bodies participate in 'the effects of this agent, and it affects them immediately by 'insinuating itself into the substance of the nerves. In the 'human body especially, we can detect properties analogous to 'those of the magnet. We can distinguish in it also opposite 'poles. The action and the virtue of animal magnetism can be 'communicated from one body to other bodies, animate and 'inanimate. This action can take place at a great distance 'without the intervention of an intermediate body. It is 'augmented, reflected by glasses, communicated, propagated, 'augmented by sound. This virtue may be accumulated, con-'centrated, transported. Though this fluid be universal, all 'animated bodies are not equally susceptible of it. There are 'even a very few, which have a property so contradictory, that 'their very presence destroys all the effects of this fluid in 'other bodies.'

The second theory is that which was developed by Bailly, in his celebrated report sent into the French Academy, in 1784. He maintains that imagination, imitation, and lassitude, explain the magnetic phenomena. But a candid consideration of facts leads to the conclusion that while very many phenomena can be solved by them, there remain more and more astonishing phenomena, which admit of no such easy solution.

The third theory is an improvement on the first. Certain experimentalists of the last century, and Puységur, Deleuze, and others more recently, explain artificial somnambulism and the effects of passes and manipulations, by the theory of a particular *magnetic fluid* common to all men, which the will can project externally, direct, and accumulate.

The fourth theory is that of the spiritual school, which explains animal magnetism by the direct intervention and presence of spirits. A very interesting exposition of the theory, and an application of it to the phenomena of the Irish Revival, may be found in the seventh chapter of Mr. Wilkinson's book, 'The Revival,' which we lately reviewed.

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The fifth is the magico-magnetic theory. Of this, M. Dupotet is the hierophant. All we know about it is, that it rejects the intervention of spirits, and explains those astonishing effects by natural magic.

A sixth, or physiological school, has now arisen. It has for a long time been following out its indications quietly, and now seems in a fair way to take possession of the field. The discovery of hypnotism seems to have turned the key of the whole position. The best exposition of the subject is in M. Maury's article, which we follow, with occasional help from other sources.

The Romish Revival of the Convulsionnaires of Saint Médard, and the Protestant Revival of the Prophets of the Cévennes, appear first to have led scientific men to the conclusion that artificial somnambulism is a form of cataleptic ecstasy, an unusual affection, but one which from time to time is produced epidemically. At all events, here were facts fully detailed and untainted by the histrionic element, which seemed to vitiate the performances of professional magnetism. The object of truly scientific inquiries was to fasten upon any reliable pathological facts.

One reliable fact was *sleep* of a peculiar kind. This cataleptic sleep may take place with a sort of seizure that makes the patient immovable. All this time, the action of the heart, the pulse, and the respiration, are in a natural condition. We heard this fact cited by an Irish Presbyterian doctor, as a proof of the Divine character of the Revivalistic affections.

A second magnetic fact is *insensibility*. Two French surgeons in 1846 performed the ablation of a cancer in a woman who had been put to sleep by a professional magnetizer. At the time this must have appeared perfectly miraculous; now that anesthetics are familiar, it does not appear very surprising. An intelligent witness informed us, that, on expressing a doubt, at an American Revival meeting, whether a young man who fell over was not 'shamming,' a bystander suggested that the matter should be brought to a practical issue, by thrusting a pin up one of the patient's finger-nails,—to which cruel test he submitted without moving a muscle.

A third established magnetic fact, and one of the most astounding character, is the prodigious excitation of the intellectual and physical faculties, or at least of some of them. Sudden transfer from torpor to passionate excitement; extraordinary acuteness of sight and hearing; a stimulus supplied to the memory, which sometimes brings out in strong colours lines that had seemed faint and evanescent; these, and similar marvels, accompany the manipulations of the magnetizer, are sometimes spontaneously produced, sometimes propagated epidemically, sometimes follow the use of

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anesthetics. Somnambulists and hysterical patients, cataleptic ecstatics, *et hoc genus omne*, are liable to dreams, whose figures are projected, and whose colours are supplied, by the psychical and physical condition of the dreamers, and are the reflections, more or less complete, of their sensations and ideas. Here we have at once the solution of a mass of revivalist wonders, hymns and texts remembered, poetic prayers, passionate bursts of declamation, and visions hideous or ecstatic.

It saves much confusion to classify these abnormal conditions as three degrees of sleep, so to speak. Ordinary sleep may stand for the positive; natural somnambulism[1], associated as it sometimes is with hysteria or catalepsy, for the comparative; and artificial somnambulism, with its still intenser nervous activity, for the superlative.

It may be well to consider some of those effects of somnambulism, natural or artificial, which most resemble the miraculous.

One of these effects is a supposed transposition of the senses, so that, for instance, it has been maintained that magnetized persons see with the tips of their fingers. But the most profound physiologists consider that nothing has been established which may not be explained by hallucination, and morbid acuteness of the senses.

Again, the vaticination of cataleptics and magnetic somnambulists has often been noticed. They seem to have a therapeutic intuition in their own case, which has given rise to a new species of empiricism, that appears to be making some noise. Nothing, however, has been clearly proved, beyond a strange nervous consciousness of an approaching crisis in the patient himself. We had strong indications last year of the connexion of Revivalist 'cases' with these curious nervous conditions, by ourselves hearing several persons predict that they would be blind, or deaf and dumb, which took place accordingly. And we had yet another indication in the fact that these persons generally were correct in their predictions of the time when these morbid conditions would occur; a marked development of the power of noting time being a well-established effect of somnambulism.

[1] Natural somnambulism can sometimes be induced by an act of volition, though generally upon condition of some antecedent, connected with it by some obscure link of causation. S. Augustine mentions the case of a presbyter, called Restitutus, who, when he pleased, upon hearing an imitation of the voice of a man lamenting, could, as it were, concentrate himself from his sense, and be like one dead. He bore the tests, not only of pinching and pricking, but even of burning, without the slightest movement. Respiration, also, seemed to be totally suspended. During these fits, he could hear voices, if they were pretty distinct, which seemed to come to him from a distance. S. Augustine's acute but singular application of this and other somewhat analogous cases,—such as that of the man he knew who could perspire when he pleased,—will be found *De Civit. Dei*, lib. xiv. cap. 24.

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Another very wonderful effect is the communication of the thought of the magnetizer to the magnetized. M. Maury says, 'that the fact to him appears very problematic.' We have no doubt, however, that it is established by overwhelming evidence. We know of a gentleman who has conducted hundreds of experiments. In many instances he has put question upon question to the magnetized person, as to what he saw, and has obtained different answers, precisely corresponding to those images, which he produced by an exertion of his own volition.

Another effect of a marvellous nature, and of which we confess ourselves quite unable to give any solution, which in modern times has accompanied the magnetic somnambulism of religious fanaticism, is the speaking with unknown tongues. We have the testimony of Mr. Baxter, and of other witnesses, that persons under an emotion which they cannot restrain, burst into an utterance sometimes in languages which they had never learned, sometimes in words belonging to no known language, but which, to those said to be habituated to philological analysis, bear all the traces of perfect regularity of inflection. Until these utterances have been subjected to a really rigid critical analysis, that is, to really competent philologists, we shall continue in the attitude of doubt on this point. We heard a rumour that something of the kind had occurred in some parishes of the county Armagh, but we know nothing definite about it. Clairvoyants have at times spoken with, what are called, tongues. The same phenomenon signalizes some of the Roman Catholic saints. The following language from Görres may, possibly, be thought an interesting comment upon that dark verse in the fourteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians: 'He that 'speaketh in an unknown tongue speaketh not unto men, 'but unto God, for no man understandeth him; howbeit in this 'spirit he speaketh mysteries.'

'The biographers of Saint Elizabeth of Thuringia relate that when near death, she turned to the wall, and, without moving her lips, began to sing amain, as if a bird were prisoned in her throat. Thus singing, she yielded up her spirit to her Creator. The soul, in this state, resembles the mysterious column of Memnon, which yielded its sounds to the first rays of the morning. It is like an Eolian harp, which, touched with the breath of the spirit, breaks out in heavenly tones. These outward sounds being but the echo of a profound inward word, it must sometimes happen that this is expressed by words, strange and extraordinary as itself. But in point of fact, this word is not destined to bring the soul into relation with other men; it is not, therefore, surprising that its expression should not always be taken from ordinary language, but should appear to come from a higher world. When the soul enters into the spiritual regions, it must perforce fall in with another order of thought and idiom unintelligible in the usual state of mortality. If the soul would express, inwardly or outwardly, the new ideas which it contemplates, it

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is not astonishing that, under certain circumstances which we are unable to account for to ourselves, it should be obliged to have recourse to a new language, unintelligible to others. This happened to Saint Hildegard, who in her visions made herself a new language, and finished by composing a sort of Dictionary, which may be found among the manuscripts preserved at Wiesbaden. Whilst, in many words, it is easy to detect a certain resemblance to German, which was her mother-tongue, the rest betrays an unknown origin. When one studies more closely the formation and composition of these singular words, and compares the procedure of Saint Hildegard with that of the *clairvoyante* of Prévost (and the latter case is quite of a different nature from the first), one can, up to a certain point, account for the manner in which the language was originally formed; one perceives that at first it was the result of a spiritual vision, and that afterwards it has been modified by a sort of vision or ecstasy in nature. In both cases, the language was the faithful image of the interior condition of the nature.'—*La Mystique*, tom. i. p. 364.

So far we have seen the various hypotheses on animal magnetism. We have examined its most remarkable effects, and we have seen that, with the very rare and abnormal exception of unknown tongues—a phenomenon which cannot be said to have been proved—what may be called in the good sense *naturalism* is, on the whole, in possession of the field.

How are the magnetic passes connected with these singular effects? We have indicated the various answers to this question. By the universal fluid, say the mesmerists proper;—by the imagination, argues Bailly, with the contemptuous school, even now;—by the magnetic fluid, exclaim many voices;—by the intervention of spirits, whisper the Spiritualists. An experiment, which has its prototype in the old trick of chalking a line from a cock's bill to the end of a board, and observing his strange reeling cataleptic seizure and cry on waking from his insensibility, seems to have ended in overthrowing all these theories, and substituting another, which makes still shorter work with the magnetic mystics. Let us cite the article on hypnotism, by MM. Litré and Robin, from the 'Dictionnaire de Médecine de Nysten':—

'Hypnotism is the name given by Dr. Braid to the proceeding that he employs to throw a person into the somnambulist sleep. This is the proceeding. Take a brilliant object (such as a pocket lancet) between the thumb and the first and middle fingers of the left hand, hold it at a short distance from the eyes above the forehead, in such a position as shall act most directly upon the eyes and eyelids, and oblige the patient to fix his look upon it. The patient must be made to understand that he must keep his eyes constantly on the

[1] *Experimentum Mirabile.* Gallinam pedibus vinctam in pavimentum depone: quæ primo quidem totius corporis motu vincula sibi injecta excutere laborabit; sed tandem, veluti desperabunda, victoris de arbitrio sistet. Quietâ igitur sic manente gallinâ, ab oculo ejusdem in ipso pavimento lineam rectam cretâ vel alio quovis coloris genere, quæ chordæ figuram referat, duces. Deinde eam compedibus solutam relinques. Dico quod gallina, quantumvis vinculis soluta, minimè tamen avolatura sit etiam si ad avolandum instimulaveris.—Kircher, Vis magna lucidæ et umbræ, Rom. 1646.

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object, and his mind solely attached to the idea of that object. It will be observed that the pupils will at first contract, then they will dilate, and after having thus considerably dilated, and also moved in a fluctuating manner, if the first and second fingers of the right hand, extended and a little separated, are drawn from the object towards the eyes, it is very probable that the eyelids will close involuntarily, with a sort of vibration. After an interval of from ten to fifteen seconds, by raising gently his arms and legs, it will be found that the patient is disposed, if he has been strongly affected, to retain them in the position in which they have been placed. If not, he may be asked in a soft voice to keep them extended. Thus, in a short time, the pulse will grow quicker, and the limbs will become rigid, and soon completely fixed; and it will be found that, except sight, all the special senses, comprising those of heat and cold, the muscular sense, and certain mental faculties, are at first prodigiously exalted, as happens in the primary effects of wine, alcohol, or opium. At the same time, after a certain point, there succeeds to this exaltation a depression much greater than the torpor of natural sleep. The special senses and the muscles may pass instantaneously; the first from a profound torpor, the other from a tonic rigidity to the opposite conditions of extreme mobility and exalted sensibility. It is only necessary to direct a current of air on the organ, or organs, that we desire to excite, or the muscles that we wish to make supple, and that had been in a sort of catalepsy. By simple rest, the senses will return at once to their former state. The almost invariable success obtained by Dr. Braid by means of this process, appears in part due to the mental condition of the patient, who is usually disposed to hypnotism, by the expectation that it will certainly be produced, and by the assurance of a man of strong will declaring that it is impossible to resist it. At the same time, when the hypnotic state has been thus provoked a certain number of times, the subject may readily put himself to sleep by looking at his own finger, placed near enough to his eyes to produce a sensible convergence of their balls, or even by keeping himself quiet, and fixing his eyes on a distant point. In each case the fixedness of the eye is the thing most important, although the removal of other stimulants has a decided influence in producing the effect.

'Thus, it is seen, that Hypnotism is closely allied to animal magnetism.'

Let us see how this bears on the naturalism of the phenomena of animal magnetism. There can be nothing magical or spiritual in a bright piece of metal, in a lancet, or pair of scissors. The physiological explanation of hypnotism is, that the act of gazing long upon the object, in a certain attitude, superinduces hyperemia, or, in plain English, fulness of the brain, which is the source of the phenomenon. But how, it will be asked, does this bear upon animal magnetism? Simply thus. The effects being nearly identical, the causes are proportionally identical. The magnetizer's eye acts like the polished plate. Does not this throw some light on the following sentence from a Revival organ?

'The Rev. Mr. Canning describes his preaching as follows: 'he read his text, and made a few remarks; but on looking 'into the countenances of the people, he was struck *with the in-* 'tensity of their gaze, for which he could not account. He went 'on for five or six minutes, and at the end of that time a strong 'man in the crowd fell to the ground, as if smitten with a severe 'blow.' . . . We need only add, that natural somnambulism, like

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its twin sisters hysteria and catalepsy, is in the highest degree contagious.

III. It only remains for us to add a few words by way of moral.

First, then, it will be a very serious thing in the long run for Christianity itself, if any considerable number of English clergymen be led to endorse Revivalism at all in its full shape. An extreme subjective religionism, as that of the present day is, explodes at last in an Ulster Revival. But be it remembered that the scientific principles which in one generation are the heritage of the few, become in the next the heritage of the many. Unknown, perhaps, as principles, they are recognised as facts. They become ground into the colours of thought and language. They leaven the whole lump of popular conception. They are assumed as primary postulates, with a decision as unhesitating as if they were known by the light of nature. The studies of the physician in physiology, and in that curious branch of it which treats of somnambulism, natural and artificial, hysteria, catalepsy, epidemic mental mania, will soon pass into the popular mind. Just as the diffusion of chemical knowledge in Naples has first exploded the miracle of S. Januarius' blood, and then made men sceptics, so the diffusion of physiological knowledge will explode the marvellous of Revivalism, and if the system become prevalent among us, be the precursor of a similar scepticism. There are not wanting serious indications that this evil has commenced already.

Again—Should not those men in our Church, who profess opposition to Romanism most strongly, reflect that in the long run Rome has most to gain with their weapons? She has a methodized history and philosophy of the marvellous, beside which 'Years of Grace' and 'Harvest Sheaves' are as a puddle in the field compared with the river that is running over the stones close by. With all the accusations of 'lying wonders' which these men fling at her—and we are not going to defend her—she does employ something like criticism. Which, for instance, of the revivalistic annalists has given any tests so sensible as these three, which Pope Benedict XIV. applies to the direction of divine ecstasy in the third book of his Treatise on Canonization? He lays down that ecstasy is not divine and spiritual, if it be (1) periodic, (2) preceded or followed by any natural malady developed from it in the organization, or which comes from without by any sort of contagion, (3) produced by any natural link of connexion between the ecstatics.

Once more. The fact that these movements occur exclusively in bodies external to the Church in every branch of its ancient organization, is no presumption against her, rather the contrary.

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At the most, they only prove that some doctrines are popular and influential.

And, finally, to turn away from the subject of Revivalism—Philosophers are now asking whether psychology can be pushed farther? And there is a very general turning on the part of different schools to physiology as the answer. Can psychology thus aided tell us something more of our immortal interests? Can it show us something more of the action of grace on soul as well as body? Can it help us to prolong those bridal moments, in which the soul holds communion with her Saviour and Redeemer? We have before us a psychological journal, in manuscript, written by one not unused to self-analysis, in which the following occurs:—

'Last night, a singular occurrence. I was alone, and rather 'in low spirits. A deep dark depression came over me, and a 'sensation as if a shadow of sin hung over my soul. There was 'no fear or terror, but the sort of impression that a lowering 'autumnal sky gives to the landscape—no fear of thunder, but 'an ugly-looking gloom, that makes the head and almost the 'heart ache. This lasted for a time. Then succeeded a state to 'me most unaccountable. It was physical ecstasy. It was con-'nected with religious experience. I could not well say why, 'but it seemed as if I were floating in air; as if the tension of 'prayer was merged in a luxurious repose on Christ; as if I was 'inexpressibly happy. My heart beat as though it would leap 'through my body, yet I was quite calm. This continued I 'cannot say how long, perhaps two hours. Yet somehow next 'morning all this was disconnected from my practical life. It did 'not bear upon my prayers, nor push me on to do more work.'

How far are such states dependent upon physiological conditions? Here are tangled questions.

It only remains for us to guard against misapprehension. We have been under a necessity of speaking, so to say, *negatively*, in a considerable portion of the remarks just concluded. And, in truth, a system has for years been gaining ground among us, which would uproot sacramental grace and the law of sanctified habits, in favour of a psychological theory of the religious emotions. And as unregulated emotion has a tendency to explode in abnormal nervous disease, it was to be expected that those who consider the emotion supernatural should extend this sacredness to the physical correlative, and exalt it into a visible demonstration of the Spirit's power. It must, therefore, be firmly stated by those who consider such a system of religion on the whole opposed to primitive truth, that the conditions of catalepsy, hysteria, or somnambulism can only be deemed suitable for the reception

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of grace, or signs of its presence, by the grossest ignorance or the most grievous fanaticism. In these conditions, it admits not of dispute that the noblest and most divine faculties of man—the intellect and the will—are passive, and that the mind becomes the puppet of the senses. Something approaching to the instinctive life of animals is temporarily substituted for the consciousness of man. The reason acts, when it does act, fitfully and unequally; and if it sometimes may display even a certain splendour, it is a prestigious splendour, like that of the northern streamers, which arises from the flickering play of light as it is tossed and broken by shifting spiculæ of ice suspended in the air. The sentiment of personal identity—the strongest proof of the distinctness of the living immaterial principle from the organized system of matter to which, as Cudworth says, it is so 'passionately present'—is dormant for a season. In the female constitution, too, a way is opened to the invasion of the lower passions. It cannot be maintained that these conditions are divine, or favourable to the divine life, without practically holding that it is indeed expedient 'to ascend downwards,' and that a partial retrogression to the life of animals is an advance to the footsteps of the eternal Throne. These conditions are held to be supernatural, or peculiarly connected with the spirit-world, by the spiritualist and the thoroughgoing Revivalist, simply because they are unusual.

If, therefore, a desire to combat errors, which only last year were very extensively prevalent, and which seem to be yet rifer in Scotland even now than they were in Ireland then, has forced us to speak negatively, we are the more desirous to proclaim an unhesitating belief in the wonders of supernatural grace in the soul of man. The Divine Breath, which is God the Holy Ghost, is still breathed forth by Him, who in the upper chamber said, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.' The outpouring of Pentecost still continues undiminished in its own deep channels.

> οὐδ' ἀΰπνοι
> κρῆναι μινύθουσιν
> ——νομάδες ῥεέθρων,
> ἀλλ' αἰὲν ἐπ' ἤματι
> ὠκύτοκος πεδίων ἐπινίσσεται.

Prayer is still crowned with its promised answer, the Holy Spirit is still given to them that ask. All things awful, wonderful, beautiful, that are according to the analogy of faith, we receive with ready acceptance. Around the child of God there are invisible guardians. When a wise and holy man, like Bishop Wilson, inebriated with the strong wine of no fanatical contagion, but calmly reading the Greek Testament with a young

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son in the faith, exclaims that he sees angelic forms ascending from the trees, we will ascribe the vision to the unsealed eye rather than to the failing perceptions of senility. When good and sober men tell us of dreams that have been signally blessed, we remember Joseph the carpenter, and that other Joseph, and hold our peace. When effects, similar to those ordinarily produced by habits, have appeared to spring from a single sermon, or a single text, or from some undefinable cause, we seem to hear the sound of the wind that bloweth where He listeth. When joy and peace rise musical and fragrant from a holy life, like odour from the rose, and sound from the running waters, we own the gifts of the Comforter.

Among these and similar gracious phenomena, we believe that a path is still open for a true spiritual psychology, Our Church wants a Görres, imbued with her own cautious and truth-loving character, more sober and discriminating than the German ultramontane. Holy Scripture, the lives of the Saints, a thorough acquaintance with physiology and mental philosophy, a habit of self-study, and a heart acquainted with experimental religion, are the requisites for the task. *Exoriare aliquis!* No doubt that psychologizing is dangerous. One of the acutest of self-observers and metaphysicians has declared his apprehension that the habit of occupying oneself specially with that which passes within one is immoral; because we should give ourselves an external end and support, to act with success on the modifications which we observe; and because we are too apt to believe that all is done, when our self-love is satisfied with some fine observation, or profound discovery in the inner being. In religion the dangers may be very special. All passions and affections (the religious among the rest) *project* themselves to an object. Analysis and self-inspection are fatal to their very existence. To arrest them for inspection is possibly to annihilate them. Their essence is to go out of us, and we draw them in toward us to philosophise upon them. Like the spirit-hands in the stories of mediumistic exhibitions, they vanish when they are grasped, only just letting us feel that they exist. There is the danger also of relying upon them, of assuring ourselves upon our assurance, of holding salvation by our own faith—that is, by an inward work.

Yet manifold advantages would surely arise from a true spiritual psychology, such as we contemplate rather than describe. It would have its physiological side. The bearings of fasting, of music and ritual, for instance, upon the spiritual life, their legitimate use and their morbid exaggeration, would admit of much development. Facts directly confirmative of the teachings of the faith would be brought out into bold relief. All mere systems of anthropology are but partial views of man's wonderful nature. If

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man were purely animal and organic, a bundle of sensations wrapped up in flesh and blood, Hobbes and Cabanis are right, and physiology is the proper science of man. If sensation *plus* reflection, according to Locke, or sensation *minus* reflection, according to Condillac, make up man, then verbal logic is our all-in-all. But the simple fact is, that man, according to these two schools, is as truncated as Condillac's own ideological mannikin. Bishop Bull was no psychologist, yet his 'Discourse on the State of Man before the Fall' has heights which Locke never reached. There is spirit in man, as well as Locke's soul, and Hobbes' body. Above man who eats and drinks, makes money, syllogizes, there is an inward man, who lives not 'by 'bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the 'mouth of God.' Reminiscence, suggestion, association, will account for a multitude of thoughts. The disciples of Hobbes or of Locke may tell us that every thought is connected with another by a link of association so fine and delicate as frequently to defy analysis, yet as really existent as in the case of him who, in a conversation on the civil war, abruptly asked the value of a penny.[1] Mental philosophers may—

> ——'crowd the intellectual sphere
> With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer
> With orb and cycle girds the starry throng.'

Peace, and joy, and sensible sweetness in devotion, may be more or less physical and organic, or dependent upon physical and organic conditions. Yet after all, and making the largest allowance for the obscurity of the regions in which thought moves, there are thoughts and moods of whose origin no mental or organic physiology can give account; there are regions of the spiritual and intellectual heaven whose boundaries no merely scientific psychology can determine. Man's power over the world of thought is confined within limits strictly analogous to those which restrict his dominion over matter. He can compound and dissolve, he can modify that which is given, but he can neither create nor annihilate a single particle. Whence, then, these mysterious thoughts tending to the infinite, these wonderful yearnings towards the unseen, this gazing of the spirit as we kneel at the Holy Sacrament through the window of time to the heavenly Jerusalem? There is one only solution: it is the

[1] 'In this wild ranging of the mind a man may oftimes perceive the way of it, and the dependence of one thought upon another. For in a discourse of our present Civil War, what could seem more impertinent than to ask (as one did) the value of a Roman penny? Yet the coherence to me was manifest enough. For this thought of the war introduced the thought of this delivering up the King; the thought of that brought in the thought of the delivering up of Christ; that again, the thought of the thirty pence: thence easily followed that malicious question; and all this in a moment of time; for thought is quick.'—*Hobbes, of Man*, chap. iii. 'Of the Consequence or Train of Imagination.'

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water, given by Christ, that 'is *in a man* a well of water springing up to everlasting life;' a presence, external to and separate from his nature, mental or physical, yet lodged in the very recesses of his being; and as water rises to its level, bubbling and leaping up[1] to its living source, even to Him who is the life's life of spirits. A deaf man, who should occasionally be enabled to hear sounds; a blind man, who from time to time should have his eyes opened, would not attribute such sights and sounds to illusion. He would attribute them to external, objective realities. And if the ears and eyes of our spirits be ever and anon opened to sights and sounds that make exquisite music to us, and open to us a holier world, even though these gleams be transient, and that music too soon be interrupted, it is true philosophy to believe in an objective reality, the origin of that which we cannot create, while we have a reasonable foundation for believing that other spirits, and we ourselves, too, under more favourable circumstances, may enjoy continuously what we now only enjoy at interrupted moments. And so we learn to think of ourselves, as of men walking behind sandhills, and aware of the existence of the ocean by the constant hum and roar of the tide, but who are soon to come to an opening through which we shall see the shining waters. It will also be found that the most extraordinary results of psychology present analogies which illustrate the teachings of faith. For instance, we ourselves consider that there is proof for a psychological law of *sub-introduction* of thought from the magnetizer to the magnetized. Does not the existence of such a law, not indeed explain, but at least illustrate, the communication which exists between superior spirits and ourselves? Nay, may it not tell us something of the transmission of thought (with reverence be it spoken) from the Divine Spirit to man's, which changes and reverses character, and of which S. Paul says, 'We, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' Once more, such a psychology would prove the inadequacy, at least, of that popular system, which confines the work of grace to bringing the soul through terror of the law to a felt consciousness of pardon. But a further development of this subject would exceed our limits, and still more our studies and our abilities. Let us conclude in the words of a great proficient in the spiritual life: 'The senses and the imagination have no part in the peace, and in the communications of grace, which God makes to the intellect and to the will, in a simple and direct manner which baffles all reflection!'[2]

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[1] πηγὴ ὕδατος ἁλλομένου εἰς ζωὴν αἰώνιον.—S. John iv. 14.

[2] Fénelon, Maximes des Saints.

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NOTICES.

THE last number of the 'National Society's Monthly Paper' is worthy of close and careful attention. It appears from it that the 'unostentatious' process, with which we were made well acquainted some years ago, is still in full vigour in the Education Department of the Privy Council. We cannot too earnestly impress upon the Clergy and upon the Church at large the absolute necessity of proportionate watchfulness. We speak deliberately when we say that any clergyman who accepts 'Conscience Clauses,' and allows 'my lords' to erase from the trust-deed the clause which provides that the Managing Committee shall consist of members of the Church of England, is, under present circumstances, a traitor to the cause of Church education. There is a busy and mischievous man who now presides as Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education. In his place in the House of Commons he has said very little in defence of the system which he has been appointed to administer, but he has twice declared his hostility to the fundamental principles of the Concordat now existing between the Church and the Education Committee: once when he expressed his innocent desire to 'amalgamate the staffs' of inspectors 'on the score of expense,' and to have but one staff of lay inspectors visiting all schools alike, and as a necessary consequence ignoring religious teaching in their examinations; a second time when he complained of the 'exclusive' religious character impressed upon schools by managers. The National Society has done its duty in respect to Llanspyddid, Llandaff, Llanarf, Llanelly; and we exhort managers who are afflicted by 'my lords'' recommendations and threats to apply to the National Society for counsel and aid. If the old battle must be fought again, *it must be fought*. The 'unostentatious' scheme must not be allowed to win at last. The Colchester case, to which the *Guardian* has called attention, is likely enough to become typical, unless school managers are instantly and generally on the alert.

A 'Church History of the First Three Centuries' (Dana) has been published by Dr. Milo Mahan, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York. We can congratulate the author on having accomplished his task with great success. The tone is good, the facts are condensed into a small space, and the style is free from the blemish of Transatlantic inflation. A useful chronological table is prefixed, and a short analysis on the margin accompanies the text. The growth of a native ecclesiastical literature in the United States is a healthy sign of Church progress and strength which we note with pleasure.

'How We spent the Autumn; or, Wanderings in Brittany' (Bentley), by the authoresses of 'The Timely Retreat,' whatever else it may want, is not deficient in interest and vivacity. The authoresses, not, perhaps, without very valid reasons, have not initiated us very deeply into the history and antiquities of Brittany, or supplied us with any very novel or striking information on the peculiar habits and customs of the people, but they have mostly confined

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themselves to a narrative of their own personal adventures. We do not profess to have read their book with very deep attention, but, cursory as our perusal has been, we have fallen upon some very awkward inaccuracies and blunders. At p. 169, the authoresses speak of 'timbres *des* postes,' and at p. 244, of 'Notre Dame de *bonne* voyage.' At p. 68 we read of researches after a 'canot*te*' and its crew, and at p. 275 of 'deep seas of mud, which compelled Nora and *I* to mount.' At p. 42 we are introduced to a certain Monsieur *de* Souvestre, a gentleman of whom we certainly have never heard before (though his name is given correctly enough in other places), any more than we have heard of the M. Villemarqué twice mentioned in Appendix A; neither have we ever been regaled with 'café noi*re*' (p. 300), or got into the 'intérieur*e*' (p. 79) or the 'coup*e*' (p. 312) of a diligence, whatever these young ladies may have done. Again, it is stated at p. 155 that the 'm*á*cles' of the Rohans are still on the columns of a church at Pontivy; and, at p. 197, we are informed that the following inscription is placed on the portico of the great Chartreuse at Auray: 'Gallia merens pos*s*uit,' and, further, that an expiatory chapel is built close to the 'Champ*s* des Martyrs;' whilst at p. 57 we are assured that Clisson is twenty-one miles from Nantes. We regret also to perceive that the logic of our authoresses is not always superior to their grammatical, orthographical, geographical, and other knowledge. *A propos* of Clisson, we have the following passage (p. 61):—

'Our guide this time was a man, *concierge* of the place, very well informed 'apparently, and with an astonishing memory for verses. At each point of 'sight he repeated endless lines, more or less clever, composed by the various 'visitors to the place. It belongs to a Monsieur le Mot, whose name affords 'a subject for many with which to point their rhymes. It is difficult to recall 'a verse, however striking, that you have only heard once, but I will try just 'to illustrate his style. The ground at our feet was strewn with acorns, and 'something was said about their being the best possible food for pigs. "Ah! 'that reminds me," said he, "some one said—

'Il faudrait mettre un chêne
Pour l'arbre de la liberté,
Car ses fruits nourrissent sans peine
Les animaux qui l'ont plant*és*"' (sic).

It is not very clear to whom *he* and *his* always refer in this passage. It contains, in addition, more than one inaccuracy. As to the lines given, they are not quoted correctly; neither were they originally *said*, but *written* in a book kept by the *concierge*, in which are inscribed the names of the different visitors to the Garenne. The whole is a clever *plaisanterie*, but the ignoring altogether of the circumstances under which they were written deprives them of their point. They are to this effect, and they follow up the remarks inscribed in the book by a previous visitor to the Garenne of the name of Le Goarant de Tromelin, in reprobation of the Republic of 1848 and its authors:—

'Ils auraient dû mettre un chêne pour arbre de liberté,
Car son fruit nourrirait sans peine les animaux qui l'ont planté.'

If these lines do not scan, they are at least clever and grammatical. We do not wish to be hard upon the young ladies, but really they should write with more care. In spite, however, of these and other blemishes, their work is very

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readable; and though, as far as the actual amount of information contained in it is concerned, it is not perhaps worth taking with one as a companion in a trip through Brittany, one may while away pleasantly enough one or two hours in its perusal.

The Oxford 'Prize Poem on a Sacred Subject,' awarded triennially, has been gained by Mr. Alexander, of Brasenose, for 'The Waters of Babylon.' It is an obvious criticism on Mr. Alexander's poem to say that it would not have been written had not Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King' preceded it. To which a sufficient reply is, that we may be very thankful that so good a model has had so able a successor. Mr. Alexander's flowing rhythm, refined diction, and delicate appreciation of external nature, which render his illustrations as true and precise as photographic transcripts, give us reason to hope that he will take a place among the sacred choir, which is not at present overcrowded. We trust that this poem will have a longer life than many of the pretty ephemeræ which sparkle on the Isis; and as we perceive that Mr. Alexander is beneficed in Ireland, we have no doubt that the personal influence of one who combines so much of elegant literature and sound learning—as the phrase used to be—will have its effect in a sphere where, as in the Church of Ireland, the great virtues of zeal and activity sometimes lack the relief of academic learning and polish. Nor are Mr. Alexander's qualifications confined to poetry: and we are not without hopes that he may some day give fuller and deeper results of his reading in a more permanent shape than that of a fugitive poem to the Church.

'Trevenan Court' (Masters) is a religious tale, inculcating, among other valuable lessons, the great Christian virtues of self-denial and self-sacrifice. The plot is good, though simple, and the details are skilfully executed. It may be urged that some of the topics introduced are occasionally rather deep for a work of this nature, and the conversations somewhat discursive at times; but there can be but one opinion as to the general scope and character of the work; and it would be difficult for any one to rise from its perusal without deriving some benefit from it, and without forming the highest estimate of the writer's heart and mind. Without ambitious aims, without the slightest attempt being made at fine writing, many passages exhibit considerable power of thought and language; the characters of the chief personages of the tale are admirably delineated, and some of the descriptions of physical nature strike us as peculiarly graphic and beautiful; while the work, generally, inculcates the most elevated views and feelings, and the soundest religious principles. We have a high opinion of this book and of its gifted authoress, who is evidently capable of great things, and who, we venture to predict, will, with care and perseverance, eventually occupy a prominent place, in more than one department of literature, among the writers of the day.

It has been very much the fashion of late years among many of the most eminent French *literati* to collect together their different essays and reviews scattered in the magazines and periodicals of the day. What M. H. Rigault, so suddenly called hence and with the finest prospects before him, has been unable to do for himself, his *collaborateurs* and friends MM. Saint-Marc Girardin and Mesnard have done for him. M. Rigault's works, issued by M. Hachette, are comprised in four goodly octavo volumes, and they well deserve being

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collected and republished. Indeed, we have seldom met with volumes of French essays that have pleased us more. To this edition of M. Rigault's works is prefixed a short but gracefully-written biographical and critical memoir from the pen of M. Saint-Marc Girardin, who has left it to M. Mesnard, the well-known professor, and author of 'A History of the French Academy,' to publish a more detailed and elaborate life of their common friend. Most of M. Rigault's reviews and dissertations originally appeared in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*, and in the *Journal des Débats*, and they embrace a somewhat diversified range of subjects—religion, philosophy, criticism, classical literature, education, history, poetry, biography, &c. M. Rigault seems to have been a man of a very cultivated and superior intellect; he was endowed with much largeness of view, had great and varied learning, was an acute thinker, a close reasoner, and a vigorous writer. But not only was he a very talented writer, he was also a man of high principle. M. Rigault was for some time Professor of Latin eloquence at the *Collége de France*, and private tutor to the Comte d'Eu, eldest son of the Duke of Nemours.

Mr. Wm. Heygate's manual for the Clergy, 'The Good Shepherd' (Rivingtons), though it cannot be said to supply a deficiency in our theology, yet, as a devotional work, and one well suited for recalling the pastor to his duties and responsibilities, is in some respects better suited to present necessities than even Herbert or Wilson.

In many, and those serious matters, we fear that we should have to differ from Mr. Hampden Gurney, but we have always felt that his 'Sermons,' of which the third series (Rivingtons) is published, have a vigour and sensible character, which, without displaying much novelty or very deep theology, are especially suitable to the existing form of society. In sermons generally we miss any peculiar adaptation to things as they are: sermons should reflect the age, —should be in the world, though not of the world.

One of the Minor Canons of Southwell, Mr. J. F. Dimock, has edited with great care a MS. metrical life of S. Hugh, of Lincoln (Lincoln: Brooke). It forms an elegant monograph. Bishop Hugh was a repetition of S. Thomas of Canterbury; and though he acquired less fame, or rather more of a local fame, his character is quite worth studying.

Miss Rosa Raine is the authoress of 'Rosa's Summer Wanderings,' a work we have not chanced to see. She has made a very needless Autumn Wandering in the 'Restoration of the Jews' (Masters), which is only a small-paper edition of Charlotte Elizabeth's heretical speculations. What an odd thing it is that two ladies should feel so deep an interest in a Judæo-Christian Church retaining all the Jewish ordinances!

Mr. Neale's able 'Letter to the Bishop of Oxford, containing his Reasons for abrogating the Twenty-ninth Canon' (Masters), should be read generally, and especially by those, and they are many, who concur in Dr. Wordsworth's able argument on the other side of this important question.

Mr. W. B. Flower's translation of the 'Apology of Theophilus' (Masters) is not only creditable to him as a scholar, but it is also interesting and important as a specimen of what is not common in our communion, a version of the early

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defenders of the Gospel. Though under different circumstances, something may be learned, in the coming contest for the fundamentals of the faith, from the first Christian apologists.

Mr. Cayley, the translator of Dante, is really a poet, but his 'Version of the Psalms' (Longman) strikes us as being ludicrous. We have over and over said that the Psalms are incapable of translation into English poetry. Mr. Cayley, though he uses strange and archaic language on principle, does not induce us to unsay our verdict. The odd phrases used in this version remind us of the inexplicable, but very common, process of speech which we generally adopt with foreigners; if we cannot speak their language, we talk in bad English, on the theory that our own broken language is more intelligible to a Frenchman. We can assure Mr. Cayley that his bad English, and his cross between prose and verse, is not a bit more like Hebrew than Tate and Brady. Here is a whole paragraph, Ps. lvii.:—

'5. Daily my words they wrest;
'Their thoughts to do me scath are all addrest.

'6. They lurk, they congregate,
'They dog my heels; to snatch my life they wait.

'7. Shall they in doing fraud
'Escape? Destroy the people in thy wrath, O God!

'8. Cast up my wanderings,
'Put by my tears; doth not thy book record these things?'

'Our English Home' (J. H. and J. Parker) is an anonymous work, but it is written by a sound and learned archæologist. It contains the annals of our English civilization, and all about our progress in social and domestic matters, how we came to be the family and people which we are. All this forms a book as interesting as a novel, and our domestic history is written not only with great research, but also with much spirit and liveliness.

A second edition of Mr. Neale's 'Deeds of Faith' (Mozley) is announced; and at the same time we receive a German translation, with the title of 'Werke des Glaubens,' under the editorship of, and with a recommendatory preface by, Dr. Pelldram, Provost of S. Hedwig's, Berlin. (Berlin: Jansen, 4, Zimmerstrasse.)

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